

THE
HISTORY
OF THE
ADVENTURES
OF

JOSEPH ANDREWS,

And his FRIEND

Mr. *ABRAHAM ADAMS.*

Written in Imitation of
The *Manner* of CERVANTES,
Author of *Don Quixote.*

By HENRY FIELDING, Esquire.

Illustrated with CUTS.

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Written in imitation of

the Works of Cervantes

Author of Don Quixote

By HENRY FIELDING

Author of Tom Jones

in three Volumes

VOL. I.





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THE
HISTORY
OF THE
ADVENTURES
OF
*Joseph Andrews, and his Friend
Mr. Abraham Adams.*

BOOK III.

CHAP. I.

Matter prefatory in Praise of Biography.

NOtwithstanding the Preference which may be vulgarly given to the Authority of those Romance Writers, who intitle their Books, the History of *England*, the History of *France*, of *Spain*, &c. it is most certain, that Truth is to be found only in the Works of those who celebrate the Lives of Great Men, and are commonly called Biographers, as the others should indeed be termed Topographers or Chorographers: Words which

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might well mark the Distinction between them; it being the Business of the latter chiefly to describe Countries and Cities, which, with the Assistance of Maps, they do pretty justly, and may be depended upon: But as to the Actions and Characters of Men, their Writers are not quite so authentic, of which there needs no other Proof than those eternal Contradictions occurring between two Topographers who undertake the History of the same Country: For Instance, between my Lord *Clarendon* and Mr. *Whitlock*, between Mr. *Echard* and *Rapin*, and many others; where, Facts being set forth in a different Light, every Reader believes as he pleases; and indeed the more judicious and suspicious very justly esteem the whole as no other than a Romance, in which the Writer hath indulged a happy and fertile-Invention. But tho' these widely differ in the Narrative of Facts; some ascribing Victory to the one, and others to the other Party; some representing the same Man as a Rogue, to whom others give a great and honest Character, yet all agree in the Scene where the Fact is supposed to have happened; and where the Person, who is both a Rogue, and an honest Man, lived. Now with us Biographers the Case is different; the Facts we deliver may be relied on, tho' we often mistake the Age and Country wherein they happened: For tho' it may be worth the Examination of Critics, whether the Shepherd *Chrysothom*, who, as *Cervantes* informs us, died for Love of the fair *Marcella*, who hated him, was ever in *Spain*, will any one doubt but that such a silly Fellow hath really existed? Is there in the World such a Sceptic as to disbelieve the Madness of *Cardenio*, the Perfidy of *Ferdinand*, the impertinent Curiosity

Curiosity of *Anselmo*, the Weakness of *Camilla*, the irresolute Friendship of *Lothario*; tho' perhaps as to the Time and Place where those several Persons lived, the good Historian may be deplorably deficient: But the most known Instances of this Kind is in the true History of *Gil Blas*, where the inimitable Biographer hath made a notorious Blunder in the Country of Dr. *Sangrado*, who used his Patients as a Vintner doth his Wine-Vessels, by letting out their Blood, and filling them up with Water. Doth not every one, who is the least versed in Physical History, know that *Spain* was not the Country in which this Doctor lived? The same Writer hath likewise erred in the Country of his Archbishop, as well as that of those great Personages whose Understandings were too sublime to taste any Thing but Tragedy, and in many others. The same Mistakes may likewise be observed in *Scarron*, the *Arabian Nights*, the History of *Marianne* and *Le Paisan Parvenu*, and perhaps some few other Writers of this Class, whom I have not read, or do not at present recollect; for I would by no Means be thought to comprehend those Persons of surprising Genius, the Authors of immense Romances, or the modern Novel and *Atalantis* Writers; who, without any Assistance from Nature or History, record Persons who never were, or will be, and Facts which never did, nor possibly can happen: Whose Heroes are of their own Creation, and their Brains the Chaos whence all their Materials are collected. Not that such Writers deserve no Honour; so far otherwise, that perhaps they merit the highest: For what can be nobler than to be as an Example of the wonderful Extent of human Genius! One may apply to them what *Bal-*

zac says of *Aristotle*, that they are a *second Nature* (for they have no Communication with the first); by which Authors of an inferior Class, who cannot stand alone, are obliged to support themselves as with Crutches; but these of whom I am now speaking, seem to be possessed of *those Stilts*, which the excellent *Voltaire* tells us in his Letters carry the Genius far off, but without any regular Pace. Indeed far out of the Sight of the Reader:

Beyond the Realm of Chaos and old Night.

But, to return to the former Class, who are contented to copy Nature, instead of forming Originals from the confused Heap of Matter in their own Brains; is not such a Book as that which records the Atchievements of the renowned *Don Quixote*, more worthy the Name of a History than even *Mariana's*: For whereas the latter is confined to a particular Period of Time, and to a particular Nation; the former is the History of the World in general, at least that Part which is polished by Laws, Arts and Sciences; and of that from the Time it was first polished to this Day; nay and forwards, as long as it shall so remain.

I shall now proceed to apply these Observations to the Work before us; for indeed I have set them down principally to obviate some Construc-tions, which the Good-nature of Mankind, who are always forward to see their Friends Virtues recorded, may put to particular Parts. I question not but several of my Readers will know the Lawyer in the Stage-Coach, the Moment they heard his Voice. It is likewise odds, but the Wit and the Prude meet with some of their Acquaintance,

ance, as well as all the rest of my Characters. To prevent therefore any such malicious Applications, I declare here once for all, I describe not Men, but Manners; not an Individual, but a Species. Perhaps it will be answered, are not the Characters then taken from Life? To which I answer in the Affirmative; nay, I believe I might aver, that I have writ little more than I have seen. The Lawyer is not only alive, but hath been so these 4000 Years; and I hope G— will indulge his Life as many yet to come. He hath not indeed confined himself to one Profession, one Religion, or one Country; but when the first mean selfish Creature appeared upon the human Stage, who made Self the Centre of the whole Creation, would give himself no Pain, incur no Danger, advance no Money to assist or preserve his Fellow-Creatures; then was our Lawyer born; and whilst such a Person as I have described exists on Earth, so long shall he remain upon it. It is therefore doing him little Honour, to imagine he endeavours to mimic some little obscure Fellow, because he happens to resemble him in one particular Feature, or perhaps in his Profession; whereas his Appearance in the World is calculated for much more general and noble Purposes; not to expose one pitiiful Wretch to the small and contemptible Circle of his Acquaintance; but to hold the Glass to thousands in their Closets, that they may contemplate their Deformity, and endeavour to reduce it, and thus by suffering private Mortification may avoid public Shame. This places the Boundary between, and distinguishes the Satyrist from the Libeller; for the former privately corrects the Fault for the Benefit of the Person, like a Parent; the latter publicly exposes

the Person himself, as an Example to others, like an Executioner.

There are besides, little Circumstances to be considered ; as the Drapery of a Picture, which tho' Fashion varies at different Times, the Resemblance of the Countenance is not by those Means diminished. Thus, I believe, we may venture to say Mrs. *Tow-wouse* is coeval with our Lawyer ; and tho' perhaps during the Changes which so long an Existence must have passed through, she may in her Turn have stood behind the Bar at an Inn ; I will not scruple to affirm, she hath likewise in the Revolution of Ages sat on a Throne. In short, where extreme Turbulency of Temper, Avarice, and an Insensibility of human Misery with a Degree of Hypocrisy, have united in a female Composition, Mrs. *Tow-wouse* was that Woman ; and where a good Inclination, eclipsed by a Poverty of Spirit and Understanding, hath glimmered forth in a Man, that Man hath been no other than her sneaking Husband.

I shall detain my Reader no longer than to give him one Caution more of an opposite Kind: For as in most of our particular Characters we mean not to lash Individuals, but all of the like Sort ; so in our general Descriptions, we mean not Universals, but would be understood with many Exceptions : For Instance, in our Description of high People, we cannot be intended to include such, as whilst they are an Honour to their high Rank, by a well guided Condescension, make their Superiority as easy as possible to those whom Fortune chiefly hath placed below them. Of this Number I could name a Peer no less elevated by Nature than by Fortune, who, whilst he wears the noblest Ensigns of Honour on his Person, bears
the

the truest Stamp of Dignity on his Mind, adorned with Greatness, enriched with Knowledge, and embellished with Genius. I have seen this Man relieve with Generosity, while he hath conversed with Freedom, and be to the same Person a Patron and a Companion. I could name a Commoner raised higher above the Multitude by superior Talents, than is in the Power of his Prince to exalt him; whose Behaviour to those he hath obliged is more amiable than the Obligation itself, and who is so great a Master of Affability, that if he could divest himself of an inherent Greatness in his Manner, he would often make the lowest of his Acquaintance forget who was the Master of that Place in which they are so courteously entertained. These are Pictures which must be, I believe, known: I declare they are taken from the Life, and not intended to exceed it. By those high People therefore whom I have described, I mean a Sett of Wretches, who, while they are a Disgrace to their Ancestors, whose Honours and Fortunes they inherit, (or perhaps a greater to the Mother, for such a Degeneracy is scarce credible) have the Insolence to treat those with Disregard, who are at least equal to the Founders of their own Splendor. It is, I fancy, impossible to conceive a Spectacle more worthy of our Indignation, than that of a Fellow who is not only a Blot in the Escutcheon of a great Family, but a Scandal to the human Species, maintaining a supercilious Behaviour to Men who are an Honour to their Nature, and a Disgrace to their Fortune.

And now, Reader, taking these Hints along with you, you may, if you please, proceed to the Sequel of this our true History.

C H A P. II.

A Night Scene, wherein several wonderful Adventures befel Adams and his Fellow-Travellers.

IT was so late when our Travellers left the Inn or Alehouse, (for it might be called either) that they had not travelled many Miles, before Night overtook them, or met them, which you please. The Reader must excuse me if I am not particular as to the Way they took; for as we are now drawing near the Seat of the *Boobies*; and as that is a ticklish Name, which malicious Persons may apply according to their evil Inclinations, to several worthy Country Squires, a Race of Men whom we look upon as entirely inoffensive, and for whom we have an adequate Regard, we shall lend no Assistance to any such malicious Purposes.

Darkness had now overspread the Hemisphere, when *Fanny* whispered *Joseph*, 'that she begged to rest herself a little; for that she was so tired, she could walk no farther.' *Joseph* immediately prevailed with Parson *Adams*, who was as brisk as a Bee, to stop. He had no sooner seated himself, than he lamented the Loss of his dear *Æschylus*; but was a little comforted, when reminded, that if he had it in his Possession, he could not see to read.

The Sky was so clouded, that not a Star appeared. It was indeed, according to *Milton*, Darkness visible. This was a Circumstance, however, very favourable to *Joseph*; for *Fanny*, not suspicious

suspicious of being overseen by *Adams*, gave a Loose to her Passion, which she had never done before; and reclining her Head on his Bosom, threw her Arm carelessly round him, and suffered him to lay his Cheek close to hers. All this infused such Happiness into *Joseph*, that he would not have changed his Turf for the finest Down in the finest Palace in the Universe.

Adams sat at some Distance from the Lovers, and being unwilling to disturb them, applied himself to Meditation; in which he had not spent much Time, before he discovered a Light at some Distance, that seemed approaching towards him. He immediately hailed it; but, to his Sorrow and Surprise, it stopped for a Moment, and then disappeared. He then called to *Joseph*, asking him, 'if he had not seen the Light.' *Joseph* answered, 'he had.' 'And did you not mark how 'it vanished?' returned he, 'tho' I am not afraid 'of Ghosts, I do not absolutely disbelieve them.'

He then entered into a Meditation on those unsubstantial Beings, which was soon interrupted, by several Voices which he thought almost at his Elbow, tho' in Fact they were not so extremely near. However, he could distinctly hear them agree on the Murder of any one they met. And a little after heard one of them say, 'he had 'killed a Dozen since that Day Fortnight.'

Adams now fell on his Knees, and committed himself to the Care of Providence; and poor *Fanny*, who likewise heard those terrible Words, embraced *Joseph* so closely, that had not he, whose Ears were also open, been apprehensive on her Account, he would have thought no Danger which threatened only himself, too dear a Price for such Embraces.

Joseph now drew forth his Penknife, and *Adams* having finished his Ejaculations, grasped his Crabstick, his only Weapon, and coming up to *Joseph*, would have had him quit *Fanny*, and place her in the Rear: But his Advice was fruitless, she clung closer to him, not at all regarding the Presence of *Adams*, and in a soothing Voice declared, ‘she would die in his Arms.’ *Joseph* clasping her with inexpressible Eagerness, whispered her, ‘that he preferred Death in hers to Life out of them.’ *Adams* brandishing his Crabstick, said, ‘he despised Death as much as any Man, and then repeated aloud,

*Est hic, est animus lucis contemptor & illum,
Qui vita bene credat emi quo tendis, honorem.*

Upon this the Voices ceased for a Moment, and then one of them called out, ‘D—n you, who is there?’ To which *Adams* was prudent enough to make no Reply; and of a sudden he observed half a dozen Lights, which seemed to rise all at once from the Ground, and advance briskly towards him. This he immediately concluded to be an Apparition, and now beginning to conceive that the Voices were of the same kind, he called out, ‘In the Name of the L—d what would’st thou have?’ He had no sooner spoke than he heard one of the Voices cry out, ‘D—n them, here they come;’ and soon after heard several hearty Blows, as if a Number of Men had been engaged at Quarterstaff. He was just advancing towards the Place of Combat, when *Joseph* catching him by the Skirts, begged him that they might take the Opportunity of the Dark to convey away *Fanny* from the Danger

Ch. 2. JOSEPH ANDREWS, &c. It

ger which threatened her. He presently complied, and *Joseph* lifting up *Fanny*, they all three made the best of their Way; and without looking behind them or being overtaken, they had travelled full two Miles, poor *Fanny* not once complaining of being tired, when they saw far off several Lights scattered at a small Distance from each other, and at the same Time found themselves on the Descent of a very steep Hill. *Adam's* Foot slipping, he instantly disappeared; which greatly frightened both *Joseph* and *Fanny*; indeed, if the Light had permitted them to see it, they would scarce have refrained laughing to see the Parson rolling down the Hill, which he did from Top to Bottom, without receiving any Harm. He then hollowed as loud as he could, to inform them of his Safety, and to relieve them from the Fears which they had conceived for him. *Joseph* and *Fanny* halted some Time, considering what to do; at last they advanced a few Paces, where the Declivity seemed least steep; and then *Joseph* taking his *Fanny* in his Arms, walked firmly down the Hill, without making a false Step, and at length landed her at the Bottom, where *Adam's* soon came to them.

Learn hence, my fair Countrywomen, to consider your own Weakness, and the many Occasions on which the Strength of a Man may be useful to you; and duly weighing this, take Care, that you match not yourselves with the spindle-shanked Beaus and Petit Maitres of the Age, who, instead of being able, like *Joseph Andrews*, to carry you in lusty Arms through the rugged Ways and downhill Steps of Life, will rather want to support their feeble Limbs with your Strength and Assistance.

Our Travellers now moved forwards, where the nearest Light presented itself, and having crossed a common Field, they came to a Meadow, where they seemed to be at a very little Distance from the Light, when, to their Grief, they arrived at the Banks of a River. *Adams* here made a full Stop, and declared he could swim, but doubted how it was possible to get *Fanny* over; to which *Joseph* answered, ‘ if they walked along its Banks, they might be certain of soon finding a Bridge, especially, as by the Number of Lights they might be assured a Parish was near.’ ‘ Odso, that’s true indeed,’ said *Adams*, ‘ I did not think of that.’ Accordingly *Joseph*’s Advice being taken, they passed over two Meadows, and came to a little Orchard, which led them to a House. *Fanny* begged of *Joseph* to knock at the Door, assuring him, ‘ she was so weary that she could hardly stand on her Feet.’ *Adams*, who was foremost, performed this Ceremony, and the Door being immediately opened, a plain kind of Man appeared at it; *Adams* acquainted him, ‘ that they had a young Woman with them, who was so tired with her Journey, that he should be much obliged to him, if he would suffer her to come in and rest herself.’ The Man, who saw *Fanny* by the Light of the Candle which he held in his Hand, perceiving her innocent and modest Look, and having no Apprehensions from the civil Behaviour of *Adams*, presently answered, that the young Woman was very welcome to rest herself in his House, and so were her Company. He then ushered them into a very decent Room, where his Wife was sitting at a Table; she immediately rose up, and assisted them in setting forth

forth Chairs, and desired them to sit down, which they had no sooner done, than the Man of the House asked them, if they would have any Thing to refresh themselves with? *Adams* thanked him, and answered, he should be obliged to him for a Cup of his Ale, which was likewise chosen by *Joseph* and *Fanny*. Whilst he was gone to fill a very large Jug with this Liquor, his Wife told *Fanny*, she seemed greatly fatigued, and desired her to take something stronger than Ale; but she refused, with many Thanks, saying it was true, she was very much tired, but a little Rest she hoped would restore her. As soon as the Company were all seated, Mr. *Adams*, who had filled himself with Ale, and by public Permission had lighted his Pipe, turned to the Master of the House, asking him, ‘if evil Spirits ‘did not use to walk in that Neighbourhood?’ To which receiving no Answer, he began to inform him of the Adventure which they had met with on the Downs; nor had he proceeded far in the Story, when somebody knocked very hard at the Door. The Company expressed some Amazement, and *Fanny* and the good Woman turned pale; her Husband went forth, and whilst he was absent, which was some Time, they all remained silent looking at one another, and heard several Voices discoursing pretty loudly. *Adams* was fully persuaded that Spirits were abroad, and began to meditate some Exorcisms; *Joseph* a little inclined to the same Opinion: *Fanny* was more afraid of Men, and the good Woman herself began to suspect her Guests, and imagined those without were Rogues belonging to their Gang. At length the Master of the House returned, and laughing, told *Adams* he had discovered

vered his Apparition; that the Murderers were Sheep-stealers, and the twelve Persons murdered were no other than twelve Sheep. Adding, that the Shepherds had got the better of them, had secured two, and were proceeding with them to a Justice of Peace. This Account greatly relieved the Fears of the whole Company; but *Adams* muttered to himself, 'He was convinced of the Truth of Apparitions for all that.'

They now sat chearfully round the Fire, till the Master of the House having surveyed his Guests, and conceiving that the Cassock which, having fallen down, appeared under *Adams's* Great Coat, and the shabby Livery on *Joseph Andrews*, did not well suit with the Familiarity between them, began to entertain some Suspensions, not much to their Advantage: Addressing himself therefore to *Adams*, he said, 'he perceived ' he was a Clergyman by his Dress, and supposed ' that honest Man was his Footman.' 'Sir,' answered *Adams*, 'I am a Clergyman at your ' Service; but as to that young Man, whom ' you have rightly termed honest, he is at present ' in no body's Service; he never lived in any ' other Family than that of Lady *Booby*, from ' whence he was discharged, I assure you, for ' no Crime.' *Joseph* said, 'he did not wonder ' the Gentleman was surpris'd to see one of Mr. ' *Adams's* Character 'condescend to so much ' Goodness with a poor Man.' 'Child,' said *Adams*, 'I should be ashamed of my Cloth, if I ' thought a poor Man, who is honest, below my ' Notice or my Familiarity. I know not how ' those who think otherwise, can profess them- ' selves Followers and Servants of him who made ' no Distinction, unless, peradventure, by pre-
' ferring

‘ferring the Poor to the Rich.’ ‘Sir,’ said he, addressing himself to the Gentleman, ‘these two poor young People are my Parishioners, and I look on them and love them as my Children. There is something singular enough in their History, but I have not now Time to recount it.’ The Master of the House, notwithstanding the Simplicity which discovered itself in *Adams*, knew too much of the World to give a hasty Belief to Professions. He was not yet quite certain that *Adams* had any more of the Clergyman in him than his Cassock. To try him therefore further, he asked him, ‘if Mr. *Pope* had lately published any Thing new?’ *Adams* answered, ‘he had heard great Commendations of that Poet, but that he had never read, nor knew any of his Works.’ ‘Ho! ho!’ says the Gentleman to himself, ‘have I caught you?’ ‘What,’ said he, ‘have you never seen his *Homer*?’ *Adams* answered, ‘he had never read any Translation of the *Classicks*.’ ‘Why, truly,’ replied the Gentleman, ‘there is a Dignity in the *Greek* Language which I think no modern Tongue can reach.’ ‘Do you understand *Greek*, Sir?’ said *Adams* hastily. ‘A little, Sir,’ answered the Gentleman. ‘Do you know, Sir,’ cried *Adams*, ‘where I can buy an *Æschylus*? an unlucky Misfortune lately happened to mine.’ *Æschylus* was beyond the Gentleman, tho’ he knew him very well by Name; he therefore returning back to *Homer*, asked *Adams*, ‘what Part of the *Iliad* he thought most excellent.’ *Adams* returned, ‘his Question would be properer, what kind of Beauty was the Chief in Poetry; for that *Homer* was equally excellent in them all.’

‘And

‘ And indeed,’ continued he, ‘ what *Cicero* says
 ‘ of a compleat Orator, may well be applied to
 ‘ a great Poet; *He ought to comprehend all Per-*
 ‘ *fections. Homer* did this in the most excellent
 ‘ Degree; it is not without Reason therefore,
 ‘ that the Philosopher in the 22d Chap. of his
 ‘ Poetics, mentions him by no other Appella-
 ‘ tion than that of *The Poet*: He was the Fa-
 ‘ ther of the Drama, as well as the Epic: Not
 ‘ of Tragedy only, but of Comedy also; for his
 ‘ *Margites*, which is deplorably lost, bore, says
 ‘ *Aristotle*, the same Analogy to Comedy, as his
 ‘ *Odyssey* and *Iliad* to Tragedy. To him there-
 ‘ fore we owe *Aristophanes*, as well as *Euripides*,
 ‘ *Sophocles*, and my poor *Æschylus*. But if you please
 ‘ we will confine ourselves (at least for the present)
 ‘ to the *Iliad*, his noblest Work: Tho’ neither *Ari-*
 ‘ *stotle*, nor *Horace* give it the Preference, as I re-
 ‘ member, to the *Odyssey*. First then as to his Sub-
 ‘ ject, can any Thing be more simple, and at
 ‘ the same Time more noble? He is rightly praised
 ‘ by the first of those judicious Critics, for not
 ‘ chusing the whole War, which, tho’ he says
 ‘ it hath a complete Beginning and End, would
 ‘ have been too great for the Understanding to
 ‘ comprehend at one View. I have therefore
 ‘ often wonder’d why so correct a Writer as
 ‘ *Horace* should, in his Epistle to *Lollius*, call him
 ‘ the *Trojani Belli Scriptorem*. Secondly, his
 ‘ Action, termed by *Aristotle*, *Pragmaton Systesis*;
 ‘ is it possible for the Mind of Man to conceive
 ‘ an Idea of such perfect Unity, and at the same
 ‘ Time so replete with Greatness? And here I
 ‘ must observe what I do not remember to have
 ‘ seen noted by any, the *Harmotton*, that Agree-
 ‘ ment of his Action to his Subject: For as the
 ‘ Subject

' Subject is Anger, how agreeable is his Action,
 ' which is War? From which every Incident a-
 ' rises, and to which every Episode immediately
 ' relates. Thirdly, his Manners, which *Aristotle*
 ' places second in his Description of the several
 ' Parts of Tragedy, and which he says are in-
 ' cluded in the Action; I am at a Loss whether
 ' I should rather admire the Exactness of his
 ' Judgment in the nice Distinction, or the Im-
 ' mensity of his Imagination in their Variety.
 ' For, as to the former of these, how accurately
 ' is the sedate, injured Resentment of *Achilles*
 ' distinguished from the hot insulting Passion of
 ' *Agamemnon*? How widely doth the brutal Cou-
 ' rage of *Ajax* differ from the amiable Bravery
 ' of *Diomedes*; and the Wisdom of *Nestor*, which
 ' is the Result of long Reflection and Experi-
 ' ence, from the Cunning of *Ulysses*, the Effect
 ' of Art and Subtlety only? If we consider their
 ' Variety, we may cry out with *Aristotle* in his
 ' 24th Chapter, that no Part of this divine Poem
 ' is destitute of Manners. Indeed I might affirm
 ' that there is scarce a Character in human Na-
 ' ture untouched in some Part or other. And as
 ' there is no Passion which he is not able to de-
 ' scribe, so there is none in his Reader which he
 ' cannot raise. If he hath any superior Excel-
 ' lence to the rest, I have been inclined to fancy
 ' it is in the Pathetic. I am sure I never
 ' read with dry Eyes the two Episodes, where
 ' *Andromache* is introduced, in the former, la-
 ' menting the Danger, and in the latter the
 ' Death of *Hector*. The Images are so extreme-
 ' ly tender in these, that I am convinced, the
 ' Poet had the worthiest and best Heart imagin-
 ' able. Nor can I help observing how So-
 ' phocles

‘ *phocles* falls short of the Beauties of the Original,
 ‘ in that Imitation of the dissuasive Speech of *Andromache*, which he hath put into the Mouth
 ‘ of *Tecmessa*. And yet *Sophocles* was the great-
 ‘ est Genius who ever wrote Tragedy, nor have
 ‘ any of Successors in that Art, that is to say,
 ‘ neither *Euripides* nor *Seneca* the Tragedian,
 ‘ been able to come near him. As to his Sentiments and Diction, I need say nothing; the
 ‘ former are particularly remarkable for the utmost Perfection on that Head, namely Propriety;
 ‘ and as to the latter, *Aristotle*, whom
 ‘ doubtless you have read over and over, is very
 ‘ diffuse. I shall mention but one Thing more,
 ‘ which that great Critic in his Division of Tragedy calls *Opsis*, or the Scenery, and which is
 ‘ as proper to the Epic as to the Drama; with
 ‘ this Difference, that in the former it falls to
 ‘ the Share of the Poet, and in the latter to that
 ‘ of the Painter. But did ever Painter imagine,
 ‘ a Scene like that in the 13th and 14th *Iliads*?
 ‘ where the Reader sees at one View the Prospect of *Troy*, with the Army drawn up before
 ‘ it; the *Grecian* Army, Camp, and Fleet, *Jupiter* sitting on Mount *Ida*, with his Head
 ‘ wrapt in a Cloud, and a Thunderbolt in his
 ‘ Hand looking towards *Thrace*; *Neptune* driving
 ‘ through the Sea, which divides on each Side
 ‘ to permit his Passage, and then seating himself
 ‘ on Mount *Samos*: The Heavens opened, and
 ‘ the Deities all seated on their Thrones. This
 ‘ is Sublime! This is Poetry!’ *Adams* then rapt
 out a hundred *Greek* Verses, and with such a
 Voice, Emphasis and Action, that he almost
 frighten’d the Woman: And as for the Gentle-
 man, he was so far from entertaining any further
 Suspicion.

Suspicion of *Adams*, that he now doubted whether he had not a Bishop in his House. He ran into the most extravagant Encomiums on his Learning; and the Goodness of his Heart began to dilate to all the Strangers. He said, he had great Compassion for the poor young Woman, who looked pale and faint with her Journey; and in Truth he conceived a much higher Opinion of her Quality than it deserved. He said, he was sorry he could not accommodate them all: But if they were contented with his Fire-side, he would sit up with the Men; and the young Woman might, if she pleased, partake his Wife's Bed, which he advised her to; for that they must walk upwards of a Mile to any House of Entertainment, and that not very good neither. *Adams*, who liked his Seat, his Ale, his Tobacco, and his Company, persuaded *Fanny* to accept this kind Proposal, in which Solicitation he was seconded by *Joseph*. Nor was she very difficultly prevailed on; for she had slept little the last Night, and not at all the preceding, so that Love itself was scarce able to keep her Eyes open any longer. The Offer therefore being kindly accepted, the good Woman produced every Thing eatable in her House on the Table, and the Guests being heartily invited, as heartily regaled themselves, especially Parson *Adams*. As to the other two, they were Examples of the Truth of that physical Observation, that Love, like other sweet Things, is no Whetter of the Stomach.

Supper was no sooner ended, than *Fanny*, at her own Request, retired, and the good Woman bore her Company. The Man of the House, *Adams*, and *Joseph*, who would modestly have withdrawn, had not the Gentleman insisted on
the

the contrary, drew round the Fire-side, where *Adams*, (to use his own Words) replenished his Pipe, and the Gentleman produced a Bottle of excellent Beer, being the best Liquor in his House.

The modest Behaviour of *Joseph*, with the Gracefulness of his Person, the Character which *Adams* gave of him, and the Friendship he seemed to entertain for him, began to work on the Gentleman's Affections, and raised in him a Curiosity to know the Singularity which *Adams* had mentioned in his History. This Curiosity *Adams* was no sooner informed of, than, with *Joseph's* Consent, he agreed to gratify it, and accordingly related all he knew, with as much Tenderneſs as was poſſible for the Character of Lady *Bosby*; and concluded with the long, faithful, and mutual Paſſion between him and *Fanny*, not concealing the Meanness of her Birth and Education. Theſe latter Circumſtances entirely cured a Jealouſy which had lately riſen in the Gentleman's Mind, that *Fanny* was the Daughter of ſome Perſon of Faſhion, and that *Joseph* had run away with her, and *Adams* was concerned in the Plot. He was now enamoured of his Gueſts, drank their Healths with great Chearfulneſs, and returned many Thanks to *Adams*, who had ſpent much Breath; for he was a circumſtantial Teller of a Story.

Adams told him it was now in his Power to return that Favour; for his extraordinary Goodneſs, as well as that Fund of Literature he was Maſter of *, which he did not expect to find under ſuch a Roof,

* The Author hath by ſome been repreſented to have made a Blunder here: For *Adams* had indeed ſhewn ſome Learning, (ſay they) perhaps all the Author had; but the Gentleman hath ſhewn none, unleſs his Approbation of Mr. *Adams* be ſuch: But ſurely it would be prepoſterous in him to call it ſo. I have, however, not-

a Roof, had raised in him more Curiosity than he had ever known. Therefore, said he, if it be not too troublesome, Sir, your History, if you please.

The Gentleman answered, he could not refuse him what he had so much Right to insist on; and after some of the common Apologies, which are the usual Preface to a Story, he thus began.

C H A P. III.

In which the Gentleman relates the History of his Life.

SIR, I am descended of a good Family, and was born a Gentleman. My Education was liberal, and at a public School, in which I proceeded so far as to become Master of the *Latin*, and to be tolerably versed in the *Greek Language*. My Father died when I was sixteen, and left me Master of myself. He bequeathed me a moderate Fortune, which he intended I should not receive till I attained the Age of twenty-five: For he constantly asserted that was full early enough to give up any Man entirely to the Guidance of his own Discretion. However, as this Intention was so obscurely worded in his Will, that the Lawyers advised me to contest the Point with my

notwithstanding this Criticism, which I am told came from the Mouth of a great Orator in a public Coffee-House, left this Blunder as it stood in the first Edition. I will not have the Vanity to apply to any Thing in this Work, the Observation which M. Dacier makes in her Preface to her *Aristophanes*: *Je tiens pour une Maxime constante, qu'une Beauté mediocre plaît plus généralement qu'une Beauté sans défaut.* Mr. Congreve hath made such another Blunder in his *Love for Love*, where Tattle tells Miss Prue, *She should admire him as much for the Beauty he commends in her, as if he himself was possessor of it.*

Trustees;

Trustees; I own I paid so little Regard to the Inclinations of my dead Father, which were sufficiently certain to me, that I followed their Advice, and soon succeeded: For the Trustees did not contest the Matter very obstinately on their Side. ‘Sir,’ said *Adams*, ‘may I crave the Favour of your Name?’ The Gentleman answered, ‘his Name was *Wilson*,’ and then proceeded.

I stay’d a very little while at School after his Death; for being a forward Youth, I was extremely impatient to be in the World: For which I thought my Parts, Knowledge, and Manhood, thoroughly qualified me. And to this early Introduction into Life, without a Guide, I impute all my future Misfortunes; for besides the obvious Mischiefs which attend this, there is one which hath not been so generally observed. The first Impression which Mankind receives of you, will be very difficult to-eradicate. How unhappy, therefore, must it be to fix your Character in Life, before you can possibly know its Value, or weigh the Consequences of those Actions which are to establish your future Reputation?

A little under seventeen I left my School, and went to *London*, with no more than six Pounds in my Pocket. A great Sum as I then conceived; and which I was afterwards surpris’d to find so soon consumed.

The Character I was ambitious of attaining, was that of a fine Gentleman; the first Requisites to which I apprehended were to be supplied by a Taylor, a Perriwig-maker, and some few more Tradesmen, who deal in furnishing out the human Body. Notwithstanding the Lowness of my Purse, I found Credit with them more easily than

than I expected, and was soon equipped to my Wish. This I own then agreeably surprised me; but I have since learned, that it is a Maxim among many Tradesmen at the polite End of the Town to deal as largely as they can, reckon as high as they can, and arrest as soon as they can.

The next Qualifications, namely Dancing, Fencing, Riding the great Horse, and Music, came into my Head: But as they required Expence and Time, I comforted myself with Regard to Dancing, that I had learned a little in my Youth, and could walk a Minuet genteelly enough; as to Fencing, I thought my Good-humour would preserve me from the Danger of a Quarrel; as to the Horse, I hoped it would not be thought of; and for Music, I imagined I could easily acquire the Reputation of it; for I had heard some of my School-fellows pretend to Knowledge in Operas, without being able to sing or play on the Fiddle.

Knowledge of the Town seemed another Ingredient; this I thought I should arrive at by frequenting public Places. Accordingly I paid constant Attendance to them all; by which Means I was soon Master of the fashionable Phrases, learned to cry up the fashionable Diversions, and knew the Names and Faces of the most fashionable Men and Women.

Nothing now seemed to remain but an Intrigue, which I was resolved to have immediately; I mean the Reputation of it; and indeed I was so successful, that in a very short Time I had half a Dozen with the finest Women in Town.

At these Words *Adams* fetched a deep Groan, and then, blessing himself, cried out, *Good Lord! What wicked Times these are?*

Not

Not so wicked as you imagine, continued the Gentleman; for I assure you, they were all Vestal Virgins for any Thing which I knew to the contrary. The Reputation of intriguing with them was all I sought, and was what I arrived at: And perhaps I only flattered myself even in that; for very probably the Persons to whom I shewed their Billets, knew as well as I, that they were Counterseits, and that I had written them to myself.

‘*Write Letters to yourself!*’ said Adams staring.

O Sir, answered the Gentleman, *It is the very Error of the Times.* Half our modern Plays have one of these Characters in them. It is incredible the Pains I have taken, and the absurd Methods I employed, to traduce the Characters of Women of Distinction. When another had spoken in Raptures of any one, I have answered, ‘D—n her, she! We shall have her at *H—d’s* very soon.’ When he hath replied, ‘he thought her virtuous,’ I have answered, ‘Aye, thou wilt always think a Woman virtuous, till she is in the Streets; but you and I, *Jack* or *Tom*,’ (turning to another in Company) know better.’ At which I have drawn a Paper out of my Pocket, perhaps a Taylor’s Bill, and kissed it, crying at the same Time, *By Gad I was once fond of her.*

‘Proceed, if you please, but do not swear any more,’ said Adams.

Sir, said the Gentleman, I ask your Pardon. Well, Sir, in this Course of Life I continued full three Years.—‘What Course of Life?’ answered Adams; ‘I do not remember you have mentioned any.’—Your Remark is just, said the

the Gentleman smiling, I should rather have said in this Course of doing nothing. I remember some Time afterwards I wrote the Journal of one Day, which would serve, I believe, as well for any other, during the whole Time. I will endeavour to repeat it to you.

In the Morning I arose, took my great Stick, and walked out in my green Frock with my Hair in Papers, (*a Groan from Adams*) and sauntered about till ten.

Went to the Auction; told Lady — she had a dirty Face; laughed heartily at something Captain — said; I can't remember what; for I did not very well hear it; whispered Lord —; bowed to the Duke of —; and was going to bid for a Snuff-box; but did not, for Fear I should have had it.

From 2 to 4, drest myself. A Groan.

4 to 6, dined. A Groan.

6 to 8, Coffee-House.

8 to 9, *Drury Lane Play-House*.

9 to 10, *Lincoln's-Inn Fields*.

10 to 12, Drawing-Room.

A great Groan.

At all which Places nothing happened worth Remark. At which *Adams* said, with some Vehemence, 'Sir, this is below the Life of an Animal, hardly above Vegetation; and I am surprised what could lead a Man of your Sense into it.' What leads us into more Follies than you imagine, Doctor, answered the Gentleman, Vanity: For as contemptible a Creature as I was, and I assure you, yourself cannot have more Contempt for such a Wretch than I now have, I then admired myself, and should have despised a Person of your present Appearance (you will pardon

don me) with all your Learning, and those excellent Qualities which I have remarked in you. *Adams* bowed, and begged him to proceed. After I had continued two Years in this Course of Life, said the Gentleman, an Accident happened which obliged me to change the Scene. As I was one Day at St. *James's* Coffee-House, making very free with the Character of a young Lady of Quality, an Officer of the Guards, who was present, thought proper to give me the Lye. I answered, I might possibly be mistaken; but I intended to tell no more than the Truth. To which he made no Reply, but by a scornful Sneer. After this I observed a strange Coldness in all my Acquaintance; none of them spoke to me first, and very few returned me even the Civility of a Bow. The Company I used to dine with, left me out, and within a Week I found myself in as much Solitude at St. *James's*, as if I had been in a Desert. An honest elderly Man, with a great Hat and long Sword, at last told me, he had a Compassion for my Youth, and therefore advised me to shew the World I was not such a Rascal as they thought me to be. I did not at first understand him: But he explained himself, and ended with telling me, if I would write a Challenge to the Captain, he would, out of pure Charity, go to him with it. ‘A very charitable Person truly!’ cried *Adams*. I desired till the next Day, continued the Gentleman, to consider on it, and, retiring to my Lodgings, I weighed the Consequences on both Sides as fairly as I could. On the one, I saw the Risk of this Alternative, either losing my own Life, or having on my Hands the Blood of a Man with whom I was not in the least angry. I soon determined that the Good
which

which appeared on the other, was not worth this Hazard. I resolved therefore to quit the Scene, and presently retired to the *Temple*, where I took Chambers. Here I soon got a fresh Set of Acquaintance, who knew nothing of what had happened to me. Indeed they were not greatly to my Approbation; for the Beaus of the *Temple* are only the Shadows of the others. They are the Affectation of Affectation. The Vanity of these is still more ridiculous, if possible, than of the others. Here I met with smart Fellows, who drank with Lords they did not know, and intrigued with Women they never saw. *Covent-Garden* was now the farthest Stretch of my Ambition, where I shone forth in the Balconies at the Play-houses, visited Whores, made Love to Orange-Wenches, and damn'd Plays. This Career was soon put a Stop to by my Surgeon, who convinced me of the Necessity of confining myself to my Room for a Month. At the End of which, having had Leisure to reflect, I resolved to quit all further Conversation with Beaus and Smarts of every Kind, and to avoid, if possible, any Occasion of returning to this Place of Confinement. 'I think,' said *Adams*, 'the Advice of a Month's Retirement and Reflection was very proper; but I should rather have expected it from a Divine than a Surgeon.' The Gentleman smiled at *Adams's* Simplicity, and without explaining himself farther on such an odious Subject, went on thus: I was no sooner perfectly restored to Health, than I found my Passion for Women, which I was afraid to satisfy as I had done, made me very uneasy; I determined therefore to keep a Mistress. Nor was I long before I fixed my Choice on a young Woman, who had before

been kept by two Gentlemen, and to whom I was recommended by a celebrated Bawd. I took her Home to my Chambers, and made her a Settlement during Cohabitation. This would perhaps have been very ill paid: However, she did not suffer me to be perplexed on that Account; for before Quarter day I found her at my Chambers in too familiar Conversation with a young Fellow who was drest like an Officer, but was indeed a City Apprentice. Instead of excusing her Inconstancy, she rapped out half a dozen Oaths, and, snapping her Fingers at me, swore she scorned to confine herself to the best Man in *England*. Upon this we parted, and the same Bawd presently provided her another Keeper. I was not so much concerned at our Separation, as I found within a Day or two I had Reason to be for our Meeting: For I was obliged to pay a second Visit to my Surgeon. I was now forced to do Penance for some Weeks, during which Time I contracted an Acquaintance with a beautiful young Girl, the Daughter of a Gentleman, who, after having been 40 Years in the Army, and in all the Campaigns under the Duke of *Marlborough*, died a Lieutenant on Half-pay; and had left a Widow with this only Child in very distressed Circumstances: They had only a small Pension from the Government, with what little the Daughter could add to it by her Work; for she had great Excellence at her Needle. This Girl was, at my first Acquaintance with her, solicited in Marriage by a young Fellow in good Circumstances. He was Apprentice to a Linen-draper, and had a little Fortune sufficient to set up his Trade. The Mother was greatly pleased with this Match, as indeed she had sufficient Reason. However, I
soon

soon prevented it. I represented him in so low a Light to his Mistress, and made so good an Use of Flattery, Promises, and Presents, that, not to dwell longer on this Subject than is necessary, I prevailed with the poor Girl, and conveyed her away from her Mother! In a Word, I debauched her.—(At which Words *Adams* started up, fetched three Strides cross the Room, and then replaced himself in his Chair.) You are not more affected with this Part of my Story than myself: I assure you it will never be sufficiently repented of in my own Opinion: But if you already detest it, how much more will your Indignation be raised when you hear the fatal Consequences of this barbarous, this villainous Action? If you please therefore I will here desist.—‘By no Means,’ cries *Adams*: ‘Go on, I beseech you; and Heaven grant you may sincerely repent of this and many other Things you have related.’—I was now, continued the Gentleman, as happy as the Possession of a fine young Creature, who had a good Education, and was endued with many agreeable Qualities, could make me. We lived some Months with vast Fondness together, without any Company or Conversation more than we found in one another: But this could not continue always; and tho’ I still preserved a great Affection for her, I began more and more to want the Relief of other Company, and consequently to leave her by Degrees, at last, whole Days to herself. She failed not to testify some Uneasiness on these Occasions, and complained of the melancholy Life she led; to remedy which, I introduced her into the Acquaintance of some other kept Mistresses, with whom she used to play at Cards, and frequent Plays and other Diversions. She had not

lived long in this Intimacy, before I perceived a visible Alteration in her Behaviour; all her Modesty and Innocence vanished by Degrees, till her Mind become thoroughly tainted. She affected the Company of Rakes, gave herself all Manner of Airs, was never easy but Abroad, or when she had a Party at my Chambers. She was rapacious of Money, extravagant to Excess, loose in her Conversation; and if ever I demurred to any of her Demands, Oaths, Tears, and Fits were the immediate Consequences. As the first Raptures of Fondness were long since over, this Behaviour soon estranged my Affections from her; I began to reflect with Pleasure that she was not my Wife, and to conceive an Intention of parting with her; of which having given her a Hint, she took Care to prevent me the Pains of turning her out of Doors, and accordingly departed herself, having first broke open my Escrutore, and taken with her all she could find, to the Amount of about 200*l*. In the first Heat of my Resentment, I resolved to pursue her with all the Vengeance of the Law: But as she had the good Luck to escape me during that Ferment, my Passion afterwards cooled; and having reflected that I had been the first Aggressor, and had done her an Injury for which I could make her no Reparation, by robbing her of the Innocence of her Mind; and hearing at the same Time, that the poor old Woman her Mother had broke her Heart on her Daughter's Elopement from her, I, concluding myself her Murderer, ('as you very well might,' cries *Adams*, with a Groan;) was pleased, that God Almighty had taken this Method of punishing me, and resolved quietly to submit to the Loss. Indeed I could
 wish

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with I had never heard more of the poor Creature, who became in the End an abandoned Profligate; and, after being some Years a common Prostitute, at last ended her miserable Life in *Newgate*.—Here the Gentleman fetched a deep Sigh, which Mr. *Adams* echoed very loudly; and both continued silent, looking on each other, for some Minutes. At last the Gentleman proceeded thus: I had been perfectly constant to this Girl during the whole Time I kept her: But she had scarce departed before I discovered more Marks of her Infidelity to me than the Loss of my Money. In short, I was forced to make a third Visit to my Surgeon, out of whose Hands I did not get a hasty Discharge.

I now foreswore all future Dealings with the Sex, complained loudly that the Pleasure did not compensate the Pain, and railed at the beautiful Creatures, in as gross Language as *Juvenal* himself formerly reviled them in. I looked on all the Town-Harlots with a Detestation not easy to be conceived; their Persons appeared to me as painted Palaces inhabited by Disease and Death: Nor could their Beauty make them more desirable Objects in my Eyes, than Gilding could make a necovert a Pill, or golden Plates a Coffin. But tho' I was no longer the absolute Slave, I found some Reasons to own myself still the Subject of Love. My Hatred for Women decreased daily; and I am not positive but Time might have betrayed me again to some common Harlot, had I not been secured by a Passion for the charming *Sapphira*; which having once entered upon, made a violent Progress in my Heart. *Sapphira* was Wife to a Man of Fashion and Gallantry, and one who seemed, I own, every Way worthy of her Affections,

fections, which however he had not the Reputation of having. She was indeed a *Coquette achevée*. 'Pray Sir,' says *Adams*, 'What is a Coquette? I have met with the Word in *French* Authors, but never could assign any Idea to it. I believe it is the same with *une Sotte*, *Anglicè* 'a Fool.' Sir, answered the Gentleman, perhaps you are not much mistaken: But as it is a particular kind of Folly, I will endeavour to describe it. Were all Creatures to be ranked in the Order of Creation, according to their Usefulness, I know few Animals that would not take Place of a Coquette; nor indeed hath this Creature much Pretence to any Thing beyond Instinct: For tho' sometimes we might imagine it was animated by the Passion of Vanity, yet far the greater Part of its Actions fall beneath even that low Motive; for Instance, several absurd Gestures and Tricks, infinitely more foolish than what can be observed in the most ridiculous Birds and Beasts, and which would persuade the Beholder, that the silly Wretch was aiming at our Contempt. Indeed its Characteristic is Affectation, and this led and governed by Whim only: For as Beauty, Wisdom, Wit, Good-nature, Politeness, and Health are sometimes affected by this Creature; so are Ugliness, Folly, Nonsense, Ill-nature, Ill-breeding and Sickness likewise put on by it in their Turn. Its Life is one constant Lye; and the only Rule by which you can form any Judgment of them is, that they are never what they seem. If it was possible for a Coquette to love (as it is not, for if ever it attains this Passion, the Coquette ceases instantly) it would wear the Face of Indifference, if not of Hatred, to the beloved Object; you may therefore be assured, when they
endea-

endeavoured to persuade you of their Liking, that they are indifferent to you at least. And indeed this was the Case of my *Sapphira*, who no sooner saw me in the Number of her Admirers, than she gave me what is commonly called Encouragement; she would often look at me, and, when she perceived me meet her Eyes, would instantly take them off, discovering at the same Time as much Surprise and Emotion as possible. These Arts failed not of the Success she intended; and as I grew more particular to her than the rest of her Admirers, she advanced, in Proportion, more directly to me than to the others. She affected the low Voice, Whisper, Lisp, Sigh, Start, Laugh, and many other Indications of Passion, which daily deceive Thousands. When I play'd at Whisk with her, she would look earnestly at me, and at the same Time lose Deal or revoke; then burst into a ridiculous Laugh, and cry, 'La! I can't imagine what I was thinking of.' To detain you no longer, after I had gone through a sufficient Course of Gallantry, as I thought, and was thoroughly convinced I had raised a violent Passion in my Mistress; I sought an Opportunity of coming to an *Eclaircissement* with her. She avoided this as much as possible; however great Assiduity at length presented me one. I will not describe all the Particulars of this Interview; let it suffice, that when she could no longer pretend not to see my Drift, she first affected a violent Surprise, and immediately after as violent a Passion: She wondered what I had seen in her Conduct, which could induce me to affront her in this Manner: And breaking from me the first Moment she could, told me, I had no other Way to escape the Consequence of her Resentment, than

by never seeing, or at least speaking to her more. I was not contented with this Answer; I still pursued her, but to no Purpose, and was at length convinced that her Husband had the sole Possession of her Person, and that neither he nor any other had made any Impression on her Heart. I was taken off from following this *Ignis Fatuus* by some Advances which were made me by the Wife of a Citizen, who, tho' neither very young nor handsome, was yet too agreeable to be rejected by my amorous Constitution. I accordingly soon satisfied her, that she had not cast away her Hints on a barren or cold Soil; on the contrary, they instantly produced her an eager and desiring Lover. Nor did she give me any Reason to complain; she met the Warmth she had raised, with equal Ardour. I had no longer a Coquette to deal with, but one who was wiser than to prostitute the noble Passion of Love to the ridiculous Lust of Vanity. We presently understood one another; and as the Pleasures we sought lay in a mutual Gratification, we soon found and enjoyed them. I thought myself at first greatly happy in the Possession of this new Mistress, whose Fondness would have quickly surfeited a more sickly Appetite; but it had a different Effect on mine; she carried my Passion higher by it than Youth or Beauty had been able: But my Happiness could not long continue uninterrupted. The Apprehensions we lay under from the Jealousy of her Husband, gave us great Uneasiness. 'Poor Wretch! I pity him,' cry'd *Adams*. He did indeed deserve it, said the Gentleman; for he loved his Wife with great Tenderness; and I assure you it is a great Satisfaction to me that I was not the Man who first seduced her Affections

Affections from him. These Apprehensions appeared also too well grounded; for in the End he discovered us, and procured Witnesses of our Caresses. He then prosecuted me at Law, and recovered 3000*l.* Damages, which much distressed my Fortune to pay: And what was worse, his Wife being divorced came upon my Hands. I led a very uneasy Life with her; for besides that my Passion was now much abated, her excessive Jealousy was very troublesome. At length Death delivered me from an Inconvenience, which the Consideration of my having been the Author of her Misfortunes would never suffer me to take any other Method of discarding.

I now bade adieu to Love, and resolved to pursue other less dangerous and expensive Pleasures. I fell into the Acquaintance of a Set of jolly Companions, who slept all Day and drank all Night: Fellows who might rather be said to consume Time than to live. Their best Conversation was nothing but Noise: Singing, Hallowing, Wrangling, Drinking, Toasting, Sp—wing, Smoking, were the chief Ingredients of our Entertainment. And yet bad as these were, they were more tolerable than our graver Scenes, which were either excessive tedious Narratives of dull common Matters of Fact, or hot Disputes about trifling Matters, which commonly ended in a Wager. This Way of Life the first serious Reflection put a Period to; and I became Member of a Club frequented by young Men of great Abilities. The Bottle was now only called in to the Assistance of our Conversation, which rolled on the deepest Points of Philosophy. These Gentlemen were engaged in a Search after Truth, in the Pursuit of which they threw aside all the

Prejudices of Education, and governed themselves only by the infallible Guide of Human Reason. This great Guide, after having shewn them the Falshood of that very antient but simple Tenet, that there is such a Being as a Deity in the Universe, helped them to establish in his Stead a certain *Rule of Right*, by adhering to which they all arrived at the utmost Purity of Morals. Reflection made me as much delighted with this Society, as it had taught me to despise and detest the former. I began now to esteem myself a Being of a higher Order than I had ever before conceived; and was the more charmed with this Rule of Right, as I really found in my own Nature nothing repugnant to it. I held in utter Contempt all Persons, who wanted any other Inducement to Virtue besides her intrinsic Beauty and Excellence; and had so high an Opinion of my present Companions, with regard to their Morality, that I would have trusted them with whatever was nearest and dearest to me. Whilst I was engaged in this delightful Dream, two or three Accidents happened successively, which at first much surpris'd me. For, one of our greatest Philosophers, or *Rule of Right Men*, withdrew himself from us, taking with him the Wife of one of his most intimate Friends. Secondly, Another of the same Society left the Club without remembering to take leave of his Bail. A third having borrowed a Sum of Money of me, for which I received no Security, when I asked him to repay it, absolutely denied the Loan. These several Practices, so inconsistent with our golden Rule, made me begin to suspect its Infallibility; but when I communicated my Thoughts to one of the Club, he said, 'there was nothing
' abso-

‘ absolutely good or evil in itself; that Actions
 ‘ were denominated good or bad by the Circum-
 ‘ stances of the Agent. That possibly the Man
 ‘ who ran away with his Neighbour’s Wife,
 ‘ might be one of very good Inclinations, but
 ‘ over-prevalled on by the Violence of an un-
 ‘ ruly Passion, and, in other Particulars, might
 ‘ be a very worthy Member of Society: That
 ‘ if the Beauty of any Woman created in him
 ‘ an Uneasiness, he had a Right from Nature to
 ‘ relieve himself;’ with many other Things,
 which I then detested so much, that I took Leave
 of the Society that very Evening, and never re-
 turned to it again. Being now reduced to a
 State of Solitude which I did not like, I became
 a great Frequenter of the Play-houses, which in-
 deed was always my favourite Diversion, and
 most Evenings past away two or three Hours be-
 hind the Scenes, where I met with several Poets,
 with whom I made Engagements at the Taverns.
 Some of the Players were likewise of our Parties.
 At these Meetings we were generally entertained
 by the Poets with reading their Performances,
 and by the Players with repeating their Parts:
 Upon which Occasions, I observed the Gentle-
 man who furnished our Entertainment, was com-
 monly the best pleased of the Company; who
 tho’ they were pretty civil to him to his Face,
 seldom failed to take the first Opportunity of his
 Absence to ridicule him. Now I made some Re-
 marks, which probably are too obvious to be
 worth relating. ‘ Sir, says *Adams*, ‘ your Re-
 ‘ marks, if you please.’ First then, says he, I
 concluded that the general Observation, that
 Wits are most inclined to Vanity, is not true.
 Men are equally vain of Riches, Strength, Beau-
 ty,

ty, Honours, &c. But these appear of themselves to the Eyes of the Beholders, whereas the poor Wit is obliged to produce his Performance to shew you his Perfection; and on his Readiness to do this, that vulgar Opinion I have before mentioned is grounded: But doth not the Person who expends vast Sums in the Furniture of his House, or in the Ornaments of his Person, who consumes much Time, and employs great Pains in dressing himself, or who thinks himself paid for Self-Denial, Labour, or even Villainy, by a Title or a Ribbon, sacrifice as much to Vanity, as the poor Wit who is desirous to read you his Poem or his Play? My second Remark was, that Vanity is the worst of Passions, and more apt to contaminate the Mind than any other: For as Selfishness is much more general than we please to allow it; so it is natural to hate and envy those who stand between us and the Good we desire. Now in Lust and Ambition these are few; and even in Avarice we find many who are no Obstacles to our Pursuits; but the vain Man seeks Pre-eminence; and every Thing which is excellent or Praise-worthy in another, renders him the Mark of his Antipathy. *Adams* now began to fumble in his Pockets, and soon cried out, 'O la! I have it not about me.'—Upon this the Gentleman asking him what he was searching for, he said he searched after a Sermon, which he thought his Master-piece, against Vanity. 'Fie upon it, fie upon it,' cries he, 'why do I ever leave that Sermon out of my Pocket? I wish it was within five Miles; I would willingly fetch it, to read it to you.' The Gentleman answered, that there was no Need, for he was cured of the Passion. 'And for that very Reason,

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‘Reason,’ quoth *Adams*, ‘I would read it, for I am confident you would admire it: Indeed, I have never been a greater Enemy to any Passion than that silly one of Vanity.’ The Gentleman smiled, and proceeded—From this Society I easily past to that of the Gamesters, where nothing remarkable happened, but the finishing my Fortune, which those Gentlemen soon helped me to the End of. This opened Scenes of Life hitherto unknown; Poverty and Distress, with their horrid Train of Duns, Attorneys, Bailiffs, haunted me Day and Night. My Clothes grew shabby, my Credit bad, my Friends and Acquaintance of all kinds cold. In this Situation, the strangest Thought imaginable came into my Head; and what was this, but to write a Play? for I had sufficient Leisure; Fear of Bailiffs confined me every Day to my Room; and having always had a little Inclination, and something of a Genius that Way, I set myself to work, and within few Months produced a Piece of five Acts, which was accepted of at the Theatre. I remembered to have formerly taken Tickets of other Poets for their Benefits, long before the Appearance of their Performances; and resolving to follow a Precedent which was so well suited to my present Circumstances, I immediately provided myself with a large Number of little Papers. Happy indeed would be the State of Poetry, would these Tickets pass current at the Bakehouse, the Alehouse, and the Chandler’s-Shop: But alas! far otherwise; no Taylor will take them in Payment for Buckram, Stays, Stay-tape; nor no Bailiff for Civility Money. They are indeed no more than a Passport to beg with, a Certificate that the Owner wants five Shillings, which

which induces well-disposed Christians to Charity. I now experienced what is worse than Poverty, or rather what is the worst Consequence of Poverty, I mean Attendance and Dependence on the Great. Many a Morning have I waited Hours in the cold Parlours of Men of Quality, where after seeing the lowest Rascals in Lace and Embroidery, the Pimps and Buffoons in Fashion admitted, I have been sometimes told, on sending in my Name, that my Lord could not possibly see me this Morning: A sufficient Assurance that I should never more get Entrance into that House. Sometimes I have been at last admitted; and the great Man hath thought proper to excuse himself, by telling me he was *tied up*. '*Tied up,*' says *Adams*, 'pray what's that?' Sir, says the Gentleman, the Profit which Booksellers allowed Authors for the best Works, was so very small, that certain Men of Birth and Fortune some Years ago, who were the Patrons of Wit and Learning, thought fit to encourage them farther, by entering into voluntary Subscriptions for their Encouragement. Thus *Prior*, *Rowe*, *Pope*, and some other Men of Genius, received large Sums for their Labours from the Public. This seemed so easy a Method of getting Money, that many of the lowest Scribblers of the Times ventured to publish their Works in the same Way; and many had the Assurance to take in Subscriptions for what was not writ, nor ever intended. Subscriptions in this Manner growing infinite, and a kind of Tax on the Public; some Persons finding it not so easy a Task to discern good from bad Authors, or to know what Genius was worthy Encouragement, and what was not, to prevent the Expence of subscribing to so many, in-

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vented a Method to excuse themselves from all Subscriptions whatever; and this was to receive a small Sum of Money in Consideration of giving a large one if ever they subscribed; which many have done, and many more have pretended to have done, in order to silence all Solicitation. The same Method was likewise taken with Play-house Tickets, which were no less a public Grievance; and this is what they call being *tied up* from subscribing. 'I can't say but the Term is apt enough, and somewhat typical;' said *Adams*; 'for a Man of large Fortune, who ties himself up, as you call it, from the Encouragement of Men of Merit, ought to be tied up in Reality.' Well, Sir, says the Gentleman, to return to my Story. Sometimes I have received a Guinea from a Man of Quality, given with as ill a Grace as Alms are generally to the meanest Beggar, and purchased too with as much Time spent in Attendance, as, if it had been spent in honest Industry, might have brought me more Profit with infinitely more Satisfaction. After about two Months spent in this disagreeable Way with the utmost Mortification, when I was pluming my Hopes on the Prospect of a plentiful Harvest from my Play, upon applying to the Prompter to know when it came into Rehearsal, he informed me he had received Orders from the Managers to return me the Play again; for that they could not possibly act it that Season; but if I would take it and revise it against the next, they would be glad to see it again. I snatched it from him with great Indignation, and retired to my Room, where I threw myself on the Bed in a Fit of Despair—'You should rather have thrown yourself on your Knees,' says *Adams*; 'for Despair is sinful.'

‘ful.’ As soon, continued the Gentleman, as I had indulged the first Tumult of my Passion, I began to consider coolly what Course I should take, in a Situation without Friends, Money, Credit, or Reputation of any kind. After revolving many Things in my Mind, I could see no other Possibility of furnishing myself with the miserable Necessaries of Life than to retire to a Garret near the *Temple*, and commence Hackney-writer to the Lawyers; for which I was well qualified, being an excellent Penman. This Purpose I resolved on, and immediately put it in Execution. I had an Acquaintance with an Attorney who had formerly transacted Affairs for me, and to him I applied: But instead of furnishing me with any Business, he laughed at my Undertaking, and told me, ‘he was afraid I should turn his Deeds ‘into Plays, and he should expect to see them ‘on the Stage.’ Not to tire you with Instances of this Kind from others, I found that *Plato* himself did not hold Poets in greater Abhorrence than these Men of Business do. Whenever I durst venture to a Coffee-house, which was on *Sundays* only, a Whisper ran round the Room, which was constantly attended with a Sneer—*That’s Poet Wilson*: For I know not whether you have observed it, but there is a Malignity in the Nature of Man, which, when not weeded out, or at least covered by a good Education and Politeness, delights in making another uneasy or dissatisfied with himself. This abundantly appears in all Assemblies, except those which are filled by People of Fashion, and especially among the younger People of both Sexes, whose Birth and Fortunes place them just without the polite Circles; I mean the lower Class of the Gentry,
and

and the higher of the mercantile World, who are in Reality the worst bred Part of Mankind. Well, Sir, whilst I continued in this miserable State, with scarce sufficient Business to keep me from starving, the Reputation of a Poet being my Bane, I accidentally became acquainted with a Bookseller, who told me, 'it was pity a Man of my Learning and Genius should be obliged to such a Method of getting his Livelihood; that he had a Compassion for me, and if I would engage with him, he would undertake to provide handsomely for me.' A Man in my Circumstances, as he very well knew, had no Choice. I accordingly accepted his Proposal with his Conditions, which were none of the most favourable, and fell to translating with all my Might. I had no longer Reason to lament the want of Business; for he furnished me with so much, that in half a Year I almost writ myself blind. I likewise contracted a Distemper by my sedentary Life, in which no Part of my Body was exercised but my right Arm, which rendered me incapable of writing for a long Time. This unluckily happening to delay the Publication of a Work, and my last Performance not having sold well, the Bookseller declined any further Engagement, and aspersed me to his Brethren as a careless, idle Fellow. I had however, by having half worked and half-starved myself to Death, during the Time I was in his Service, saved a few Guineas, with which I bought a Lottery Ticket, resolving to throw myself into Fortune's Lap, and try if she would make me amends for the Injuries she had done me at the Gaming-Table. This Purchase being made, left me almost penniless; when, as if I had not been sufficiently miserable,

miserable, a Bailiff in Woman's Clothes got Admittance to my Chamber, whither he was directed by the Bookseller. He arrested me at my Taylor's Suit for thirty-five Pounds; a Sum for which I could not procure Bail, and was therefore conveyed to his House, where I was locked up in an upper Chamber. I had now neither Health (for I was scarce recovered from my Indisposition) Liberty, Money, or Friends; and had abandoned all Hopes, and even the Desire of Life. 'But this could not last long,' said *Adams*; 'for doubtless the Taylor released you the Moment he was truly acquainted with your Affairs, and knew that your Circumstances would not permit you to pay him.' Oh, Sir, answered the Gentleman, he knew that, before he arrested me; nay, he knew that nothing but Incapacity could prevent me paying my Debts; for I had been his Customer many Years, had spent vast Sums of Money with him, and had always paid most punctually in my prosperous Days: But when I reminded him of this, with Assurances, that if he would not molest my Endeavours, I would pay him all the Money I could, by my utmost Labour and Industry, procure, reserving only what was sufficient to preserve me alive: He answered, his Patience was worn out; that I had put him off from Time to Time; that he wanted the Money; that he had put it into a Lawyer's Hands; and if I did not pay him immediately, or find Security, I must lie in Gaol, and expect no Mercy. 'He may expect Mercy,' cries *Adams*, starting from his Chair, 'where he will find none. How can such a Wretch repeat the Lord's Prayer, where the Word, which is translated, I know not for what

what

' what Reason, *Trespases*, is in the Original
 ' *Debts*? And as surely as we do not forgive o-
 ' thers their Debts when they are unable to pay
 ' them; so surely shall we ourselves be unfor-
 ' given, when we are in no Condition of paying.'
 He ceased, and the Gentleman proceeded. While
 I was in this deplorable Situation, a former Ac-
 quaintance, to whom I had communicated my
 Lottery-Ticket, found me out, and, making me
 a Visit, with great Delight in his Countenance,
 shook me heartily by the Hand, and wished me
 Joy of my good Fortune: For, says he, your
 Ticket is come up a Prize of 3000 *l.* *Adams*
 snapt his Fingers at these Words in an Extacy of
 Joy; which, however, did not continue long:
 For the Gentleman thus proceeded. Alas! Sir,
 this was only a Trick of Fortune to sink me the
 deeper: For I had disposed of this Lottery-Tic-
 ket two Days before to a Relation, who refused
 lending me a Shilling without it, in order to pro-
 cure myself Bread. As soon as my Friend was
 acquainted with my unfortunate Sale, he began to
 revile me, and to remind me of all the ill Con-
 duct and Miscarriages of my Life. He said, ' I
 ' was one whom Fortune could not save, if she
 ' would; that I was now ruined without any
 ' Hopes of Retrieval, nor must expect any Pity
 ' from my Friends; that it would be extreme
 ' Weakness to compassionate the Misfortunes of
 ' a Man who ran headlong to my own Destruc-
 ' tion.' He then painted to me, in as lively Co-
 lours as he was able, the Happiness I should have
 now enjoyed, had I not foolishly disposed of my
 Ticket. I urged the Plea of Necessity: But he
 made no Answer to that, and began again to re-
 vile me, till I could bear it no longer, and desired
 him

him to finish his Visit. I soon exchanged the Bailiff's House for a Prison; where, as I had not Money sufficient to procure me a separate Apartment, I was crowded in with a great Number of miserable Wretches, in common with whom I was destitute of every Convenience of Life, even that which all the Brutes enjoy, wholesome Air. In these dreadful Circumstances I applied by Letter to several of my old Acquaintance, and such to whom I had formerly lent Money without any great Prospect of its being returned, for their Assistance; but in vain. An Excuse instead of a Denial was the gentlest Answer I received.—Whilst I languished in a Condition too horrible to be described, and which in a Land of Humanity, and what is much more, Christianity, seems a strange Punishment for a little Inadvertency and Indiscretion; whilst I was in this Condition, a Fellow came into the Prison, and enquiring me out, delivered me the following Letter:

S I R,

MY Father, to whom you sold your Ticket in the last Lottery, died the same Day in which it came up a Prize, as you have possibly heard, and left me sole Heiress of all his Fortune. I am so much touched with your present Circumstances, and the Uneasiness you must feel at having been driven to dispose of what might have made you happy, that I must desire your Acceptance of the inclosed, and am

Your humble Servant,

HARRIET HEARTY.

And

And what do you think was inclosed? ‘I don’t know,’ cried *Adams*: ‘Not less than a Guinea, I hope.’—‘Sir, it was a Bank-note for 200*l.*’—‘200*l.*’ says *Adams*, in a Rapture!—No less, I assure you, answered the Gentleman: A Sum I was not half so delighted with, as with the dear Name of the generous Girl that sent it me; and who was not only the best, but the handsomest Creature in the Universe; and for whom I had long had a Passion, which I never durst disclose to her. I kissed her Name a thousand Times, my Eyes overflowing with Tenderneis and Gratitude, I repeated—But not to detain you with these Raptures, I immediately acquired my Liberty, and, having paid all my Debts, departed, with upwards of fifty Pounds in my Pocket, to thank my kind Deliverer. She happened to be then out of Town, a Circumstance which, upon Reflection, pleased me; for by that Means I had an Opportunity to appear before her in a more decent Dress. At her Return to Town within a Day or two, I threw myself at her Feet with the most ardent Acknowledgments, which she rejected with an unfeigned Greatness of Mind, and told me, I could not oblige her more than by never mentioning, or, if possible, thinking on a Circumstance which must bring to my Mind an Accident that might be grievous to me to think on. She proceeded thus: ‘What I have done is in my own Eyes a Trifle, and perhaps infinitely less than would have become me to do. And if you think of engaging in any Business, where a larger Sum may be serviceable to you, I shall not be over-rigid, either as to the Security or Interest.’ I endeavoured to express all the Gratitude in my Power

Power to this Profusion of Goodness, tho' perhaps it was my Enemy, and began to afflict my Mind with more Agonies than all the Miseries I had underwent; it affected me with severer Reflections than Poverty, Distress, and Prisons united, had been able to make me feel: For, Sir, these Acts and Professions of Kindness, which were sufficient to have raised in a good Heart the most violent Passion of Friendship to one of the same, or to Age and Ugliness in a different Sex, came to me from a Woman, a young and beautiful Woman, one whose Perfections I had long known; and for whom I had long conceived a violent Passion, tho' with a Despair, which made me endeavour rather to curb and conceal, than to nourish or acquaint her with it. In short, they came upon me united with Beauty, Softness, and Tenderneſs, such bewitching Smiles——O Mr. *Adams*, in that Moment I lost myself, and forgetting our different Situations, nor considering what Return I was making to her Goodness, by desiring her, who had given me so much, to bestow her All, I laid gently hold on her Hand, and, conveying it to my Lips, I prest it with inconceivable Ardour; then, lifting up my swimming Eyes, I saw her Face and Neck overspread with one Blush; she offered to withdraw her Hand, ye not so as to deliver it from mine, tho' I held it with the gentleſt Force. We both stood trembling, her Eyes cast on the Ground, and mine stedfastly fixed on her. Good G—, what was then the Condition of my Soul! burning with Love, Desire, Admiration, Gratitude, and every tender Passion, all bent on one charming Object. Passion at last got the better of both Reason and Respect, and softly letting go her Hand,

Hand, I offered madly to clasp her in my Arms ; when a little recovering herself, she started from me, asking me, with some Shew of Anger, ‘ If she had any Reason to expect this Treatment from me.’ I then fell prostrate before her, and told her, ‘ If I had offended, my Life was absolutely in her Power, which I would in any Manner lose for her Sake. Nay, Madam, said I, you shall not be so ready to punish me, as I to suffer. I own my Guilt. I detest the Reflection that I would have sacrificed your Happiness to mine. Believe me, I sincerely repent my Ingratitude ; yet believe me too, it was my Passion, my unbounded Passion for you, which hurried me so far. I have loved you long and tenderly ; and the Goodness you have shewn me, hath innocently weighed down a Wretch undone before. Acquit me of all mean, mercenary Views ; and before I take my Leave of you for ever, which I am resolved instantly to do, believe me, that Fortune could have raised me to no Height to which I could not have gladly lifted you. O curst be Fortune.’——‘ Do not,’ says she, interrupting me with the sweetest Voice, ‘ Do not curse Fortune, since she hath made me happy ; and, if she hath put your Happiness in my Power, I have told you, you shall ask nothing in Reason which I will refuse.’ ‘ Madam,’ said I, ‘ you mistake me, if you imagine, as you seem, my Happiness is in the Power of Fortune now. You have obliged me too much already ; if I have any Wish, it is for some blest Accident, by which I may contribute with my Life to the least Augmentation of your Felicity. As for myself, the only Happiness I can ever have,

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‘ will be hearing of yours; and if Fortune will
‘ make that complete, I will forgive her all her
‘ Wrongs to me.’ ‘ You may indeed,’ answered she smiling, ‘ for your own Happiness must
‘ be included in mine. I have long known your
‘ Worth; nay, I must confess,’ said she blushing, ‘ I have long discovered that Passion for me
‘ you profess, notwithstanding those Endeavours
‘ which I am convinced were unaffected, to conceal it; and if all I can give with Reason will
‘ not suffice,——take Reason away,——and
‘ now I believe you cannot ask me what I will
‘ deny.’——She uttered these Words with a Sweetness not to be imagined. I immediately started; my Blood which lay freezing at my Heart, rushed tumultuously through every Vein. I stood for a Moment silent; then, flying to her, I caught her in my Arms, no longer resisting,——and softly told her, she must give me then herself.——O Sir,——Can I describe her Look? She remained silent, and almost motionless, several Minutes. At last, recovering herself a little, she insisted on my leaving her, and in such a Manner, that I instantly obeyed: You may imagine, however, I soon saw her again.——But I ask Pardon, I fear I have detained you too long in relating the Particulars of the former Interview. ‘ So far otherwise,’ said *Adams*, licking his Lips, ‘ that I could willingly hear it over again.’ Well, Sir, continued the Gentleman, to be as concise as possible, within a Week she consented to make me the happiest of Mankind. We were married shortly after; and when I came to examine the Circumstances of my Wife’s Fortune, (which I do assure you I was not presently at Leisure enough to do) I found it amounted to about

fix thousand Pounds, most Part of which lay in Effects; for her Father had been a Wine-Merchant, and she seemed willing, if I liked it, that I should carry on the same Trade. I readily, and too inconsiderately undertook it: For, not having been bred up to the Secrets of the Business, and endeavouring to deal with the utmost Honesty and Uprightness, I soon found our Fortune in a declining Way, and my Trade decreasing by little and little: For my Wines, which I never adulterated after their Importation, and were sold as neat as they came over, were universally decried by the Vintners, to whom I could not allow them quite as cheap as those who gained double the Profit by a less Price. I soon began to despair of improving our Fortune by these Means; nor was I at all easy at the Visits and Familiarity of many who had been my Acquaintance in my Prosperity, but had denied and shunned me in my Adversity, and now very forwardly renewed their Acquaintance with me. In short, I had sufficiently seen, that the Pleasures of the World are chiefly Folly, and the Business of it mostly Knavery; and both, nothing better than Vanity: The Men of Pleasure tearing one another to Pieces, from the Emulation of spending Money; and the Men of Business, from Envy in getting it. My Happiness consisted entirely in my Wife, whom I loved with an inexpressible Fondness, which was perfectly returned; and my Prospects were no other than to provide for our growing Family; for she was now big of her second Child: I therefore took an Opportunity to ask her Opinion of entering into a retired Life, which, after hearing my Reasons, and perceiving my Affection for it, she readily

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embraced.

embraced. We soon put our small Fortune, now reduced under three thousand Pounds, into Money, with Part of which we purchased this little Place, whither we retired soon after her Delivery, from a World full of Bustle, Noise, Hatred, Envy, and Ingratitude, to Ease, Quiet and Love. We have here lived almost twenty Years, with little other Conversation than our own, most of the Neighbourhood taking us for very strange People; the Squire of the Parish representing me as a Madman, and the Parson as a Presbyterian; because I will not hunt with the one, nor drink with the other. ‘Sir,’ says *Adams*, ‘Fortune hath, I think, paid you all her Debts in this ‘sweet Retirement.’ Sir, replied the Gentleman, I am thankful to the great Author of all Things for the Blessings I here enjoy. I have the best of Wives, and three pretty Children, for whom I have the true Tenderness of a Parent; but no Blessings are pure in this World. Within three Years of my Arrival here I lost my eldest Son. (*Here he sighed bitterly*) ‘Sir,’ says *Adams*, ‘we must submit to Providence, and consider Death is common to all.’ We must submit, indeed, answered the Gentleman; and if he had died, I could have borne the Loss with Patience: But alas! Sir, he was stolen away from my Door by some wicked travelling People whom they call *Gipsies*; nor could I ever with the most diligent Search recover him. Poor Child! he had the sweetest Look, the exact Picture of his Mother; at which some Tears unwittingly dropt from his Eyes, as did likewise from those of *Adams*, who always sympathised with his Friends on those Occasions. Thus, Sir, said the Gentleman, I have finished my Story;
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in which, if I have been too particular, I ask your Pardon ; and now, if you please, I will fetch you another Bottle ; which Proposal the Parson thankfully accepted.

C H A P. IV.

A Description of Mr. Wilson's Way of living. The tragical Adventure of the Dog, and other grave Matters.

THE Gentleman returned with the Bottle ; and Adams and he sat some Time silent, when the former started up and cried, ‘ No, *that won't do.*’ The Gentleman enquired into his Meaning ; he answered, ‘ He had been considering that it was possible the late famous King *Theodore* might have been that very Son whom he had lost ;’ but added, ‘ that his Age could not answer that Imagination.’ However, says he, ‘ G— disposes all Things for the best, and very probably he may be some great Man, or Duke, and may, one Day or other, revisit you in that Capacity.’ The Gentleman answered, he should know him among ten thousand ; for he had a Mark on his left Breast of a Strawberry, which his Mother had given him by longing for that Fruit.

That beautiful young Lady, the *Morning*, now rose from her Bed, and with a Countenance blooming with fresh Youth and Sprightliness, like Miss * —, with soft Dews hanging on her pouting Lips, began to take her early Walk over the eastern Hills ; and presently after,

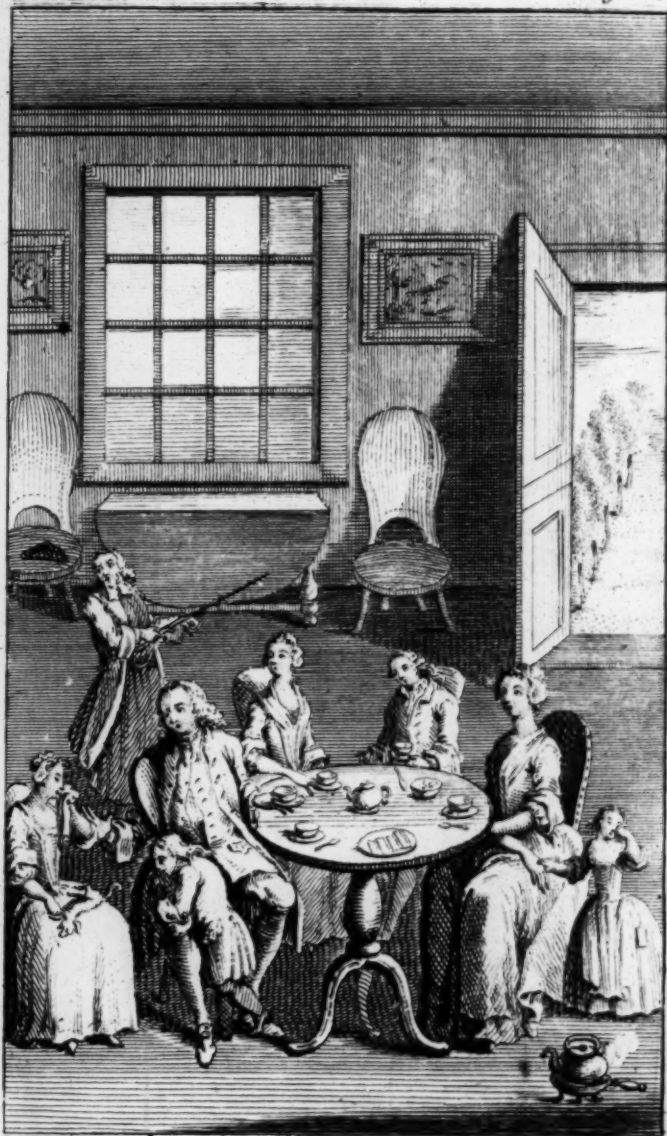
* *Whoever the Reader pleases.*

that gallant Person the Sun stole softly from his Wife's Chamber to pay his Addressee to her; when the Gentleman asked his Guest if he would walk forth and survey his little Garden, which he readily agreed to, and *Joseph* at the same Time awaking from a Sleep in which he had been two Hours buried, went with them. No Parterres, no Fountains, no Statues, embellished this little Garden. Its only Ornament was a short Walk, shaded on each Side by a Filbert Hedge, with a small Alcove at one End, whither in hot Weather the Gentleman and his Wife used to retire, and divert themselves with their Children, who played in the Walk before them: But tho' Vanity had no Votary in this little Spot, here was Variety of Fruit, and every Thing useful for the Kitchen, which was abundantly sufficient to catch the Admiration of *Adams*, who told the Gentleman he had certainly a good Gardener. Sir, answered he, that Gardener is now before you; whatever you see here, is the Work solely of my own Hands. Whilst I am providing Necessaries for my Table, I likewise procure myself an Appetite for them. In fair Seasons, I seldom pass less than six Hours of the twenty-four in this Place, where I am not idle; and by these Means I have been able to preserve my Health ever since my Arrival here without Assistance from Physic. Hither I generally repair at the Dawn, and exercise myself, whilst my Wife dresses her Children, and prepares our Breakfast; after which we are seldom asunder during the Residue of the Day; for when the Weather will not permit them to accompany me here, I am usually within with them; for I am neither ashamed of conversing with my Wife, nor of playing with my Children:

Children: To say the Truth, I do not perceive that Inferiority of Understanding which the Levity of Rakes, the Dulness of Men of Business, or the Austerity of the Learned would persuade us of in Women. As for my Woman, I declare I have found none of my own Sex capable of making juster Observations on Life, or of delivering them more agreeably; nor do I believe any one possessed of a faithfuller or braver Friend. And sure as this Friendship is sweetened with more Delicacy and Tenderness; so it is confirmed by dearer Pledges than can attend the closest male Alliance: For what Union can be so fast, as our common Interests in the Fruits of our Embraces? Perhaps, Sir, you are not yourself a Father; if you are not, be assured you cannot conceive the Delight I have in my Little Ones. Would you not despise me, if you saw me stretched on the Ground, and my Children playing round me? ‘I should reverence the Sight,’ quoth *Adams*, ‘I myself am now the Father of six, and have been of eleven, and I can say I never scourged a Child of my own, unless as his School-master, and then have felt every Stroke on my own Posteriors. And as to what you say concerning Women, I have often lamented my own Wife did not understand *Greek*.’—The Gentleman smiled, and answered, he would not be apprehended to insinuate that his own had an Understanding above the Care of her Family; on the contrary, says he, my *Harriet*, I assure you, is a notable Housewife, and the Housekeepers of few Gentlemen understand Cookery or Confectionary better; but these are Arts which she hath no great Occasion for now: However, the Wine you commended so

much last Night at Supper, was of her own making, as is indeed all the Liquor in my House, except my Beer, which falls to my Province. (And I assure you it is as excellent, quoth *Adams*, as ever I tasted.) We formerly kept a Maid-Servant, but since my Girls have been growing up, she is unwilling to indulge them in Idleness; for as the Fortunes I shall give them will be very small, we intend not to breed them above the Rank they are likely to fill hereafter, nor to teach them to despise, or ruin a plain Husband. Indeed I could wish a Man of my own Temper, and a retired Life, might fall to their Lot: For I have experienced that calm serene Happiness which is seated in Content, is inconsistent with the Hurry and Bustle of the World. He was proceeding thus, when the Little Things, being just risen, ran eagerly towards him, and asked him Blessing: They were shy to the Strangers; but the eldest acquainted her Father, that her Mother and the young Gentlewoman were up, and that Breakfast was ready. They all went in, where the Gentleman was surprised at the Beauty of *Fanny*, who had now recovered herself from her Fatigue, and was entirely clean drest; for the Rogues who had taken away her Purse, had left her her Bundle. But if he was so much amazed at the Beauty of this young Creature, his Guests were no less charmed at the Tenderness which appeared in the Behaviour of the Husband and Wife to each other, and to their Children, and at the dutiful and affectionate Behaviour of these to their Parents. These Instances pleased the well disposed Mind of *Adams* equally with the Readiness which they express to oblige their Guests, and their Forwardness to offer them the best of every Thing in
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J. Hulett inv. et sculp. Published March 1st 1743 by A. Millar.

their House; and what delighted him still more, was an Instance or two of their Charity: For whilst they were at Breakfast, the good Woman was called for to assist her sick Neighbour, which she did with some Cordials made for the public Use; and the good Man went into his Garden at the same Time, to supply another with something which he wanted thence; for they had nothing which those who wanted it were not welcome to. These good People were in the utmost Chearfulness, when they heard the Report of a Gun; and immediately afterwards a little Dog, the Favourite of the eldest Daughter, came limping in all bloody, and laid himself at his Mistress's Feet: The poor Girl, who was about eleven Years old, burst into Tears at the Sight; and presently one of the Neighbours came in and informed them, that the young Squire, the Son of the Lord of the Manor, had shot him as he passed by, swearing at the same Time he would prosecute the Master of him for keeping a Spaniel; for that he had given Notice he would not suffer one in the Parish. The Dog, whom his Mistress had taken into her Lap, died in a few Minutes, licking her Hand. She expressed great Agony at her Loss; and the other Children began to cry for their Sister's Misfortune, nor could *Fanny* herself refrain. Whilst the Father and Mother attempted to comfort her, *Adams* grasped his Crabstick, and would have sallied out after the Squire, had not *Joseph* with-held him. He could not however bridle his Tongue—He pronounced the Word *Rascal* with great Emphasis; said he deserved to be hanged more than a Highwayman, and wished he had the scourging him. The Mother took her Child lamenting and carrying the



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dead Favourite in her Arms out of the Room, when the Gentleman said, this was the second Time this Squire had endeavoured to kill the little Wretch, and had wounded him smartly once before; adding, he could have no Motive but Ill-nature; for the little Thing, which was not near as big as one's Fift, had never been twenty Yards from the House in the six Years his Daughter had had it. He said he had done nothing to deserve this Usage: But his Father had too great a Fortune to contend with. That he was as absolute as any Tyrant in the Universe, and had killed all the Dogs, and taken away all the Guns in the Neighbourhood; and not only that, but he trampled down Hedges, and rode over Corn and Gardens, with no more Regard than if they were the Highway. 'I wish I could catch him in my Garden,' says *Adams*; 'though I would rather forgive him riding through my House than such an ill-natured Act as this.'

The Chearfulness of their Conversation being interrupted by this Accident, in which the Guests could be of no Service to their kind Entertainer, and as the Mother was taken up in administering Consolation to the poor Girl, whose Disposition was too good hastily to forget the sudden Loss of her little Favourite, which had been fondling with her a few Minutes before; and as *Joseph* and *Fanny* were impatient to get Home and begin those previous Ceremonies to their Happiness, which *Adams* had insisted on, they now offered to take their Leave. The Gentleman importuned them much to stay Dinner: But when he found their Eagerness to depart, he summoned his Wife, and accordingly having performed all the usual Ceremonies of Bows and Curt'sies,
more

more pleasant to be seen than to be related, they took their Leave, the Gentleman and his Wife heartily wishing them a good Journey, and they as heartily thanking them for their kind Entertainment. They then departed, *Adams* declaring, that this was the Manner in which the People had lived in the Golden Age.

C H A P. V.

A Disputation on Schools, held on the Road between Mr. Abraham Adams and Joseph; and a Discovery not unwelcome to them both.

OUR Travellers having well refreshed themselves at the Gentleman's House, *Joseph* and *Fanny* with Sleep, and Mr. *Abraham Adams* with Ale and Tobacco, renewed their Journey with great Alacrity; and, pursuing the Road into which they were directed, travelled many Miles before they met with any Adventure worth relating. In this Interval, we shall present our Readers with a very curious Discourse, as we apprehend it, concerning public Schools, which passed between Mr. *Joseph Andrews* and Mr. *Abraham Adams*.

They had not gone far, before *Adams* calling to *Joseph*, asked him if he had attended to the Gentleman's Story? he answered, 'to all the former Part.' 'And don't you think,' says he, 'he was a very unhappy Man in his Youth?' 'A very unhappy Man indeed,' answered the other. '*Joseph*,' cries *Adams*, screwing up his Mouth, 'I have found it; I have discovered the Cause

' of all the Misfortunes which befel him. A public School, *Joseph*, was the Cause of all the Calamities which he afterwards suffered. Public Schools are the Nurseries of all Vice and Immorality. All the wicked Fellows whom I remember at the University were bred at them.—Ah Lord! I can remember as well as if it was but Yesterday, a Knot of them; they call them King's Scholars, I forget why,—very wicked Fellows! *Joseph*, you may thank the Lord you were not bred at a public School, you would never have preserved your Virtue as you have. The first Care I always take, is of a Boy's Morals; I had rather he should be a Blockhead than an Atheist or a Presbyterian. What is all the Learning in the World compared to his immortal Soul? What shall a Man take in Exchange for his Soul! But the Masters of great Schools trouble themselves about no such Thing. I have known a Lad of eighteen at the University, who hath not been able to say his Catechism: But for my own Part, I always scourged a Lad sooner for missing that than any other Lesson. Believe me, Child, all that Gentleman's Misfortunes arose from his being educated at a public School.'

' It doth not become me,' answered *Joseph*, ' to dispute any Thing, Sir, with you, especially a Matter of this Kind; for to be sure you must be allowed by all the World to be the best Teacher of a School in all our County.' ' Yes, that,' says *Adams*, ' I believe is granted me; that I may without much Vanity pretend to—nay, I believe I may go to the next County too—but *gloriarì non est meum*.—' ' However, Sir, as you are pleased to bid me speak,' says *Joseph*,

Joseph, ‘ you know, my late Master, Sir *Thomas Booby*, was bred at a public School, and he
 ‘ was the finest Gentleman in all the Neighbour-
 ‘ hood. And I have often heard him say, if he
 ‘ had a hundred Boys he would breed them all at
 ‘ the same Place. It was his Opinion, and I
 ‘ have often heard him deliver it, that a Boy
 ‘ taken from a public School, and carried into
 ‘ the World, will learn more in one Year there,
 ‘ than one of a private Education will in five.
 ‘ He used to say, the School itself initiated him
 ‘ a great Way, (I remember that was his very
 ‘ Expression) for great Schools are little Socie-
 ‘ ties, where a Boy of any Observation may see
 ‘ in Epitome what he will afterwards find in the
 ‘ World at large.’ ‘ *Hinc illæ lachrymæ*; for
 ‘ that very Reason, quoth *Adams*, I prefer a pri-
 ‘ vate School, where Boys may be kept in Inno-
 ‘ cence and Ignorance; for, according to that
 ‘ fine Passage in the Play of *Cato*, the only *Eng-
 ‘ lish* Tragedy I ever read,

‘ *If Knowledge of the World must make Men
 Villains,*

‘ *May Juba ever live in Ignorance.*

‘ Who would not rather preserve the Purity of
 ‘ his Child, than wish him to attain the whole
 ‘ Circle of Arts and Sciences; which, by the
 ‘ bye, he may learn in the Classes of a private
 ‘ School? For I would not be vain, but I esteem
 ‘ myself to be second to none, *nulli secundum*,
 ‘ in teaching these Things; so that a Lad may
 ‘ have as much Learning in a private as in a pub-
 ‘ lic Education.’ ‘ And with Submission,’ an-
 ‘ swered *Joseph*, ‘ he may get as much Vice, wit-
 ‘ ness

‘ nefs several Country Gentlemen, who were
‘ educated within five Miles of their own Houses,
‘ and are as wicked as if they had known the
‘ World from their Infancy. I remember when
‘ I was in the Stable, if a young Horse was vi-
‘ cious in his Nature, no Correction would make
‘ him otherwise; I take it to be equally the same
‘ among Men: If a Boy be of a mischievous,
‘ wicked Inclination, no School, tho’ ever so
‘ private, will ever make him good; on the con-
‘ trary, if he be of a righteous Temper, you
‘ may trust him to *London*, or wherever else you
‘ please, he will be in no Danger of being cor-
‘ rupted. Besides, I have often heard my Mas-
‘ ter say, that the Discipline practised in public
‘ Schools was much better than that in private.’—
‘ Yow talk like a Jackanapes,’ says *Adams*, ‘ and
‘ so did your Master. Discipline indeed! be-
‘ cause one Man scourges twenty or thirty Boys
‘ more in a Morning than another, is he there-
‘ fore a better Disciplinarian? I do presume to
‘ confer in this Point with all who have taught
‘ from *Chiron’s* Time to this Day; and, if I
‘ was Master of six Boys only, I would preserve
‘ as good Discipline amongst them as the Master
‘ of the greatest School in the World. I say no-
‘ thing, young Man; remember, I say nothing;
‘ but if Sir *Thomas* himself had been educat-
‘ ed nearer Home, and under the Tuition of
‘ somebody, remember I name nobody, it might
‘ have been better for him — but his Father
‘ must institute him in the Knowledge of the
‘ World. *Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit.*’
Joseph, seeing him run on in this Manner, asked
Pardon many Times, assuring him he had no In-
tention to offend. ‘ I believe you had not, Child,’
said

said he, ' and I am not angry with you : But
 ' for maintaining good Discipline in a School ;
 ' for this.'—And then he ran on as before,
 named all the Masters who are recorded in old
 Books, and preferred himself to them all. In-
 deed, if this good Man had an Enthusiasm, or
 what the Vulgar call a Blind side, it was this :
 He thought a Schoolmaster the greatest Character
 in the World, and himself the greatest of all
 Schoolmasters, neither of which Points he would
 have given up to *Alexander the Great* at the Head
 of his Army.

Adams continued his Subject till they came to
 one of the beautifullest Spots of Ground in the
 Universe. It was a kind of natural Amphitheatre,
 formed by the winding of a small Rivulet,
 which was planted with thick Woods, and the
 Trees rose gradually above each other by the na-
 tural Ascent of the Ground they stood on ; which
 Ascent as they hid with their Boughs, they
 seemed to have been disposed by the Design of
 the most skilful Planter. The Soil was spread
 with a Verdure which no Paint could imitate ; and
 the whole Place might have raised romantic Ideas
 in elder Minds than those of *Joseph* and *Fanny*,
 without the Assistance of Love.

Here they arrived about Noon, and *Joseph*
 proposed to *Adams* that they should rest a while
 in this delightful Place, and refresh themselves
 with some Provisions which the Good-nature of
Mrs. Wilson had provided them with. *Adams*
 made no Objection to the Proposal ; so down they
 sat, and pulling out a cold Fowl, and a Bottle of
 Wine, they made a Repast with a Chearfulness
 which might have attracted the Envy of more
 splendid Tables. I should not omit, that they

found

found among their Provision a little Paper, containing a Piece of Gold, which *Adams* imagining had been put there by Mistake would have returned back, to restore it; but he was at last convinced by *Jeseph*, that Mr. *Wilson* had taken this handsome Way of furnishing them with a Supply for their Journey, on his having related the Distress which they had been in, when they were relieved by the Generosity of the Pedlar. *Adams* said, he was glad to see such an Instance of Goodness, not so much for the Convenience which it brought them, as for the Sake of the Doer, whose Reward would be great in Heaven. He likewise comforted himself with a Reflection, that he should shortly have an Opportunity of returning it him; for the Gentleman was within a Week to make a Journey into *Somersetshire*, to pass through *Adams's* Parish, and had faithfully promised to call on him: A Circumstance which we thought too immaterial to mention before; but which those who have as great an Affection for that Gentleman as ourselves, will rejoice at, as it may give them Hopes of seeing him again. Then *Jeseph* made a Speech on Charity, which the Reader, if he is so disposed, may see in the next Chapter; for we scorn to betray him into any such Reading, without first giving him Warning.

C H A P. VI.

Moral Reflections by Joseph Andrews, with the hunting Adventure, and Parson Adams's miraculous Escape.

I Have often wondered, Sir, said *Joseph*, to observe so few Instances of Charity among Mankind; for tho' the Goodness of a Man's Heart did not incline him to relieve the Distresses of his Fellow-Creatures, methinks the Desire of Honour should move him to it. What inspires a Man to build fine Houses, to purchase fine Furniture, Pictures, Clothes, and other Things at a great Expence, but an Ambition to be respected more than other People? Now, would not one great Act of Charity, one Instance of redeeming a poor Family from all the Miseries of Poverty, restoring an unfortunate Tradesman by a Sum of Money to the Means of procuring a Livelihood by his Industry, discharging an undone Debtor from his Debts or a Goal, or any such like Example of Goodness, create a Man more Honour and Respect than he could acquire by the finest House, Furniture, Pictures or Clothes, that were ever beheld? For not only the Object himself, who was thus relieved, but all who heard the Name of such a Person, must, I imagine, reverence him infinitely more than the Possessor of all those other Things: Which when we so admire, we rather praise the Builder, the Workman, the Painter, the Lacemaker, the Taylor, and the rest, by whose Ingenuity they are produced, than the Person who by his Money makes them

them his own. For my own Part, when I have waited behind my Lady in a Room hung with fine Pictures, while I have been looking at them I have never once thought of their Owner, nor hath any once else, as I ever observed; for when it hath been asked whose Picture that was, it was never once answered, the Master's of the House; but *Ammycouni*, *Paul Varnish*, *Hannibal Scratchi*, or *Hogarthi*, which I suppose were the Names of the Painters: But if it was asked, who redeemed such a one out of Prison? who lent such a ruined Tradesman Money to set up? who cloathed that Family of poor small Children? it is very plain what must be the Answer. And besides, these great Folks are mistaken, if they imagine they get any Honour at all by these Means; for I do not remember I ever was with my Lady at any House where she commended the House or Furniture, but I have heard her at her return Home make Sport and jeer at whatever she had before commended: And I have been told by other Gentlemen in Livery, that it is the same in their Families: But I defy the wisest Man in the World to turn a true good Action into Ridicule. I defy him to do it. He who should endeavour it, would be laughed at himself, instead of making others laugh. Nobody scarce doth any Good, yet they all agree in praising those who do. Indeed it is strange that all Men should consent in commending Goodness, and no Man endeavour to deserve that Commendation; whilst, on the contrary, all rail at Wickedness, and all are as eager to be what they abuse. This I know not the Reason of; but it is as plain as Daylight to those who converse in the World, as I have done these three Years. 'Are all the great Folks
' wicked

‘wicked then?’ says *Fanny*. To be sure there are some Exceptions, answered *Joseph*. Some Gentlemen of our Cloth report charitable Actions done by their Lords and Masters; and I have heard Squire *Pope*, the great Poet, at my Lady’s Table, tell Stories of a Man that lived at a Place called *Ross*, and another at the *Bath*, one *Al——* *Al——* I forget his Name, but it is in the Book of Verses. This Gentleman hath built up a stately House too, which the Squire likes very well; but his Charity is seen farther than his House, tho’ it stands on a Hill, aye, and brings him more Honour too. It was his Charity that put him in the Book, where the Squire says he puts all those who deserve it; and to be sure, as he lives among all the great People, if there were any such, he would know them.—This was all of Mr. *Joseph Andrews’s* Speech which I could get him to recollect, which I have delivered as near as was possible in his own Words, with a very small Embellishment. But I believe the Reader hath not been a little surpris’d at the long Silence of Parson *Adams*, especially as so many Occasions offered themselves to exert his Curiosity and Observation. The Truth is, he was fast asleep, and had been so from the Beginning of the preceding Narrative: And indeed if the Reader considers that so many Hours had past since he had closed his Eyes, he will not wonder at his Repose, tho’ even *Henley* himself, or as great an Orator (if any such be) had been in his *Rostrum* or Tub before him.

Joseph, who, whilst he was speaking, had continued in one Attitude, with his Head reclining on one Side, and his Eyes cast on the Ground, no sooner perceived, on looking up, the Position
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of *Adams*, who was stretched on his Back, and snored louder than the usual braying of the Animal with long Ears, than he turned towards *Fanny*, and, taking her by the Hand, began a Dalliance, which, tho' consistent with the purest Innocence and Decency, neither he would have attempted, nor she permitted, before any Witness. Whilst they amused themselves in this harmless and delightful Manner, they heard a Pack of Hounds approaching in full Cry towards them, and presently afterwards saw a Hare pop forth from the Wood, and, crossing the Water, land within a few Yards of them in the Meadows. The Hare was no sooner on Shore, than it seated itself on its hinder Legs, and listened to the Sound of the Pursuers. *Fanny* was wonderfully pleased with the little Wretch, and eagerly longed to have it in her Arms, that she might preserve it from the Dangers which seemed to threaten it: But the rational Part of the Creation do not always aptly distinguish their Friends from their Foes; what Wonder then if this silly Creature, the Moment it beheld her, fled from the Friend, who would have protected it, and, traversing the Meadows again, past the little Rivulet on the opposite Side. It was however so spent and weak, that it fell down twice or thrice in its Way. This affected the tender Heart of *Fanny*, who exclaimed, with Tears in her Eyes, against the Barbarity of worrying a poor innocent defenceless Animal out of its Life, and putting it to the extremest Torture for Diversion. She had not much Time to make Reflections of this Kind; for on a sudden the Hounds rushed through the Wood, which resounded with their Throats, and the Throats of their *Retinue* who attended
on

on them on Horseback. The Dogs now past the Rivulet, and pursued the Foot-steps of the Hare; five Horsemen attempted to leap over, three of whom succeeded, and two were in the Attempt thrown from their Saddles into the Water: Their Companions, and their own Horses too, proceeded after their Sport, and left their Friends and Riders to invoke the Sisters of Fortune, or to employ the more active Means of Strength and Agility for their Deliverance. *Joseph* however was not so unconcerned on this Occasion; he left *Fanny* for a Moment to herself, and ran to the Gentlemen, who were immediately on their Legs, shaking their Ears, and easily with the Help of his Hand attained the Bank; (for the Rivulet was not at all deep) and without staying to thank their kind Assister, ran dripping across the Meadow, calling to their Brother Sportsmen to stop their Horses: But they heard them not.

The Hounds were now very little behind their poor reeling staggering Prey, which, fainting almost at every Step, crawled through the Wood, and had almost got round to the Place where *Fanny* stood, when it was overtaken by its Enemies; and, being driven out of the Covert, was caught, and instantly tore to Pieces before *Fanny's* Face, who was unable to assist it with any Aid more powerful than Pity; nor could she prevail on *Joseph*, who had been himself a Sportsman in his Youth, to attempt any Thing contrary to the Laws of Hunting, in Favour of the Hare, which he said was killed fairly.

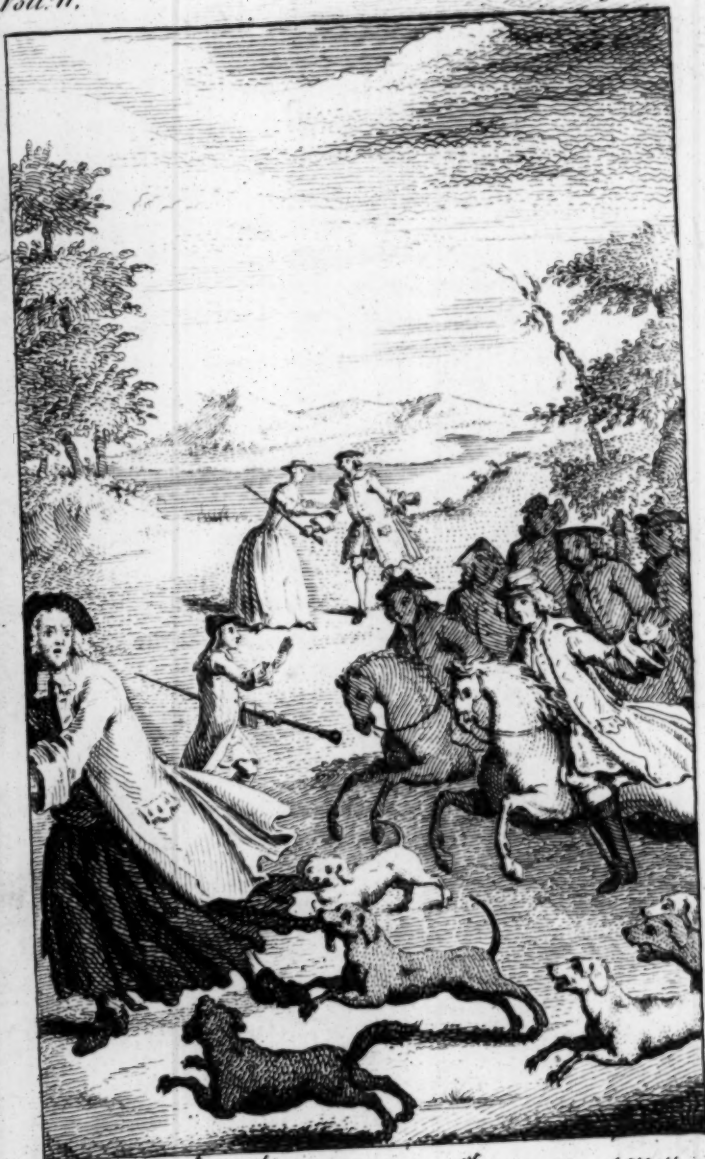
The Hare was caught within a Yard or two of *Adams*, who lay asleep at some Distance from the Lovers; and the Hounds in devouring it, and pulling it backwards and forwards, had drawn it
so

so close to him, that some of them (by Mistake perhaps for the Hare's Skin) laid hold of the Skirts of his Cassock; others at the same Time applying their Teeth to his Wig, which he had with a Handkerchief fastened to his Head, began to pull him about; and had not the Motion of his Body had more Effect on him than seemed to be wrought by the Noise, they must certainly have tasted his Flesh, which delicious Flavour might have been fatal to him: But being roused by these Tuggings, he instantly awaked, and with a Jerk delivering his Head from his Wig, he with most admirable Dexterity recovered his Legs, which now seemed the only Members he could entrust his Safety to. Having therefore escaped likewise from at least a third Part of his Cassock, which he willingly left as his *Exuvie* or Spoils to the Enemy, he fled with the utmost Speed he could summon to his Assistance. Nor let this be any Detraction from the Bravery of his Character; let the Number of the Enemies, and the Surprise in which he was taken, be considered; and if there be any Modern so outrageously brave, that he cannot admit of Flight in any Circumstance whatever, I say, (but I whisper that softly, and I solemnly declare, without any Intention of giving Offence to any brave Man in the Nation) I say, or rather I whisper, that he is an ignorant Fellow, and hath never read *Homer*, nor *Virgil*, nor knows he any Thing of *Hector* or *Turnus*; nay, he is unacquainted with the History of some great Men living, who tho' as brave as Lions, aye, as Tigers, have run away, the Lord knows how far, and the Lord knows why, to the Surprise of their Friends, and the Entertainment of their Enemies. But if Per-

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J. Hulet inv. et sculp. Published March 1. 1742/3 by A. Millar.

sons of such heroic Disposition are a little offended at the Behaviour of *Adams*, we assure them they shall be as much pleased with what we shall immediately relate of *Joseph Andrews*. The Master of the Pack was just arrived, or, as the Sportsmen call it, *come in*, when *Adams* set out, as we have before mentioned. This Gentleman was generally said to be a great Lover of Humour; but not to mince the Matter, especially as we are upon this Subject, he was a great *Hunter of Men*: Indeed he had hitherto followed the Sport only with Dogs of his own Species; for he kept two or three Couple of barking Curs for that Use only. However, as he thought he had now found a Man nimble enough, he was willing to indulge himself with other Sport, and accordingly crying out, *Stole away*, encouraged the Hounds to pursue Mr. *Adams*, swearing it was the largest Jack-Hare he ever saw; at the same Time hallooing and hooping as if a conquer'd Foe was flying before him; in which he was imitated by these two or three Couple of Human, or rather two-legg'd Curs on Horseback, which we have mentioned before.

Now thou, whoever thou art, whether a Muse, or by what other Name soever thou chusest to be called, who presidest over Biography, and hast inspired all the Writers of Lives in these our Times: Thou who didst infuse such wonderful Humour into the Pen of immortal *Gulliver*; who hast carefully guided the Judgment, whilst thou hast exalted the nervous manly Style of thy *Mal-let*: Thou who hadst no Hand in that Dedication and Preface, or the Translations which thou wouldst willingly have struck out of the Life of *Cicero*: Lastly, Thou who without the Assistance
of



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of

of the least Spice of Literature, and even against his Inclination, hast, in some Pages of his Book, forced *Colley Cibber* to write *English*; do thou assist me in what I find myself unequal to. Do thou introduce on the Plain, the young, the gay, the brave *Joseph Andrews*, whilst Men shall view him with Admiration and Envy; tender Virgins with Love and anxious Concern for his Safety.

No sooner did *Joseph Andrews* perceive the Distress of his Friend, when first the quick-scenting Dogs attacked him, than he grasped his Cudgel in his Right-hand, a Cudgel which his Father had of his Grandfather, to whom a mighty strong Man of *Kent* had given it for a Present in that Day, when he broke three Heads on the Stage. It was a Cudgel of mighty Strength and wonderful Art, made by one of Mr. *Deard's* best Workmen, whom no other Artificer can equal; and who hath made all those Sticks which the Beaus have lately walked with about the Park in a Morning: But this was far his Master-piece; on its Head was engraved a Nose and Chin, which might have been mistaken for a Pair of Nut-crackers. The Learned have imagined it designed to represent the *Gorgon*: But it was in Fact copied from the Face of a certain long *English* Baronet of infinite Wit, Humour, and Gravity. He did intend to have engraved here many Histories: As the first Night of Captain *B——*'s Play, where you would have seen Critics in Embroidery transplanted from the Boxes to the Pit, whose ancient Inhabitants were exalted to the Galleries, where they played on Catcalls. He did intend to have painted an Auction-Room, where Mr. *Cock* would have appeared aloft in his Pulpit, trumpeting forth the Praises of a *China* Bason; and

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and with Astonishment wondering that *Nobody bids more for that fine, that superb*—He did intend to have engraved many other Things, but was forced to leave out all for Want of Room.

No sooner had *Joseph* grasped his Cudgel in his Hands, than Lightning darted from his Eyes; and the heroic Youth, swift of Foot, ran with the utmost Speed to his Friend's Assistance. He overtook him just as *Rockwood* had laid hold of the Skirt of his Cassock, which being torn, hung to the Ground. Reader, we would make a Simile on this Occasion, but for two Reasons: The first is, it would interrupt the Description, which should be rapid in this Part; but that doth not weigh much, many Precedents occurring for such an Interruption: The second, and much the greater Reason is, that we could find no Simile adequate to our Purpose: For indeed, what Instance could we bring to set before our Reader's Eyes at once the Idea of Friendship, Courage, Youth, Beauty, Strength and Swiftness; all which blazed in the Person of *Joseph Andrews*. Let those therefore that describe Lions and Tigers, and Heroes fiercer than both, raise their Poems or Plays with the Simile of *Joseph Andrews*, who is himself above the Reach of any Simile.

Now *Rockwood* had laid fast hold on the Parson's Skirts, and stopt his Flight; which *Joseph* no sooner perceived, than he levelled his Cudgel at his Head, and laid him sprawling. *Fowler* and *Ringwood* then fell on his great Coat, and had undoubtedly brought him to the Ground, had not *Joseph*, collecting all his Force, given *Fowler* such a Rap on the Back, that quitting his

Hold he ran howling over the Plain. A harder Fate remained for thee, O *Ringwood*, *Ringwood* the best Hound that ever pursued a Hare, who never threw his Tongue but where the Scent was undoubtedly true; good at *trailing*; and *sure in a Highway*, no *Babbler*, no *Over-runner*, respected by the whole Pack: For, whenever he opened, they knew the Game was at Hand. He fell by the Stroke of *Joseph*, *Thunder*, and *Plunder*, and *Wonder*, and *Blunder*, were the next Victims of his Wrath, and measured their Lengths on the Ground. Then *Fairmaid*, a Bitch which Mr. *John Temple* had bred up in his House, and fed at his own Table, and lately sent the Squire fifty Miles for a Present, ran fiercely at *Joseph*, and bit him by the Leg; no Dog was ever fiercer than she, being descended from an *Amazonian* Breed, and had worried Bulls in her own Country, but now waged an unequal Fight; and had shared the Fate of those we have mentioned before, had not *Diana* (the Reader may believe it or not as he pleases) in that Instant interposed, and in the Shape of the Huntsman snatched her Favourite up in her Arms.

The Parson now faced about, and with his Crabstick felled many to the Earth, and scattered others, till he was attacked by *Cæsar*, and pulled to the Ground. Then *Joseph* flew to his Rescue, and with such Might fell on the Victor, that, O eternal Blot to his Name! *Cæsar* ran yelping away.

The Battle now raged with the most dreadful Violence, when lo the Huntsman, a Man of Years and Dignity, lifted his Voice, and called his Hounds from the Fight; telling them in a
Lan-

Language they understood, that it was in vain to contend longer; for that Fate had decreed the Victory to their Enemies.

Thus far the Muse hath with her usual Dignity related this prodigious Battle, a Battle we apprehend never equalled by any Poet, Romance, or Life-writer whatever, and having brought it to a Conclusion she ceased; we shall therefore proceed in our ordinary Style with the Continuation of this History. The Squire and his Companions, whom the Figure of *Adams*, and the Gallantry of *Joseph*, had at first thrown into a violent Fit of Laughter, and who had hitherto beheld the Engagement with more Delight than any Chace, Shooting-Match, Race, Cock-fighting, Bull or Bear-baiting had ever given them, began now to apprehend the Danger of their Hounds, many of which lay sprawling in the Fields. The Squire therefore having first called his Friends about him, as Guards for Safety of his Person, rode manfully up to the Combatants, and summoning all the Terror he was Master of into his Countenance, demanded with an authoritative Voice of *Joseph*, what he meant by assaulting his Dogs in that Manner. *Joseph* answered with great Intrepidity, that they had first fallen on his Friend; and if they had belonged to the greatest Man in the Kingdom, he would have treated them in the same Way; for whilst his Veins contained a single Drop of Blood, he would not stand idle by, and see that Gentleman (*pointing to Adams*) abused either by Man or Beast; and having so said, both he and *Adams* brandished their wooden Weapons, and put themselves into such a Posture, that the Squire and his Company thought proper to preponderate, before

they offered to revenge the Cause of their four-footed Allies.

At this Instant *Fanny*, whom the Apprehension of *Joseph's* Danger had alarmed so much, that forgetting her own, she had made the utmost Expedition, came up. The Squire and all the Horsemen were so surpris'd with her Beauty, that they immediately fixed both their Eyes and Thoughts solely on her, every one declaring he had never seen so charming a Creature. Neither Mirth nor Anger engaged them a Moment longer; but all sat in silent Amaze. The Huntsman only was free from her Attraction, who was busy in cutting the Ears of the Dogs, and endeavouring to recover them to Life; in which he succeeded so well, that only two of no great Note remained slaughtered on the Field of Action. Upon this the Huntsman declared, 'Twas well it was no worse; for his Part he could not blame the Gentleman, and wondered his Master would encourage the Dogs to hunt *Christians*; that it was the surest Way to spoil them, to make them follow *Vermin* instead of sticking to a Hare.'

The Squire being informed of the little Mischief that had been done, and perhaps having more Mischief of another Kind in his Head, accosted Mr. *Adams* with a more favourable Aspect than before: He told him he was sorry for what had happened; that he had endeavoured all he could to prevent it the Moment he was acquainted with his Cloth, and greatly commended the Courage of his Servant; for so he imagined *Joseph* to be. He then invited Mr. *Adams* to Dinner, and desired the young Woman might come with him. *Adams* refused a long while; but the Invitation

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itation was repeated with so much Earnestness and Courtesy, that at length he was forced to accept it. His Wig and Hat, and other Spoils of the Field, being gathered together by *Joseph* (for otherwise probably they would have been forgotten) he put himself into the best Order he could; and then the Horse and Foot moved forward in the same Pace towards the Squire's House, which stood at a very little Distance.

Whilst they were on the Road, the lovely *Fanny* attracted the Eyes of all; they endeavoured to outvie one another in Encomiums on her Beauty; which the Reader will pardon my not relating, as they had not any Thing new or uncommon in them: So must he likewise my not setting down the many curious Jest's which were made on *Adams*; some of them declaring that Parson-hunting was the best Sport in the World; others commending his standing at Bay, which they said he had done as well as any Badger; with such like Merriment, which, though it would ill become the Dignity of this History, afforded much Laughter and Diversion to the Squire and his facetious Companions.

C H A P. VII.

A Scene of Roasting, very nicely adapted to the present Taste and Times.

THEY arrived at the Squire's House just as his Dinner was ready. A little Dispute arose on the Account of *Fanny*, whom the Squire, who was a Batchelor, was desirous to place at his own Table: But she would not consent, nor

would Mr. *Adams* permit her to be parted from *Joseph*: So that she was at length with him consigned over to the Kitchen, where the Servants were ordered to make him drunk; a Favour which was likewise intended for *Adams*: Which Design being executed, the Squire thought he should easily accomplish what he had, when he first saw her, intended to perpetrate with *Fanny*.

It may not be improper, before we proceed farther, to open a little the Character of this Gentleman, and that of his Friends. The Master of this House then was a Man of a very considerable Fortune; a Batchelor, as we have said, and about forty Years of Age: He had been educated (if we may here use the Expression) in the Country, and at his own Home, under the Care of his Mother, and a Tutor who had Orders never to correct him, nor to compel him to learn more than he liked, which it seems was very little, and that only in his Childhood; for from the Age of fifteen he addicted himself entirely to Hunting and other rural Amusements, for which his Mother took Care to equip him with Horses, Hounds, and all other Necessaries: And his Tutor, endeavouring to ingratiate himself with his young Pupil, who would, he knew, be able handsomely to provide for him, became his Companion, not only at these Exercises, but likewise over a Bottle, which the young Squire had a very early Relish for. At the Age of twenty, his Mother began to think she had not fulfilled the Duty of a Parent; she therefore resolved to persuade her Son, if possible, to that which she imagined would well supply all that he might have learned at a public School or University. This is what they commonly call *Travelling*;
which,

which, with the Help of a Tutor, who was fixed on to attend him, she easily succeeded in. He made in three Years the Tour of *Europe*, as they term it, and returned Home well furnished with *French* Clothes, Phrases and Servants, with a hearty Contempt for his own Country; especially what had any Savour of the plain Spirit and Honesty of our Ancestors. His Mother greatly applauded herself at his Return; and now being Master of his own Fortune, he soon procured himself a Seat in Parliament, and was in the common Opinion one of the finest Gentlemen of his Age: But what distinguished him chiefly, was a strange Delight which he took in every Thing which is ridiculous, odious, and absurd in his own Species; so that he never chose a Companion without one or more of these Ingredients, and those who were marked by Nature in the most eminent Degree with them, were most his Favourites: If he ever found a Man who either had not, or endeavoured to conceal, these Imperfections, he took great Pleasure in inventing Methods of forcing him into Absurdities, which were not natural to him, or in drawing forth and exposing those that were; for which Purpose he was always provided with a Set of Fellows whom we have before called Curs; and who did indeed no great Honour to the Canine Kind: Their Business was to hunt out and display every Thing that had any Savour of the abovementioned Qualities, and especially in the gravest and best Characters: But if they failed in their Search, they were to turn even Virtue and Wisdom themselves into Ridicule for the Diversion of their Master and Feeder. The Gentlemen of Curlike Disposition, who were now at his House, and whom he had

brought with him from *London*, were an old Half-pay Officer, a Player, a dull Poet, a Quack-Doctor, a scraping Fiddler, and a lame *German* Dancing-Master.

As soon as Dinner was served, while Mr. *Adams* was saying Grace, the Captain conveyed his Chair from behind him; so that when he endeavoured to seat himself he fell down on the Ground; and this completed Joke the first, to the great Entertainment of the whole Company. The second Joke was performed by the Poet, who sat next to him on the other Side, and took an Opportunity, while poor *Adams* was respectfully drinking to the Master of the House, to overturn a Plate of Soup into his Breeches; which, with the many Apologies he made, and the Parson's gentle Answers, caused much Mirth in the Company. Joke the third was served up by one of the Waiting-men, who had been ordered to convey a Quantity of Gin into Mr. *Adams's* Ale, which he declared to be the best Liquor he ever drank, but rather too rich of the Malt, contributed again to their Laughter. Mr. *Adams*, from whom we had most of this Relation, could not recollect all the Jests of this Kind practised on him, which the inoffensive Disposition of his own Heart made him slow in discovering; and indeed had it not been for the Information which we received from a Servant of the Family, this Part of our History, which we take to be none of the least curious, must have been deplorably imperfect; tho' we must own it probable, that some more Jokes were (as they call it) *cracked* during their Dinner; but we have by no Means been able to come at the Knowledge of them. When Dinner was removed, the Poet began to repeat

repeat some Verses, which he said were made *extempore*. The following is a Copy of them, procured with the greatest Difficulty.

An extempore Poem on Parson Adams.

*Did ever Mortal such a Parson view ;
His Cassock old, his Wig not over-new ?
Well might the Hounds have him for Fox mis-
taken,*

*In Smell more like to that than rusty Bacon *.
But would it not make any Mortal stare,
To see this Parson taken for a Hare ?
Could Phœbus err thus grossly, even he
For a good Player might have taken thee.*

At which Words the Bard whip'd off the Player's Wig, and received the Approbation of the Company, rather perhaps for the Dexterity of his Hand than his Head. The Player, instead of retorting the Jest on the Poet, began to display his Talents on the same Subject. He repeated many Scraps of Wit out of Plays, reflecting on the whole Body of the Clergy, which were received with great Acclamations by all present. It was now the Dancing-Master's Turn to exhibit his Talents ; he therefore, addressing himself to *Adams* in broken *English*, told him, ' He was a Man
' ver well made for de Dance, and he suppose
' by his Walk, dat he had learn of some great
' Master. He said it was ver pritty Quality in
' Clergyman to dance ;' and concluded with desiring him to dance a Minuet, telling him, ' his
' Cassock would serve for Petticoats ; and that

* All Hounds that will hunt Fox or other Vermin, will hunt a Piece of rusty Bacon trailed on the Ground.

‘ he would himself be his Partner.’ At which Words, without waiting for an Answer, he pulled out his Gloves, and the Fiddler was preparing his Fiddle. The Company all offered the Dancing-Master Wagers that the Parson outdanced him, which he refused, saying, ‘ He believed so too; for he had never seen any Man in his Life who looked de Dance so well as de Gentleman.’ He then stepped forwards to take *Adams* by the Hand, which the latter hastily withdrew; and at the same Time clenching his Fist, advised him not to carry the Jest too far, for he would not endure being put upon. The Dancing-Master no sooner saw the Fist than he prudently retired out of its Reach, and stood aloof mimicking *Adams*, whose Eyes were fixed on him, not guessing what he was at, but to avoid his laying hold on him, which he had once attempted. In the mean while, the Captain perceiving an Opportunity, pinned a Cracker or Devil to the Cassock, and then lighted it with their little Smoaking-Candle. *Adams* being a Stranger to this Sport, and believing he had been blown up in Reality, started from his Chair, and jumped about the Room, to the infinite Joy of the Beholders, who declared he was the best Dancer in the Universe. As soon as the Devil had done tormenting him, and he had a little recovered his Confusion, he returned to the Table, standing up in the Posture of one who intended to make a Speech. They all cried out *Hear him, hear him*: And he then spoke in the following Manner: ‘ Sir, I am sorry to see one to whom Providence hath been so bountiful in bestowing his Favours, make so ill and ungrateful a Return for them; for tho’ you have not insulted me yourself, it
‘ is

' is visible you have delighted in those that do it,
 ' nor have once discouraged the many Rudenesses
 ' which have been shewn towards me; indeed
 ' towards yourself, if you rightly understood
 ' them; for I am your Guest, and by the Laws
 ' of Hospitality entitled to your Protection. One
 ' Gentleman hath thought proper to produce
 ' some Poetry upon me, of which I shall only
 ' say, that I had rather be the Subject than the
 ' Composer. He hath pleased to treat me with
 ' Disrespect as a Parson. I apprehend my Order
 ' is not the Subject of Scorn, nor that I can be-
 ' come so, unless by being a Disgrace to it, which
 ' I hope Poverty will never be called. Another
 ' Gentleman indeed hath repeated some Sentences,
 ' where the Order itself is mentioned with Con-
 ' tempt. He says they are taken from Plays. I
 ' am sure such Plays are a Scandal to the Go-
 ' vernment which permits them, and cursed will
 ' be the Nation where they are represented.
 ' How others have treated me, I need not ob-
 ' serve; they themselves, when they reflect,
 ' must allow the Behaviour to be as improper to
 ' my Years as to my Cloth. You found me,
 ' Sir, travelling with two of my Parishioners, (I
 ' omit your Hounds falling on me; for I have
 ' quite forgiven it, whether it proceeded from
 ' the Wantonness or Negligence of the Hunt-
 ' man) my Appearance might very well persuade
 ' you that your Invitation was an Act of Char-
 ' ty, tho' in Reality we are well provided; yes,
 ' Sir, if we had an hundred Miles to travel,
 ' we had sufficient to bear our Expences in a
 ' noble Manner.' (At which Words he produced
 ' the half-Guinea which was found in the Basket)
 ' I do not shew you this out of Ostentation of
 E 6 ' Riches,

‘ Riches, but to convince you I speak Truth.
‘ Your seating me at your Table was an Honour
‘ which I did not ambitiously affect. When I
‘ was here, I endeavoured to behave towards
‘ you with the utmost Respect; if I have failed,
‘ it was not with Design; nor could I, certainly,
‘ so far be guilty as to deserve the Insults I have
‘ suffered. If they were meant therefore either
‘ to my Order or my Poverty, (and you see I am
‘ not very poor) the Shame doth not lie at my
‘ Door, and I heartily pray that the Sin may be
‘ averted from yours.’ He thus finished, and
received a general Clap from the whole Company. Then the Gentleman of the House told him, ‘ he was sorry for what had happened;
‘ that he could not accuse him of any Share in
‘ it: That the Verses were, as himself had well
‘ observed, so bad, that he might easily answer
‘ them, and for the Serpent, it was undoubtedly
‘ a very great Affront done by him by the Dancing-Master, for which, if he well threshed
‘ him, as he deserved, the Gentleman said he
‘ should be very much pleased to see it;’ (in which probably he spoke Truth.) *Adams* answered,
‘ Whoever had done it, it was not his Profession
‘ to punish him that Way; but for the Person
‘ whom he had accused, I am a Witness, says he,
‘ of his Innocence; for I had my Eye on him all
‘ the while. Whoever he is, God forgive him,
‘ and bestow on him a little more Sense as well as
‘ Humanity.’ The Captain answered with a surly Look and Accent, ‘ That he hoped he did not
‘ mean to reflect on him; d—n him, he had as
‘ much *Imanity* as another, and if any Man said
‘ he had not, he would convince him of his
‘ Mistake by cutting his Throat.’ *Adams* smiling,
said,

said, 'He believed he had spoke right by Accident.' To which the Captain returned, 'What do you mean by my speaking right? If you was not a Pafon, I would not take these Words; but your Gown protects you. If any Man who wears a Sword had said so much, I had pulled him by the Nose before this.' *Adams* replied, 'If he attempted any Rudeness to his Person, he would not find any Protection for himself in his Gown;' and clenching his Fift, declared he had threshed many a stouter Man. The Gentleman did all he could to encourage this warlike Disposition in *Adams*, and was in Hopes to have produced a Battle: But he was disappointed; for the Captain made no other Answer than, 'It is very well you are a Parson;' and so drinking off a Bumper to old Mother Church, ended the Dispute.

Then the Doctor, who had hitherto been silent, and who was the graveſt, but moſt miſchievous Dog of all, in a very pompous Speech highly applauded what *Adams* had ſaid; and as much diſcommended the Behaviour to him. He proceeded to Encomiums on the Church and Poverty; and laſtly recommended Forgiveneſs of what had paſt to *Adams*, who immediately answered, 'That every Thing was forgiven;' and in the Warmth of his Goodneſs he filled a Bumper of ſtrong Beer, (a Liquor he preferred to Wine) and drank a Health to the whole Company, ſhaking the Captain and the Poet heartily by the Hand, and addreſſing himſelf with great Reſpect to the Doctor; who indeed had not laughed outwardly at any Thing that paſt, as he had a perfect Command of his Muſcles, and could laugh inwardly without betraying the leaſt Symptoms in his Countenance.

nance. The Doctor now began a second formal Speech, in which he declaimed against all Levity of Conversation, and what is usually called Mirth. He said, ‘ There were Amusements fitted for Persons of all Ages and Degrees, from the Rattle to the discussing a Point of Philosophy, and that Men discovered themselves in nothing more than in the Choice of their Amusements; for,’ says he, ‘ as it must greatly raise our Expectation of the future Conduct in Life of Boys, whom in their tender Years we perceive, instead of Taw or Balls, or other childish Play-things, to chuse, at their Leisure-Hours, to exercise their Genius in Contentions of Wit, Learning, and such like; so must it inspire one with equal Contempt of a Man, if we should discover him playing at Taw or other childish Play.’ *Adams* highly commended the Doctor’s Opinion, and said, ‘ He had often wondered at some Passages in ancient Authors, where *Scipio*, *Lælius*, and other great Men, were represented to have passed many Hours in Amusements of the most trifling Kind.’ The Doctor replied, ‘ He had by him an old *Greek* Manuscript where a favourite Diversion of *Socrates* was recorded.’ ‘ Aye,’ says the Parson eagerly, ‘ I should be most infinitely obliged to you for the Favour of perusing it.’ The Doctor promised to send it him, and farther said, ‘ that he believed he could describe it.’ I think,’ says he, ‘ as near as I can remember, it was this. There was a Throne erected, on one Side of which sat a King, and on the other a Queen, with their Guards and Attendants ranged on both Sides; to them was introduced an Ambassador, which Part *Socrates* always

‘ always used to perform himself; and when he
 ‘ was led up to the Footsteps of the Throne, he
 ‘ address’d himself to the Monarchs in some
 ‘ grave Speech, full of Virtue and Goodness, and
 ‘ Morality, and such like. After which, he
 ‘ was seated between the King and Queen, and
 ‘ royally entertained. This I think was the chief
 ‘ Part.—Perhaps I may have forgot some Particulars; for it is long since I read it.’ *Adams* said, ‘ It was indeed a Diversion worthy the Relaxation of so great a Man; and thought something resembling it should be instituted among our great Men, instead of Cards and other idle Pastime, in which he was informed they trifled away too much of their Lives.’ He added, ‘ The Christian Religion was a nobler Subject for these Speeches than any *Socrates* could have invented.’ The Gentleman of the House approved what Mr. *Adams* said, and declared; ‘ he was resolv’d to perform the Ceremony this very Evening.’ To which the Doctor objected, as no one was prepar’d with a Speech, ‘ unless,’ said he, (turning to *Adams* with a Gravity of Countenance which would have deceived a more knowing Man) ‘ you have a Sermon about you, Doctor.’——‘ Sir,’ says *Adams*, ‘ I never travel without one, for fear what may happen.’ He was easily prevail’d on by his worthy Friend, as he now call’d the Doctor, to undertake the Part of an Ambassador; so that the Gentleman sent immediate Orders to have the Throne erected; which was perform’d before they had drank two Bottles: And perhaps the Reader will hereafter have no great Reason to admire the Nimbleness of the Servants. Indeed, to confess the Truth, the Throne was no more than this; there was a
great

great Tub of Water provided, on each Side of which were placed two Stools raised higher than the Surface of the Tub, and over the whole was laid a Blanket; on these Stools were placed the King and Queen, namely, the Master of the House, and the Captain. And now the Ambassador was introduced, between the Poet and the Doctor, who, having read his Sermon to the great Entertainment of all present, was led up to his Place, and seated between their Majesties. They immediately rose up, when the Blanket, wanting its Supports at either End, gave way, and soufed *Adams* over Head and Ears in the Water; the Captain made his Escape, but unluckily the Gentleman himself not being as nimble as he ought, *Adams* caught hold of him before he descended from his Throne, and pulled him in with him, to the entire secret Satisfaction of all the Company. *Adams*, after ducking the Squire twice or thrice, leapt out of the Tub, and looked sharp for the Doctor, whom he would certainly have conveyed to the same Place of Honour; but he had wisely withdrawn: He then searched for his Crabstick, and having found that, as well as his Fellow-Travellers, he declared he would not stay a Moment longer in such a House. He then departed, without taking Leave of his Host, whom he had exacted a more severe Revenge on than he intended: For as he did not use sufficient Care to dry himself in Time, he caught a Cold by the Accident, which threw him into a Fever, that had like to have cost him his Life.



J. Hallett inv. et sculp. Publish'd. March 1. 1742/3 by A. Millar:

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J. Kelleth inv. et sculp. Published March 1st 1753 by A. Millar.

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C H A P. VIII.

Which some Readers will think too short, and others too long.

ADAMS, and Joseph, who was no less enraged than his Friend at the Treatment he met with, went out with their Sticks in their Hands, and carried off Fanny, notwithstanding the Opposition of the Servants, who did all, without proceeding to Violence, in their Power to detain them. They walked as fast as they could, not so much from any Apprehension of being pursued, as that Mr. Adams might by Exercise prevent any Harm from the Water. The Gentleman, who had given such Orders to his Servants concerning Fanny, that he did not in the least fear her getting away, no sooner heard that she was gone, than he began to rave, and immediately dispatched several with Orders, either to bring her back, or never return. The Poet, the Player, and all but the Dancing-Master and Doctor went on this Errand.

The Night was very dark, in which our Friends began their Journey; however they made such Expedition, that they soon arrived at an Inn, which was at seven Miles Distance. Here they unanimously consented to pass the Evening, Mr. Adams being now as dry as he was before he had set out on his Embassy.

This Inn, which indeed we might call an Ale-house, had not the Words, *The New Inn*, been writ on the Sign, afforded them no better Provision than Bread and Cheese, and Ale; on which, however,

however, they made a very comfortable Meal; for Hunger is better than a *French Cook*.

They had no sooner supped, than *Adams*, returning Thanks to the Almighty for his Food, declared he had eat his homely Commons with much greater Satisfaction than his splendid Dinner, and expressed great Contempt for the Folly of Mankind, who sacrifice their Hopes of Heaven to the Acquisition of vast Wealth; since so much Comfort was to be found in the humblest State and the lowest Provision. ‘Very true, Sir,’ says a grave Man, who sat smoking his Pipe by the Fire, and who was a Traveller as well as himself. ‘I have often been as much surpris’d as you are, when I consider the Value which Mankind in general set on Riches; since every Day’s Experience shews us how little is in their Power; for what indeed truly desireable can they bestow on us? Can they give Beauty to the Deformed, Strength to the Weak, or Health to the Infirm? Surely if they could, we should not see so many ill-favoured Faces haunting the Assemblies of the Great, nor would such Numbers of feeble Wretches languish in their Coaches and Palaces. No, not the Wealth of a Kingdom can purchase any Paint to dress pale Ugliness in the Bloom of that young Maiden, nor any Drugs to equip Disease with the Vigour of that young Man. Do not Riches bring us Solicitude instead of Rest, Envy instead of Affection, and Danger instead of Safety? Can they prolong their own Possession, or lengthen his Days, who enjoys them? So far otherwise, that the Sloth, the Luxury, the Care which attend them, shorten the Lives of Millions, and bring them with Pain and Misery

' sery to an untimely Grave. Where then is
 ' their Value, if they can neither embellish, or
 ' strengthen our Forms, sweeten or prolong our
 ' Lives? Again — Can they adorn the Mind
 ' more than the Body? Do they not rather swell
 ' the Heart with Vanity, puff up the Cheeks
 ' with Pride, shut our Ears to every Call of Vir-
 ' tue, and our Bowels to every Motive of Com-
 ' passion!' ' Give me your Hand, Brother,'
 said *Adams* in a Rapture; ' for I suppose you are
 ' a Clergyman.' ' No truly,' answered the
 other, (indeed he was a Priest of the Church of
Rome; but those who understand our Laws, will
 not wonder he was not over-ready to own it.)
 ' Whatever you are,' cries *Adams*, ' you have
 ' spoken my Sentiments: I believe I have preach-
 ' ed every Syllable of your Speech twenty Times
 ' over: For it hath always appeared to me easier
 ' for a Cable Rope (which by the Way is the
 ' true rendering of that Word we have translated
 ' *Camel*) to go through the Eye of a Needle,
 ' than for a rich Man to get into the Kingdom
 ' of Heaven.' ' That, Sir,' said the other,
 ' will be easily granted you by Divines, and is
 ' deplorably true; but as the Prospect of our
 ' Good at a Distance doth not so forcibly affect
 ' us, it might be of some Service to Mankind to
 ' be made thoroughly sensible, which I think
 ' they might be with very little serious Attention,
 ' that even the Blessings of this World are not to
 ' be purchased with Riches. A Doctrine, in my
 ' Opinion, not only metaphysically, but, if I
 ' may so say, mathematically demonstrable; and
 ' which I have been always so perfectly con-
 ' vinced of, that I have a Contempt for nothing
 ' so much as for Gold.' *Adams* now began a long
 Discourse;

Discourse; but as most which he said occurs among many Authors who have treated this Subject, I shall omit inserting it. During its Continuance, *Joseph* and *Fanny* retired to Rest, and the Host likewise left the Room. When the *English* Parson had concluded, the *Romish* resumed the Discourse, which he continued with great Bitterness and Invective; and at last ended by desiring *Adams* to lend him Eighteen-pence to pay his Reckoning; promising, if he never paid him, he might be assured of his Prayers. The good Man answered, that Eighteen-pence would be too little to carry him any very long Journey; that he had half a Guinea in his Pocket, which he would divide with him. He then fell to searching his Pockets, but could find no Money: For indeed the Company with whom he dined, had past one Jest upon him which we did not then enumerate, and had picked his Pocket of all that Treasure which he had so ostentatiously produced.

‘ Bless me,’ cried *Adams*, ‘ I have certainly lost it; I can never have spent it. Sir, as I am a Christian, I had a whole half Guinea in my Pocket this Morning, and have not now a single Halfpenny of it left. Sure the *Dévil* must have taken it from me.’ ‘ Sir,’ answered the Priest smiling, ‘ you need make no Excuses; if you are not willing to lend me the Money, I am contented.’ ‘ Sir,’ cries *Adams*, ‘ if I had the greatest Sum in the World; aye, if I had ten Pounds about me, I would bestow it all to rescue any Christian from Distress. I am more vexed at my Loss on your Account than my own. Was ever any Thing so unlucky? Because I have no Money in my Pocket, I shall be suspected to be no Christian.’

‘ I am

‘ I am more unlucky,’ quoth the other, ‘ if you
 ‘ are as generous as you say : For really a Crown
 ‘ would have made me happy, and conveyed me
 ‘ in Plenty to the Place I am going, which is not
 ‘ above twenty Miles off, and where I can arrive
 ‘ by To-morrow Night. I assure you I am not
 ‘ accustomed to travel Pennylefs. I am but just
 ‘ arrived in *England*; and we were forced by a
 ‘ Storm in our Passage to throw all we had over-
 ‘ board. I do not suspect but this Fellow will take
 ‘ my Word for the Trifle I owe him; but I
 ‘ hate to appear so mean as to confess myself
 ‘ without a Shilling to such People: For these,
 ‘ and indeed too many others, know little Dif-
 ‘ ference in their Estimation between a Beggar
 ‘ and a Thief.’ However, he thought he should
 deal better with the Host that Evening than the
 next Morning; he therefore resolved to set out
 immediately, notwithstanding the Darkeness; and
 accordingly, as soon as the Host returned, he
 communicated to him the Situation of his Affairs;
 upon which the Host scratching his Head, an-
 swered, ‘ Why, I do not know, Master, if it
 ‘ be so, and you have no Money, I must trust,
 ‘ I think, tho’ I had rather always have ready
 ‘ Money if I could; but, marry, you look like
 ‘ so honest a Gentleman, that I do not fear your
 ‘ paying me, if it was twenty Times as much.’
 The Priest made no Reply, but taking Leave of
 him and *Adams* as fast as he could, not without
 Confusion, and perhaps with some Distrust of
Adams’s Sincerity, departed.

He was no sooner gone, than the Host fell a
 shaking his Head, and declared, if he had sus-
 pected the Fellow had no Money, he would not
 have drawn him a single Drop of Drink; saying,
 he

he despaired of ever seeing his Face again; for that he looked like a confounded Rogue. ‘Rab-bit the Fellow,’ cries he, ‘I thought by his talking so much about Riches, that he had a hundred Pounds at least in his Pockets.’ *Adams* chid him for his Suspicions, which he said were not becoming a Christian; and then, without reflecting on his Loss, or considering how he himself should depart in the Morning, he retired to a very homely Bed, as his Companions had before; however, Health and Fatigue gave them a sweeter Repose than is often in the Power of Velvet and Down to bestow.

CHAP. IX.

Containing as surprising and bloody Adventures as can be found in this, or perhaps any other authentic History.

IT was almost Morning, when *Joseph Andrews*, whose Eyes the Thoughts of his dear *Fanny* had opened, as he lay fondly meditating on that lovely Creature, heard a violent Knocking at the Door over which he lay. He presently jumped out of Bed, and opening the Window, was asked if there were no Travellers in the House; and presently by another Voice, if two Men and a young Woman had not taken up their Lodgings there that Night. Tho’ he knew not the Voices, he began to entertain a Suspicion of the Truth; for indeed he had received some Information from one of the Servants of the Squire’s House, of his Design; and answered in the Negative. One of the Servants who knew the Host well,

well, called out to him by his Name, just as he had opened another Window, and asked him the same Question: To which he answered in the Affirmative. O ho! said another; have we found you? and ordered the Host to come down and open his Door. *Fanny*, who was as wakeful as *Joseph*, no sooner heard all this, than she leap'd from her Bed, and hastily putting on her Gown and Petticoats, ran as fast as possible to *Joseph's* Room, who then was almost dress'd; he immediately let her in, and embracing her with the most passionate Tenderness, bid her fear nothing; for he would die in her Defence. 'Is that a Reason why I should not fear,' says she, 'when I should lose what is dearer to me than the whole World?' *Joseph* then kissing her Hand, said he could almost thank the Occasion which had extorted from her a Tenderness she would never indulge him with before. He then ran and waked his Bedfellow *Adams*, who was yet fast asleep, notwithstanding many Calls from *Joseph*: But was no sooner made sensible of their Danger than he leaped from his Bed, without considering the Presence of *Fanny*, who hastily turned her Face from him, and enjoyed a double Benefit from the Dark, which as it would have prevented any Offence to an Innocence less pure, or a Modesty less delicate, so it concealed even those Blushes which were rais'd in her.

Adams had soon put on all his Clothes but his Breeches, which in the Hurry he forgot; however, they were pretty well supplied by the Length of his other Garments: And now the House-Door being opened, the Captain, the Poet, the Player, and three Servants came in. The Captain told the Host, that two Fellows who were in his House,

House, had run away with a young Woman; and desired to know in which Room she lay. The Host, who presently believed the Story, directed them, and instantly the Captain and Poet, jostling one another, ran up. The Poet, who was the nimblest, entering the Chamber first, searched the Bed and every other Part, but to no Purpose; the Bird was flown, as the impatient Reader, who might otherwise have been in Pain for her, was before advertised. They then enquired where the Men lay, and were approaching the Chamber, when *Joseph* roared out in a loud Voice, that he would shoot the first Man who offered to attack the Door. The Captain enquired what Fire-Arms they had; to which the Host answered, he believed they had none; nay, he was almost convinced of it: For he had heard one ask the other in the Evening, what they should have done, if they had been overtaken when they had no Arms; to which the other answered, they would have defended themselves with their Sticks as long as they were able, and God would assist a just Cause. This satisfied the Captain, but not the Poet, who prudently retreated down Stairs, saying, it was his Business to record great Actions, and not to do them. The Captain was no sooner well satisfied that there were no Fire-Arms, than bidding Defiance to Gun-powder, and swearing he loved the Smell of it, he ordered the Servants to follow him, and marching boldly up, immediately attempted to force the Door, which the Servants soon helped him to accomplish. When it was opened, they discovered the Enemy drawn up three deep; *Adams* in the Front, and *Fanny* in the Rear. The Captain told *Adams*, that if they would go all
back

back to the House again, they should be civilly treated: But unless they consented, he had Orders to carry the young Lady with him, whom there was great Reason to believe they had stolen from her Parents; for notwithstanding her Disguise, her Air, which she could not conceal, sufficiently discovered her Birth to be infinitely superior to theirs. *Fanny* bursting into Tears, solemnly assured him he was mistaken; that she was a poor helpless Foundling, and had no Relation in the World which she knew of; and throwing herself on her Knees, begged that he would not attempt to take her from her Friends, who she was convinced would die before they would lose her; which *Adams* confirmed with Words not far from amounting to an Oath. The Captain swore he had no Leisure to talk, and bidding them thank themselves for what happened, he ordered the Servants to fall on, at the same Time endeavouring to pass by *Adams*, in Order to lay hold on *Fanny*; but the Parson interrupting him, received a Blow from one of them, which, without considering whence it came, he returned to the Captain, and gave him so dextrous a Knock in that Part of the Stomach which is vulgarly called the Pit, that he staggered some Paces backwards. The Captain, who was not accustomed to this kind of Play, and who wisely apprehended the Consequence of such another Blow, two of them seeming to him equal to a Thrust through the Body, drew forth his Hanger, as *Adams* approached him, and was levelling a Blow at his Head, which would probably have silenced the Preacher for ever, had not *Joseph* in that Instant lifted up a certain huge Stone Pot of the Chamber with one Hand, which six Beaus could not

have lifted with both, and discharged it, together with the Contents, full in the Captain's Face. The uplifted Hanger dropped from his Hand, and he fell prostrate on the Floor *with a lumpish Noise, and his Halfpence rattled in his Pocket*; the red Liquor which his Veins contained, and the white Liquor which the Pot contained, ran in one Stream down his Face and his Clothes. Nor had *Adams* quite escaped, some of the Water having in its Passage shed its Honours on his Head, and began to trickle down the Wrinkles or rather Furrows of his Cheeks, when one of the Servants snatching a Mop out of a Pail of Water which had already done its Duty in washing the House, pushed it in the Parson's Face; yet could not he bear him down; for the Parson wresting the Mop from the Fellow with one Hand, with the other brought his Enemy as low as the Earth, having given him a Stroke over that Part of the Face, where, in some Men of Pleasure, the natural and artificial Noses are conjoined.

Hitherto Fortune seemed to incline the Victory on the Travellers Side, when, according to her Custom, she began to shew the Fickleness of her Disposition: For now the Host entering the Field, or rather Chamber of Battle, flew directly at *Joseph*, and darting his Head into his Stomach (for he was a stout Fellow, and an expert Boxer) almost staggered him; but *Joseph* stepping one Leg back, did with his left Hand so chuck him under the Chin that he reeled. The Youth was pursuing his Blow with his right Hand, when he received from one of the Servants such a Stroke with a Cudgel on his Temples, that it instantly deprived

deprived him of Sense, and he measured his Length on the Ground.

Fanny rent the Air with her Cries, and *Adams* was coming to the Assistance of *Joseph*: But the two Serving Men and the Host now fell on him, and soon subdued him, though he fought like a Madman, and looked so black with the Impressions he had received from the Mop, that *Don Quixote* would certainly have taken him for an enchanted *Moor*. But now follows the most tragical Part; for the Captain was risen again; and seeing *Joseph* on the Floor, and *Adams* secured, he instantly laid hold on *Fanny*, and with the Assistance of the Poet and Player, who hearing the Battle was over, were now come up, dragged her, crying and tearing her Hair, from the Sight of her *Joseph*, and with a perfect Deafness to all her Entreaties, carried her down Stairs by Violence, and fastened her on the Player's Horse, and the Captain mounting his own, and leading that, on which this poor miserable Wretch was, departed without any more Consideration of her Cries than a Butcher hath of those of a Lamb; for indeed his Thoughts were entertained only with the Degree of Favour which he promised himself from the Squire on the Success of this Adventure.

The Servants, who were ordered to secure *Adams* and *Joseph* as safe as possible, that the Squire might receive no Interruption to his Design on poor *Fanny*, immediately, by the Poet's Advice, tied *Adams* to one of the Bed posts, as they did *Joseph* on the other Side, as soon as they could bring him to himself; and then leaving them together, back to back, and desiring the Host not to set them at Liberty, nor to go near them till

he had farther Orders, they departed towards their Master; but happened to take a different Road from that which the Captain had fallen into.

C H A P. X.

A Discourse between the Poet and Player; of no other Use in this History, but to divert the Reader.

BEFORE we proceed any farther in this Tragedy, we shall leave Mr. *Joseph* and Mr. *Adams* to themselves, and imitate the wise Conductors of the Stage; who in the midst of a grave Action entertain you with some excellent Piece of Satire or Humour called a Dance. Which Piece indeed is therefore danced, and not spoke, as it is delivered to the Audience by Persons whose thinking Faculty is by most People held to lie in their Heels; and to whom, as well as Heroes, who think with their Hands, Nature hath only given Heads for the Sake of Conformity, and as they are of Use in Dancing, to hang their Hats on.

The Poet, addressing the Player, proceeded thus: ‘ As I was saying (for they had been at this Discourse all the Time of the Engagement above Stairs) ‘ the Reason you have no good new Plays is evident; it is from your Discouragement of Authors. Gentlemen will not write, ‘ Sir, they will not write without the Expectation of Fame or Profit, or perhaps both. Plays ‘ are like Trees which will not grow without ‘ Nourishment; but, like Mushrooms, they ‘ shoot up spontaneously, as it were, in a rich ‘ Soil.

' Soil. The Muses, like Vines, may be pruned,
 ' but not with a Hatchet. The Town, like a
 ' peevish Child, knows not what it desires, and
 ' is always best pleased with a Rattle. A Farce-
 ' Writer hath indeed some Chance for Success;
 ' but they have lost all Taste for their Sublime.
 ' Tho' I believe one Reason of their Depravity
 ' is the Badness of the Actors. If a Man writes
 ' like an Angel, Sir, those Fellows know not
 ' how to give a Sentiment Utterance.' ' Not
 ' so fast,' says the Player; ' the modern Actors
 ' are as good at least as their Authors, nay, they
 ' come nearer their illustrious Predecessors, and
 ' I expect a *Booth* on the Stage again, sooner
 ' than a *Shakespear* or an *Otway*; and indeed I
 ' may turn your Observation against you, and
 ' with Truth say, that the Reason no Authors
 ' are encouraged, is because we have no good
 ' new Plays.' ' I have not affirmed the contra-
 ' ry,' said the Poet; ' but I am surpris'd you
 ' grow so warm; you cannot imagine yourself
 ' interested in this Dispute; I hope you have a
 ' better Opinion of my Taste, than to apprehend
 ' I squinted at yourself. No, Sir, if we had six
 ' such Actors as you, we should soon rival the
 ' *Bettertons* and *Sandfords* of former Times; for
 ' without a Compliment to you, I think it im-
 ' possible for any one to have excelled you in most
 ' of your Parts. Nay, it is solemn Truth, and
 ' I have heard many, and all great Judges, ex-
 ' press as much; and you will pardon me if I
 ' tell you, I think every Time I have seen you
 ' lately, you have constantly acquired some new
 ' Excellence, like a Snowball. You have de-
 ' ceived me in my Estimation of Perfection, and
 ' have outdone what I thought inimitable.' ' You

'are as little interested,' answered the Player,
 'in what I have said of other Poets; for d——n
 'me if there are not many Strokes, aye whole
 'Scenes, in your last Tragedy, which at least
 'equal *Shakeſpear*. There is a Delicacy of Sen-
 'timent, a Dignity of Expreſſion in it, which I
 'will own many of our Gentlemen did not do
 'adequate Juſtice to. To confeſs the Truth,
 'they are bad enough, and I pity an Author
 'who is preſent at the Murder of his Works.'—
 'Nay, it is but ſeldom that it can happen,' return-
 'ed the Poet, 'the Works of moſt modern Au-
 'thors, like dead-born Children, cannot be mur-
 'dered. It is ſuch wretched, half-begotten,
 'half-writ, lifeleſs, ſpiritleſs, low, groveling
 'Stuff, that I almoſt pity the Actor who is
 'obliged to get it by Heart, which muſt be almoſt
 'as difficult to remember as Words in a Lan-
 'guage you don't underſtand.' 'I am ſure,' ſaid
 'the Player, 'if the Sentences have little Mean-
 'ing when they are writ, when they are ſpoken
 'they have leſs. I know ſcarce one who ever
 'lays an Emphaſis right, and much leſs adapts
 'his Action to his Character. I have ſeen a ten-
 'der Lover in an Attitude of fighting with his
 'Miſtreſs, and a brave Hero ſuing to his Enemy
 'with his Sword in his Hand.—I don't care
 'to abuſe my Profeſſion, but rot me if in my
 'Heart I am not inclined to the Poet's Side.'
 'It is rather generous in you than juſt,' ſaid the
 'Poet; 'and tho' I hate to ſpeak ill of any Per-
 'ſon's Production; nay, I never do it, nor
 'will —— but yet, to do Juſtice to the Actors,
 'what could *Booth* or *Betterton* have made of
 'ſuch horrible Stuff as *Fenton's Mariamne*,
 'Frowd's *Philotas*, or *Mallet's Euridyce*, or
 ' thoſe

‘ those low, dirty, last dying Speeches, which a
 ‘ Fellow in the City or *Wapping*, your *Dildo* or
 ‘ *Lillo*, what was his Name, called Tragedies?’
 — ‘ Very well,’ says the Player, ‘ and pray what
 ‘ do you think of such Fellows as *Quin* and *De-*
 ‘ *lane*, or that face-making Puppy young *Cibber*,
 ‘ that ill-looking Dog *Macklin*, or that saucy Slut
 ‘ Mrs. *Clive*? What Work would they make
 ‘ with your *Shakespears*, *Otways* and *Lees*? How
 ‘ would those harmonious Lines of the last come
 ‘ from their Tongues?’

‘ —No more; for I disdain
 ‘ All Pomp when thou art by—far be the Noise
 ‘ Of Kings and Crowns from us, whose gentle Souls
 ‘ Our kinder Fates have steer’d another Way.
 ‘ Free as the Forest Birds we’ll pair together,
 ‘ Without rememb’ring who our Fathers were:
 ‘ Fly to the Arbors, Grotts, and flow’ry Meads,
 ‘ There in soft Murmurs interchange our Souls,
 ‘ Together drink the Crystal of the Stream,
 ‘ Or taste the yellow Fruit which Autumn yields.
 ‘ And when the golden Ev’ning calls us home,
 ‘ Wing to our downy Nests, and sleep till Morn.

‘ Or how would this Disdain of *Otway*,

‘ *Who’d be that foolish, sordid Thing, call’d Man?*

‘ Hold, hold, hold,’ said the Poet: Do repeat
 ‘ that tender Speech in the third Act of my Play
 ‘ which you made such a Figure in.’— ‘ I would
 ‘ willingly,’ said the Player, ‘ but I have forgot
 ‘ it.’— ‘ Ay, you was not quite perfect enough
 ‘ in it when you play’d it,’ cries the Poet, ‘ or you
 ‘ would have had such an Applause as was never

‘ given on the Stage, an Applause I was extremely concerned for your losing.’ — ‘ Sure,’ says the Player, ‘ if I remember, that was his’d more than any Passage in the whole Play.’ — ‘ Ay, your speaking it was his’d,’ said the Poet. ‘ My speaking it!’ said the Player. — ‘ I mean your not speaking it,’ said the Poet. ‘ You was out, and then they his’d.’ — ‘ They his’d, and then I was out, if I remember,’ answered the Player; ‘ and I must say this for myself, that the whole Audience allowed I did your Part Justice: So don’t lay the Damnation of your Play to my Account.’ ‘ I don’t know what you mean by Damnation,’ replied the Poet. ‘ Why, you know it was acted but one Night,’ cried the Player. ‘ No,’ said the Poet, ‘ you and the whole Town were my Enemies; the Pit were all my Enemies, Fellows that would cut my Throat, if the Fear of hanging did not restrain them. All Taylors, Sir, all Taylors.’ — ‘ Why should the Taylors be so angry with you?’ cries the Player. ‘ I suppose you don’t employ so many in making your Clothes.’ ‘ I admit your Jest,’ answered the Poet; ‘ but you remember the Affair as well as myself; you know there was a Party in the Pit and Upper-Gallery that would not suffer it to be given out again; tho’ much, ay infinitely, the Majority, all the Boxes in particular, were desirous of it; nay, most of the Ladies swore they never would come to the House till it was acted again. — Indeed I must own their Policy was good, in not letting it be given out a second Time; for the Rascals knew if it had gone a second Night, it would have run fifty: For if ever there was Distress in a Tragedy—I am

‘ not

‘not fond of my own Performance; but if I should tell you what the best Judges said of it——Nor was it entirely owing to my Enemies neither, that it did not succeed on the Stage as well as it hath since among the polite Readers; for you can’t say it had Justice done by the Performers.’——‘I think,’ answered the Player, ‘the Performers did the Distress of it Justice: For I am sure we were in Distress enough, who were pelted with Oranges all the last Act; we all imagined it would have been the last Act of our Lives.’

The Poet, whose Fury was now raised, had just attempted to answer, when they were interrupted, and an end put to their Discourse by an Accident; which, if the Reader is impatient to know, he must skip over the next Chapter, which is a Sort of Counterpart to this, and contains some of the best and gravest Matters in the whole Book, being a Discourse between Parson *Abraham Adams* and Mr. *Joseph Andrews*.

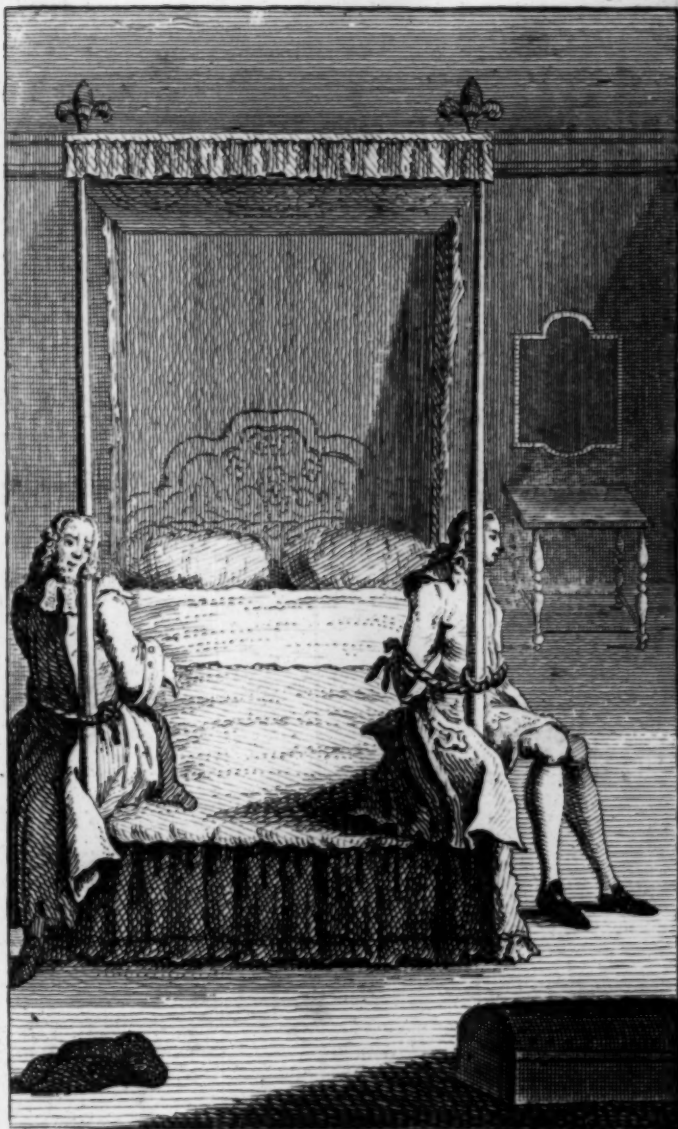
C H A P. XI.

Containing the Exhortations of Parson Adams to his Friend in Affliction; calculated for the Instruction and Improvement of the Reader.

JOSEPH no sooner came perfectly to himself, than perceiving his Mistress gone, he bewailed her Loss with Groans, which would have pierced any Heart but those which are possessed by some People, and are made of a certain Composition not unlike Flint in its Hardness and other

Properties; for you may strike Fire from them which will dart through the Eyes, but they can never distill one Drop of Water the same Way. His own, poor Youth, was of a softer Composition; and at those Words, *O my dear Fanny! O my Love! shall I never, never see thee more?* his Eyes overflowed with Tears, which would have become any but a Hero. In a Word, his Despair was more easy to be conceived than related.——

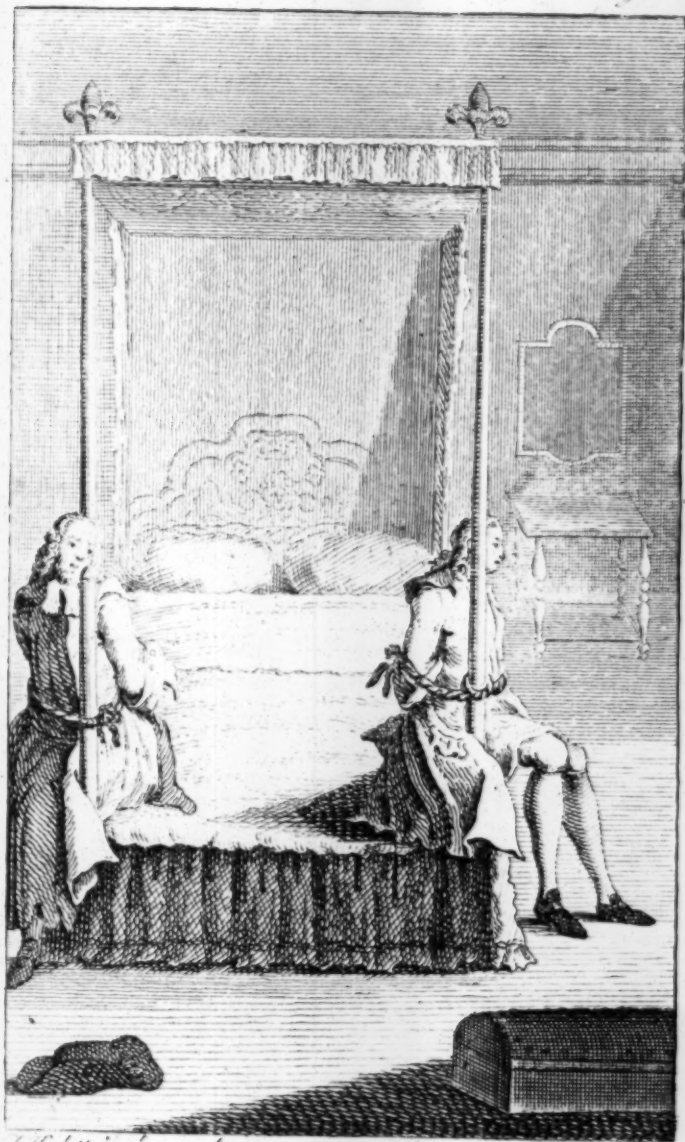
Mr. Adams, after many Groans, sitting with his Back to *Joseph*, began thus in a sorrowful Tone: ‘ You cannot imagine, my good Child, that I entirely blame these first Agonies of your Grief; for when Misfortunes attack us by Surprise, it must require infinitely more Learning than you are Master of to resist them: But it is the Business of a Man and a Christian, to summon Reason as quickly as he can to his Aid; and she will presently teach him Patience and Submission. Be comforted, therefore, Child, I say be comforted. It is true you have lost the prettiest, kindest, loveliest, sweetest, young Woman, One with whom you might have expected to have lived in Happiness, Virtue and Innocence. By whom you might have promised yourself many little Darlings, who would have been the Delight of your Youth, and the Comfort of your Age. You have not only lost her, but have Reason to fear the utmost Violence which Lust and Power can inflict upon her. Now indeed you may easily raise Ideas of Horror, which might drive you to Despair.’—‘ O I shall run mad,’ cries *Joseph*, ‘ O that I could but command my Hands to tear my Eyes out and my Flesh off.’—‘ If
‘ you



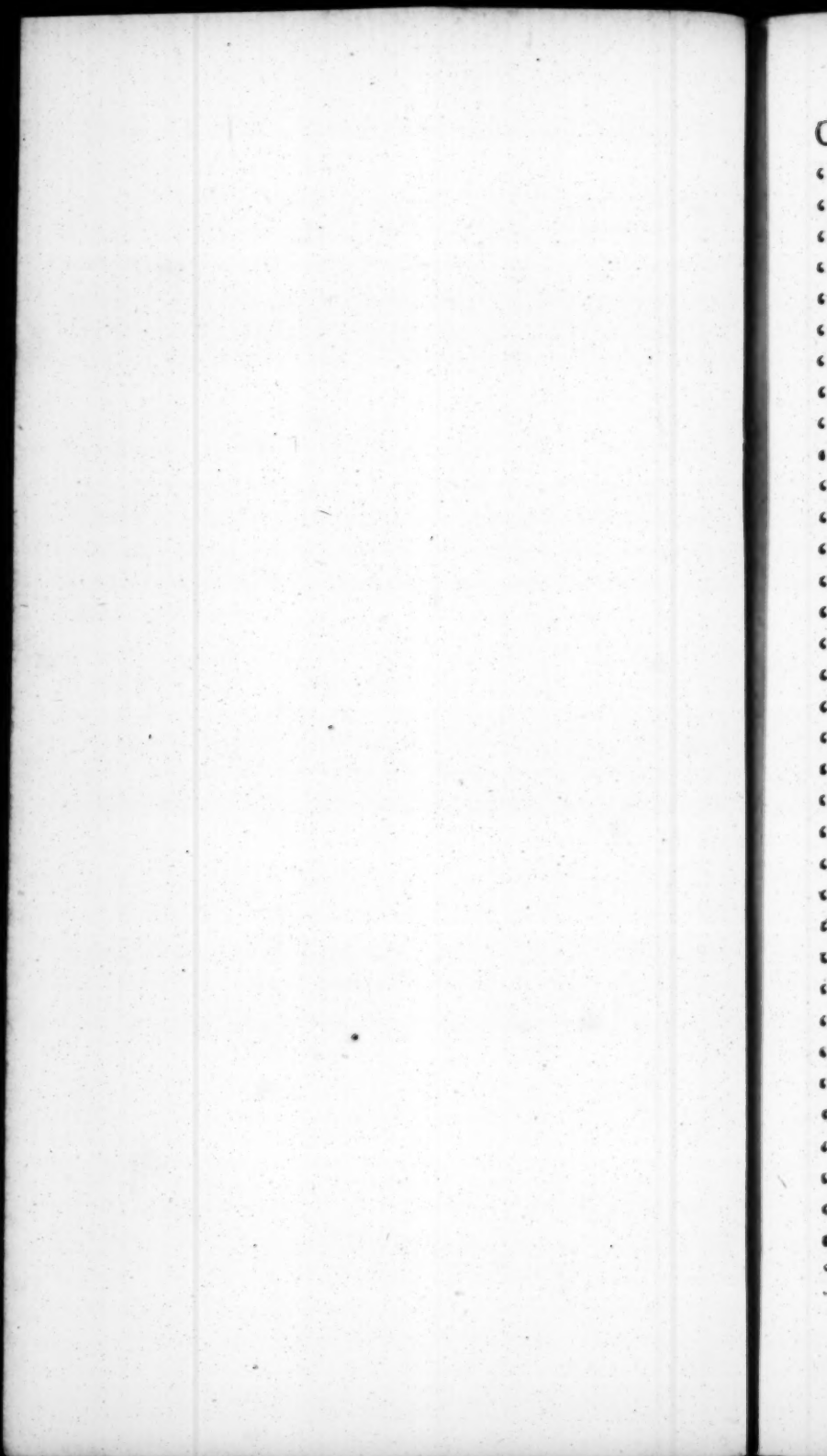
A. Hulet inv. et sculp. Publish'd March 1. 1742/3 by A. Millar. 9

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' you would use them to such Purpose, I am
 ' glad you can't,' answer'd *Adams*. ' I have
 ' stated your Misfortune as strongly as I possibly
 ' can; but on the other Side, you are to consi-
 ' der you are a Christian; that no Accident hap-
 ' pens to us without the divine Permission, and that
 ' it is the Duty of a Man, much more of a Chris-
 ' tian, to submit. We did not make ourselves;
 ' but the same Power which made us, rules over
 ' us, and we are absolutely at his Disposal; he may
 ' do with us what he pleases, nor have we any
 ' Right to complain. A second Reason against
 ' our Complaint is our Ignorance; for as we
 ' know not future Events, so neither can we tell
 ' to what Purpose any Accident tends; and that
 ' which at first threatens us with Evil, may in
 ' the End produce our Good. I should indeed
 ' have said our Ignorance is twofold (but I have
 ' not at present Time to divide properly) for as we
 ' know not to what Purpose any Event is ulti-
 ' mately directed; so neither can we affirm from
 ' what Cause it originally sprung. You are a
 ' Man, and consequently a Sinner; and this may
 ' be a Punishment to you for your Sins; indeed
 ' in this Sense it may be esteemed as a Good,
 ' yea, as the greatest Good, which satisfies the
 ' Anger of Heaven, and averts that Wrath
 ' which cannot continue without our Destruction.
 ' Thirdly, Our Impotency of relieving ourselves;
 ' demonstrates the Folly and Absurdity of our
 ' Complaints: For whom do we resist? or
 ' against whom do we complain, but a Power
 ' from whose Shafts no Armour can guard us,
 ' no Speed can fly? A Power which leaves us
 ' no Hope but in Submission.'— ' O Sir,' cried
Joseph, ' all this is very true, and very fine, and

‘ I could hear you all Day, if I was not so
‘ grieved at Heart as now I am.’ ‘ Would you
‘ take Physic,’ says *Adams*, ‘ when you are well,
‘ and refuse it when you are sick? Is not Com-
‘ fort to be administred to the Afflicted, and not
‘ to those who rejoyce, or those who are at Ease?’
—‘ O you have not spoke one Word of Com-
‘ fort to me yet,’ returned *Joseph*. No!’
cries *Adams*, ‘ What am I then doing? what
‘ can I say to comfort you?’—‘ O tell me,’ cries
Joseph, ‘ that *Fanny* will escape back to my
‘ Arms, that they shall again inclose that lovely
‘ Creature, with all her Sweetness, all her un-
‘ tainted Innocence about her.’—‘ Why, per-
‘ haps you may,’ cries *Adams*; ‘ but I can’t pro-
‘ mise you what’s to come. You must with
‘ perfect Resignation wait the Event; if she be
‘ restored to you again, it is your Duty to be
‘ thankful, and so it is if she be not: *Joseph*, if
‘ you are wise, and truly know your own In-
‘ terest, you will peaceably and quietly submit
‘ to all the Dispensations of Providence, being
‘ thoroughly assured, that all the Misfortunes,
‘ how great soever, which happen to the Righte-
‘ ous, happen to them for their own Good.—
‘ Nay, it is not your Interest only, but your
‘ Duty to abstain from immoderate Grief; which
‘ if you indulge, you are not worthy the Name
‘ of a Christian.’—He spoke these last Words
with an Accent a little severer than usual; upon
which *Joseph* begged him not to be angry, say-
ing, he mistook him, if he thought he denied it
was his Duty; for he had known that long ago.
‘ What signifies knowing your Duty, if you do
‘ not perform it?’ answered *Adams*. ‘ Your
‘ Knowledge increases your Guilt—O *Joseph*, I
‘ never

‘ never thought you had this Stubbornness in your Mind.’ *Joseph* replied, ‘ he fancied he misunderstood him, which I assure you,’ says he, ‘ you do, if you imagine I endeavour to grieve; upon my Soul I don’t.’ *Adams* rebuked him for swearing, and then proceeded to enlarge on the Folly of Grief, telling him, all the wise Men and Philosophers, even among the Heathens, had written against it, quoting several Passages from *Seneca*, and the *Consolation*, which tho’ it was not *Cicero*’s, was, he said, as good almost as any of his Works, and concluded all by hinting, that immoderate Grief in this Case might incense that Power which alone could restore him his *Fanny*. This Reason, or indeed rather the Idea which it raised of the Restoration of his Mistress, had more Effect than all which the Parson had said before, and for a Moment abated his Agonies: But when his Fears sufficiently set before his Eyes the Danger that poor Creature was in, his Grief returned again with repeated Violence, nor could *Adams* in the least assuage it; though it may be doubted in his Behalf, whether *Socrates* himself could have prevailed any better.

They remained some Time in Silence; and Groans and Sighs issued from them both; at length *Joseph* burst out into the following Soliloquy.

*Yes, I will bear my Sorrows like a Man,
But I must also feel them as a Man.
I cannot but remember such Things were,
And were most dear to me.——*

Adams asked him what Stuff that was he repeated?— To which he answer’d they were some
Lines

Lines he had gotton by Heart out of a Play—
 ‘ Aye there is nothing but Heathenism to be learn’d
 ‘ from Plays,’ reply’d he— ‘ I never heard of any
 ‘ Plays fit for a Christian to read, but *Cato* and
 ‘ the *Conscious Lovers*; and I must own in the
 ‘ latter there are some Things almost solemn
 ‘ enough for a Sermon.’ But we shall now
 leave them a little, and enquire after the Subject
 of their Conversation.

C H A P. XII.

*More Adventures, which we hope will as much
 please as surprise the Reader.*

NEither the facetious Dialogue which pass’d
 between the Poet and the Player, nor the
 grave and truly solemn Discourse of Mr. *Adams*,
 will, we conceive, make the Reader sufficient
 Amends for the Anxiety which he must have felt
 on the Account of poor *Fanny*, whom we left in
 so deplorable a Condition. We shall therefore
 now proceed to the Relation of what happened to
 that beautiful and innocent Virgin, after she fell
 into the wicked Hands of the Captain.

The Man of War having conveyed his charm-
 ing Prize out of the Inn a little before Day, made
 the utmost Expedition in his Power towards the
 Squire’s House, where this delicate Creature was
 to be offered up a Sacrifice to the Lust of a Ra-
 visher. He was not only deaf to all her Be-
 wailings and Entreaties on the Road, but accost-
 ed her Ears with Impurities, which, having been
 never before accustomed to them, she happily for
 herself very little understood. At last he changed
 his

his Note, and attempted to sooth and mollify her, by setting forth the Splendor and Luxury which would be her Fortune with a Man who would have the Inclination, and Power too, to give her whatever her utmost Wishes could desire; and told her he doubted not but she would soon look kinder on him, as the Instrument of her Happiness, and despise that pitiful Fellow, whom her Ignorance could only make her fond of. She answered, She knew not whom he meant; she never was fond of any pitiful Fellow. ‘Are you affronted, Madam,’ says he, ‘at my calling him so? but what better can be said of one in a Livery, notwithstanding your Fondness for him?’ She returned, that she did not understand him, that the Man had been her Fellow-Servant, and she believed was as honest a Creature as any alive; but as for Fondness of Men—‘I warrant ye,’ cries the Captain, ‘we shall find Means to persuade you to be fond; and I advise you to yield to gentle ones; for you may be assured that it is not in your Power, by any Struggles whatever, to preserve your Virginity two Hours longer. It will be your Interest to consent: For the Squire will be much kinder to you, if he enjoys you willingly than by Force.’—At which Words she began to call aloud for Assistance (for it was now open Day) but finding none, she lifted her Eyes to Heaven, and supplicated the Divine Assistance to preserve her Innocence. The Captain told her, if she persisted in her Vociferation, he would find a Means of stopping her Mouth. And now the poor Wretch perceiving no Hopes of Succour, abandoned herself to Despair, and sighing out the Name of *Joseph! Joseph!* a River of Tears ran down

down her lovely Checks, and wet the Handkerchief which covered her Bosom. A Horseman now appeared in the Road, upon which the Captain threatened her violently if she complained: However, the Moment they approached each other, she begged him with the utmost Earnestness to relieve a distressed Creature who was in the Hands of a Ravisher. The Fellow stopt at those Words; but the Captain assured him it was his Wife, and that he was carrying her home from her Adulterer: Which so satisfied the Fellow, who was an old one, (and perhaps a married one too) that he wished him a good Journey, and rode on. He was no sooner past, than the Captain abused her violently for breaking his Commands, and threaten'd to gag her, when two more Horsemen, armed with Pistols, came into the Road just before them. She again solicited their Assistance, and the Captain told the same Story as before. Upon which one said to the other—‘That’s a charming Wench! ‘*Jack!* I wish I had been in the Fellow’s Place ‘whoever he is.’ But the other, instead of answering him, cried out eagerly, ‘Zounds, I ‘know her:’ and then turning to her said, ‘Sure you are not *Fanny Goodwill.*’—‘Indeed, ‘indeed I am,’ she cry’d—‘O *John*, I know ‘you now—Heaven hath sent you to my Assistance, to deliver me from this wicked Man, ‘who is carrying me away for his vile Purposes—‘O for God’s Sake rescue me from him.’ A fierce Dialogue immediately ensued between the Captain and these two Men, who being both armed with Pistols, and the Chariot which they attended being now arrived, the Captain saw both Force and Stratagem were vain, and endeavoured

to make his Escape; in which, however, he could not succeed. The Gentleman who rode in the Chariot, ordered it to stop, and with an Air of Authority examined into the Merits of the Cause; of which being advertised by *Fanny*, whose Credit was confirmed by the Fellow who knew her, he ordered the Captain, who was all bloody from his Encounter at the Inn, to be conveyed as a Prisoner behind the Chariot, and very gallantly took *Fanny* into it; for to say the Truth, this Gentleman (who was no other than the celebrated Mr. *Peter Pounce*, and who preceded the Lady *Booby* only a few Miles, by setting out earlier in the Morning) was a very gallant Person, and loved a pretty Girl better than any Thing, besides his own Money, or the Money of other People.

The Chariot now proceeded towards the Inn, which, as *Fanny* was informed, lay in their Way, and where it arrived at that very Time while the Poet and Player were disputing below Stairs, and *Adams* and *Joseph* were discoursing back to back above: Just at that Period to which we brought them both in the two preceding Chapters, the Chariot stopt at the Door, and in an Instant *Fanny* leaping from it, ran up to her *Joseph*.—O Reader, conceive, if thou canst, the Joy which fired the Breasts of these Lovers on this Meeting; and if thy own Heart doth not sympathetically assist thee in this Conception, I pity thee sincerely from my own; for let the hard-hearted Villain know this, that there is a Pleasure in a tender Sensation beyond any which he is capable of tasting.

Peter being informed by *Fanny* of the Presence of *Adams*, stopt to see him, and receive his Homage;

mage; for, as *Peter* was an Hypocrite, a Sort of People whom Mr. *Adams* never saw through, the one paid that Respect to his seeming Goodness which the other believed to be paid to his Riches; hence Mr. *Adams* was so much his Favourite, that he once lent him four Pounds thirteen Shillings and Sixpence, to prevent his going to Gaol, on no greater Security than a Bond and Judgment, which probably he would have made no Use of, tho' the Money had not been (as it was) paid exactly at the time.

It is not perhaps easy to describe the Figure of *Adams*; he had risen in such violent Hurry, that he had on neither Breeches nor Stockings; nor had he taken from his Head a red spotted Handkerchief, which by Night bound his Wig, that was turned inside out, around his Head. He had on his torn Cassock, and his Great Coat; but as the Remainder of his Cassock hung down below his Great Coat, so did a small Stripe of White, or rather whitish Linen, appear below that; to which we may add the several Colours which appeared on his Face, where a long Piss-burnt Beard served to retain the Liquor of the Stone Pot, and that of a blacker Hue which distilled from the Mop.—This Figure, which *Fanny* had delivered from his Captivity, was no sooner spied by *Peter*, than it disordered the composed Gravity of his Muscles; however, he advised him immediately to make himself clean, nor would accept his Homage in that Pickle.

The Poet and Player no sooner saw the Captain in Captivity, than they began to consider of their own Safety, of which Flight presented itself as the only Means; they therefore both of them
mounted

mounted the Poet's Horse, and made the most expeditious Retreat in their Power.

The Host, who well knew Mr. *Pounce*, and the Lady *Booby's* Livery, was not a little surprised at this Change of the Scene, nor was his Confusion much helped by his Wife, who was now just risen, and having heard from him the Account of what had past, comforted him with a decent Number of Fools and Blockheads; asked him why he did not consult her: And told him, he would never leave following the nonsensical Dictates of his own Numscull, till she and her Family were ruined.

Joseph being informed of the Captain's Arrival, and seeing his *Fanny* now in Safety, quitted her a Moment, and, running down Stairs, went directly to him, and, stripping off his Coat, challenged him to fight; but the Captain refused, saying, he did not understand Boxing. He then grasped a Cudgel in one Hand, and catching the Captain by the Collar with the other, gave him a most severe Drubbing, and ended with telling him, he had now had some Revenge for what his dear *Fanny* had suffered.

When Mr. *Pounce* had a little regaled himself with some Provision which he had in his Chariot, and Mr. *Adams* had put on the best Appearance his Clothes would allow him, *Pounce* ordered the Captain into his Presence; for he said he was guilty of Felony, and the next Justice of Peace should commit him: But the Servants (whose Appetite for Revenge is soon satisfied) being sufficiently contented with the Drubbing which *Joseph* had inflicted on him, and which was indeed of no very moderate Kind, had suffered him to go off, which he did, threatening a severe Revenge

venge against *Joseph*, which I have never heard he thought proper to take.

The Mistress of the House made her voluntary Appearance before Mr. *Pounce*, and with a thousand Curt'sies told him, ' she hoped his Honour would pardon her Husband, who was a very ' *nonsense* Man, for the Sake of his poor Family; that indeed if he could be ruined alone, ' she should be very willing of it; *for because as* ' *why*, his Worship very well knew he deserved ' it: But she had three poor small Children, who ' were not capable to get their own Living; ' and if her Husband was sent to Goal, they ' must all come to the Parish; for she was a ' poor weak Woman, continually a breeding, ' and had no Time to work for them. She therefore hoped his Honour would take it into his ' Worship's Consideration, and forgive her Husband this Time; for she was sure he never intended any Harm to Man, Woman, or Child; ' and if it was not for that Block-head of his ' own, the Man in some Things was well ' enough; for she had had three Children by ' him in less than three Years, and was almost ' ready to cry out the fourth Time.' She would have proceeded in this Manner, much longer, had not *Peter* stopt her Tongue, by telling her, he had nothing to say to her Husband, nor her neither. So, as *Adams* and the rest had assured her of Forgiveness, she cried and curt'sied out of the Room.

Mr. *Pounce* was desirous that *Fanny* should continue her Journey with him in the Chariot: But she absolutely refused, saying she would ride behind *Joseph*, on a Horse which one of Lady *Booby's* Servants had equipped him with. But alas!
when

when the Horse appeared, it was found to be no other than that identical Beast which Mr. *Adams* had left behind him at the Inn, and which these honest Fellows, who knew him, had redeemed. Indeed whatever Horse they had provided for *Joseph*, they would have prevailed with him to mount none, no not even to ride before his beloved *Fanny*, till the Parson was supplied; much less would he deprive his Friend of the Beast which belonged to him, and which he knew the Moment he saw, tho' *Adams* did not: However, when he was reminded of the Affair, and told that they had brought the Horse with them which he had left behind, he answered—*Bless me! and so I did.*

Adams was very desirous that *Joseph* and *Fanny* should mount his Horse, and declared he could very easily walk Home. 'If I walked alone,' says he, 'I would wage a Shilling, that the *Pedestrian* out-stripped the *Equestrian* Travellers: But as I intend to take the Company of a Pipe, peradventure I may be an Hour later.' One of the Servants whispered *Joseph* to take him at his Word, and suffer the old Put to walk if he would: This Proposal was answered with an angry Look, and a peremptory Refusal by *Joseph*, who catching *Fanny* up in his Arms, averred he would rather carry her Home in that Manner, than take away Mr. *Adams's* Horse, and permit him to walk on Foot.

Perhaps, Reader, thou hast seen a Contest between two Gentlemen, or two Ladies quickly decided, tho' they have both asserted they would not eat such a nice Morsel, and each insisted on the other's accepting it; but in Reality both were very desirous to swallow it themselves. Do not therefore

therefore conclude hence, that this Dispute would have come to a speedy Decision: For here both Parties were heartily in earnest, and it is very probable they would have remained in the Inn-yard to this Day, had not the good *Peter Pounce* put a Stop to it; for finding he had no longer Hopes of satisfying his old Appetite with *Fanny*, and being desirous of having some one to whom he might communicate his Grandeur, he told the Parson he would convey him Home in his Chariot. This Favour was by *Adams*, with many Bows and Acknowledgments, accepted, tho' he afterwards said, 'he ascended the Chariot rather ' that he might not offend, than from any Desire of riding in it, for that in his Heart he preferred the *Pedestrian* even to the *Vehicular Expedition*.' All Matters being now settled, the Chariot in which rode *Adams* and *Pounce*, moved forwards; and *Joseph* having borrowed a Pillion from the Host, *Fanny* had just seated herself thereon, and had laid hold of the Girdle which her Lover wore for that Purpose, when the wise Beast, who concluded that one at a Time was sufficient, that two to one were Odds, &c. discovered much Uneasiness at his double Load, and began to consider his hinder as his Fore-legs, moving the direct contrary Way to that which is called forwards. Nor could *Joseph*, with all his Horsemanship, persuade him to advance: But without having any Regard to the lovely Part of the lovely Girl which was on his Back, he used such Agitations, that had not one of the Men come immediately to her Assistance, she had, in plain *English*, tumbled backwards on the Ground. This Inconvenience was presently remedied by an Exchange of Horses; and then *Fanny* being again placed

placed on her Pillion, on a better natured, and somewhat a better fed Beast, the Parson's Horse finding he had no longer Odds to contend with, agreed to march; and the whole Procession set forward for *Booby-Hall*, where they arrived in a few Hours without any thing remarkable happening on the Road, unless it was a curious Dialogue between the Parson and the Steward; which, to use the Language of a late Apologist, a Pattern to all Biographers, wait for the Reader in the next Chapter.

C H A P. XIII.

A curious Dialogue which passed between Mr. Abraham Adams and Mr. Peter Pounce, better worth reading than all the Works of Colley Cibber and many others.

THE Chariot had not proceeded far, before Mr. *Adams* observed it was a very fine Day. 'Aye, and a very fine Country too,' answered *Pounce*. 'I should think so more,' returned *Adams*, 'if I had not lately travelled over the *Downs*, which I take to exceed this and all other Prospects in the Universe.' 'A Fig for Prospects,' answered *Pounce*, 'one Acre here is worth ten there; and, for my own Part, I have no Delight in the Prospect of any Land but my own.' 'Sir,' said *Adams*, 'you can indulge yourself with many fine Prospects of that Kind.' 'I thank G— I have a little,' replied the other, 'with which I am content, and envy no Man: I have a little, Mr. *Adams*,
' with

‘ with which I do as much good as I can.’ *Adams* answered, that Riches without Charity were nothing worth; for that they were a Blessing only to him who made them a Blessing to others. ‘ You and I,’ said *Peter*, ‘ have different Notions of Charity. I own, as it is generally used, I do not like the Word, nor do I think it becomes one of us Gentlemen; it is a mean Parson-like Quality; though I would not infer many Parsons have it neither.’ ‘ Sir,’ said *Adams*, ‘ my Definition of Charity is a generous Disposition to relieve the Distressed.’ ‘ There is something in that Definition,’ answered *Peter*, ‘ which I like well enough; it is, as you say, a Disposition,—and does not so much consist in the Act as in the Disposition to do it; but alas, Mr. *Adams*, who are meant by the Distressed? Believe me, the Distresses of Mankind are mostly imaginary, and it would be rather Folly than Goodness to relieve them.’ ‘ Sure, Sir,’ replied *Adams*, ‘ Hunger and Thirst, Cold and Nakedness, and other Distresses which attend the Poor, can never be said to be imaginary Evils.’ ‘ How can any Man complain of Hunger,’ said *Peter*, ‘ in a Country where such excellent Sallads are to be gathered in almost every Field? Or of Thirst, where every River and Stream produce such delicious Potations? and as for Cold and Nakedness, they are Evils introduced by Luxury and Custom. A Man naturally wants Clothes no more than a Horse or any other Animal; and there are whole Nations who go without them: But these are Things perhaps which you, who do not know the World——’ ‘ You will pardon me, Sir,’ returned *Adams*; ‘ I have read of the *Gymnosophists*.’

‘*phists.*’ ‘A plague of your *Jephosophats*,’ cried *Peter*; ‘the greatest Fault in our Constitution is the Provision made for the Poor, except that perhaps made for some others. Sir, I have not an Estate which doth not contribute almost as much again to the Poor as to the Land Tax, and I do assure you I expect to come myself to the Parish in the End.’ To which *Adams* giving a dissenting Smile, *Peter* thus proceeded: ‘I fancy, Mr. *Adams*, you are one of those who imagine I am a Lump of Money; for there are many who, I fancy, believe that not only my Pockets, but my whole Clothes, are lined with Bank Bills; but I assure you, you are all mistaken: I am not the Man the World esteems me. If I can hold my Head above Water, it is all I can. I have injured myself by purchasing. I have been too liberal of my Money. Indeed I fear my Heir will find my Affairs in a worse Situation than they are reputed to be. Ah! he will have Reason to wish I had loved Money more, and Land less. Pray, my good Neighbour, where should I have that Quantity of Riches the World is so liberal to bestow on me? Where could I possibly, without I had stole it, acquire such a Treasure?’ ‘Why truly,’ says *Adams*, ‘I have been always of your Opinion; I have wondered as well as yourself with what Confidence they could report such Things of you, which have to me appeared as mere Impossibilities; for you know, Sir, and I have often heard you say it, that your Wealth is of your own Acquisition; and can it be credible that in your short Time you should have amassed such a Heap of Treasure as these People

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‘ will have you worth? Indeed, had you inherited
‘ an Estate like Sir *Thomas Booby*, which had de-
‘ scended in your Family for many Generations,
‘ they might have had a Colour for their Asser-
‘ tions.’ ‘ Why, what do they say I am worth?’
cries *Peter* with a malicious Sneer. ‘ Sir,’ an-
swered *Adams*, ‘ I have heard some aver you are
‘ not worth less than twenty thousand Pounds.’
At which *Peter* frowned. ‘ Nay, Sir,’ said *A-*
dams, ‘ you ask me only the Opinion of others,
‘ for my own Part I have always denied it, nor
‘ did I ever believe you could possibly be worth
‘ half that Sum.’ ‘ However, Mr. *Adams*,’
said he, squeezing him by the Hand, ‘ I would
‘ not sell them all I am worth for double that
‘ Sum; and as to what you believe, or they be-
‘ lieve, I care not a Fig, no not a Fart. I am
‘ not poor, because you think me so, nor be-
‘ cause you attempt to undervalue me in the
‘ Country. I know the Envy of Mankind very
‘ well; but I thank Heaven I am above them.
‘ It is true my Wealth is of my own Acquisi-
‘ tion. I have not an Estate like Sir *Thomas*
‘ *Booby*, that hath descended in my Family through
‘ many Generations; but I know Heirs of
‘ such Estates who are forced to travel about the
‘ Country like some People in torn Cassocks,
‘ and might be glad to accept of a pitiful Curacy
‘ for what I know. Yes, Sir, as shabby Fellows
‘ as yourself, whom no Man of my Figure,
‘ without that Vice of Good-nature about him,
‘ would suffer to ride in a Chariot with him.’
‘ Sir,’ said *Adams*, ‘ I value not your Chariot of
‘ a Rush; and if I had known you had intended
‘ to affront me, I would have walked to the
‘ World’s

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‘ World’s End on Foot, ere I would have accepted a Place in it. However, Sir, I will soon rid you of that Inconvenience;’ and so saying, he opened the Chariot-Door, without calling to the Coachman, and leapt out into the Highway, forgetting to take his Hat along with him; which however Mr. *Pounce* threw after him with great Violence. *Joseph* and *Fanny* stopt to bear him Company the rest of the Way, which was not above a Mile.



THE
HISTORY
OF THE
ADVENTURES
OF
*Joseph Andrews, and his Friend
Mr. Abraham Adams.*

BOOK IV.

CHAP. I.

*The Arrival of Lady Booby and the rest at
Booby-Hall.*

THE Coach and Six, in which Lady Booby rode, overtook the other Travellers as they entered the Parish. She no sooner saw *Joseph*, than her Cheeks glowed with red, and immediately after became as totally pale. She had in her Surprise almost stopt her

her Coach; but recollected herself timely enough to prevent it. She entered the Parish amidst the ringing of Bells, and the Acclamations of the Poor, who were rejoiced to see their Patroness returned after so long an Absence, during which Time all her Rents had been drafted to *London*, without a Shilling being spent among them, which tended not a little to their utter impoverishing; for if the Court would be severely missed in such a City as *London*, how much more must the Absence of a Person of great Fortune be felt in a little Country Village, for whose Inhabitants such a Family finds a constant Employment and Supply; and with the Offals of whose Table the infirm, aged, and infant Poor, are abundantly fed, with a Generosity which hath scarce a visible Effect on their Benefactor's Pockets?

But if their Interest inspired so publick a Joy into every Countenance, how much more forcibly did the Affection which they bore Parson *Adams* operate upon all who beheld his Return? They flocked about him like dutiful Children round an indulgent Parent, and vied with each other in Demonstrations of Duty and Love. The Parson on his Side shook every one by the Hand, enquiring heartily after the Healths of all that were absent, of their Children and Relations, and expressed a Satisfaction in his Face, which nothing but Benevolence made happy by its Objects could infuse.

Nor did *Joseph* and *Fanny* want a hearty Welcome from all who saw them. In short, no three Persons could be more kindly received, as indeed none ever more deserved to be universally beloved.

Adams carried his Fellow-Travellers home to his House, where he insisted on their partaking whatever his Wife, whom, with his Children, he found in Health and Joy, could provide. Where we shall leave them enjoying perfect Happiness over a homely Meal, to view Scenes of greater Splendor, but infinitely less Bliss.

Our more intelligent Readers will doubtless suspect by this second Appearance of *Lady Booby* on the Stage, that all was not ended by the Dismission of *Joseph*; and, to be honest with them, they are in the right; the Arrow had pierced deeper than she imagined; nor was the Wound so easily to be cured. The Removal of the Object soon cooled her Rage, but it had a different Effect on her Love: That departed with his Person; but this remained lurking in her Mind with his Image. Restless, interrupted Slumbers, and confused horrible Dreams were her Portion the first Night. In the Morning, Fancy painted her a more delicious Scene; but to delude, not delight her: For before she could reach the promised Happiness, it vanished, and left her to curse, not bless the Vision.

She started from her Sleep, her Imagination being all on fire with the Phantom, when her Eyes accidentally glancing towards the Spot where Yesterday the real *Joseph* had stood, that little Circumstance raised his Idea in the liveliest Colours in her Memory. Each Look, each Word, each Gesture rushed back on her Mind with Charms which all his Coldness could not abate. Nay, she imputed that to his Youth, his Folly, his Awe, his Religion, to every Thing, but what would instantly have produced Contempt, want of Passion

sion for the Sex ; or, that which would have roused her Hatred, want of Liking to her.

Reflection then hurried her farther, and told her, she must see this beautiful Youth no more ; nay, suggested to her, that she herself had dismissed him for no other Fault than probably that of too violent an Awe and Respect for herself ; and which she ought rather to have esteemed a Merit, the Effects of which were besides so easily and surely to have been removed ; she then blamed, she cursed the hasty Rashness of her Temper ; her Fury was vented all on herself ; and *Joseph* appeared innocent in her Eyes. Her Passion at length grew so violent, that it forced her on seeking Relief, and now she thought of recalling him : But Pride forbade that, Pride which soon drove all softer Passions from her Soul, and represented to her the Meanness of him she was fond of. That Thought soon began to obscure his Beauties ; Contempt succeeded next, and then Disdain, which presently Introduced her Hatred of the Creature who had given her so much Uneasiness. These Enemies of *Joseph* had no sooner taken Possession of her Mind, than they insinuated to her a thousand Things in his Disfavour ; every Thing but Dislike of her Person ; a Thought, which as it would have been intolerable to bear, she checked the Moment it endeavoured to arise. Revenge came now to her Assistance ; and she considered her Dismission of him stript, and without a Character, with the utmost Pleasure. She rioted in the several Kinds of Misery, which her Imagination suggested to her, might be his Fate ; and with a Smile composed of Anger, Mirth, and Scorn, viewed him in the Rags in which her Fancy had drest him.

Mrs. *Slipshod* being summoned, attended her Mistress, who had now in her own Opinion totally subdued this Passion. Whilst she was dressing, she asked if that Fellow had been turned away according to her Orders. *Slipshod* answered, she had told her Ladyship so, (as indeed she had) ‘—And how did he behave?’ replied the Lady. ‘Truly, Madam,’ cries *Slipshod*, ‘in such a Manner that *infected* every body who saw him. The poor Lad had but little Wages to receive: For he constantly allowed his Father and Mother half his Income; so that when your Ladyship’s Livery was stript off, he had not wherewithal to buy a Coat, and must have gone naked, if one of the Footmen had not *incommodated* him with one, and whilst he was standing in his Shirt, (and, to say Truth, he was an *amorous* Figure) being told your Ladyship would not give him a Character, he sighed, and said, he had done nothing willingly to offend; that for his Part he should always give your Ladyship a good Character wherever he went; and he prayed God to bless you; for you was the best of Ladies, tho’ his Enemies had set you against him: I wish you had not turned him away; for I believe you have not a faithfuller Servant in the House.’——‘How came you then’ replied the Lady, ‘to advise me to turn him away?’ ‘I, Madam,’ said *Slipshod*, ‘I am sure you will do me the Justice to say, I did all in my Power to prevent it; but I saw your Ladyship was angry; and it is not the Business of us upper Servants to *hint or fear* on these Occasions.’——‘And was it not you, audacious Wretch,’ cried the Lady, ‘who made me angry? Was it not your Tittle-tattle, in which I believe you be-
lyed

‘Iyed the poor Fellow, which incensed me
 ‘against him? He may thank you for all that
 ‘hath happened; and so may I for the Loss of a
 ‘good Servant, and one who probably had more
 ‘Merit than all of you. Poor Fellow! I am
 ‘charmed with his Goodness to his Parents.
 ‘Why did not you tell me of that, but suffer me
 ‘to dismiss so good a Creature without a Cha-
 ‘racter? I see the Reason of your whole Beha-
 ‘viour now as well as of your Complaint; you
 ‘was jealous of the Wenches.’ ‘I jealous!’
 said *Slipshod*, ‘I assure you I look upon myself
 ‘as his Betters; I am not Meat for a Footman,
 ‘I hope.’ These Words threw the Lady into a
 violent Passion, and she sent *Slipshod* from her Pre-
 sence, who departed tossing her Nose and cry-
 ing, ‘Marry come up! there are some People
 ‘more jealous than I, I believe.’ Her Lady af-
 fected not to hear these Words, tho’ in Reality she
 did, and understood them too. Now ensued a
 second Conflict, so like the former, that it might
 favour of Repetition to relate it minutely. It
 may suffice to say, that Lady *Borby* found good
 Reason to doubt whether she had so absolutely
 conquered her Passion, as she had flattered her-
 self; and, in order to accomplish it quite, took a
 Resolution more common than wise, to retire im-
 mediately into the Country. The Reader hath
 long ago seen the Arrival of Mrs. *Slipshod*, whom
 no Pertness could make her Mistress resolve to
 part with; lately, that of Mr. *Pounce*, her Fore-
 runners; and lastly, that of the Lady herself.

The Morning after her Arrival, being *Sunday*,
 she went to Church, to the great Surprise of eve-
 ry Body, who wondered to see her Ladyship, be-
 ing no very constant Church-woman, there so

suddenly upon her Journey. *Joseph* was likewise there; and I have heard it was remarked, that she fixed her Eyes on him much more than on the Parson; but this I believe to be only a malicious Rumour. When the Prayers were ended, Mr. *Adams* stood up, and with a loud Voice pronounced: *I publish the Banns of Marriage between Joseph Andrews and Frances Goodwill, both of this Parish, &c.* Whether this had any Effect on Lady *Booby* or no, who was then in her Pew, which the Congregation could not see into, I could never discover: But certain it is, that in about a Quarter of an Hour she stood up, and directed her Eyes to that Part of the Church where the Women sat, and persisted in looking that Way during the Remainder of the Sermon, in so scrutinizing a Manner, and with so angry a Countenance, that most of the Women were afraid she was offended at them.

The Moment she returned Home, she sent for *Slipslop* into her Chamber, and told her, she wondered what that impudent Fellow *Joseph* did in that Parish? Upon which *Slipslop* gave her an Account of her meeting *Adams* with him on the Road, and likewise the Adventure with *Fanny*. At the Relation of which, the Lady often changed her Countenance; and when she had heard all, she ordered Mr. *Adams* into her Presence, to whom she behaved as the Reader will see in the next Chapter.

C H A P. II.

*A Dialogue between Mr. Abraham Adams
and the Lady Booby.*

MR. Adams was not far off; for he was drinking her Ladyship's Health below in a Cup of her Ale. He no sooner came before her, than she began in the following Manner: 'I wonder, Sir, after the many great Obligations you have had to this Family,' (with all which the Reader hath, in the Course of this History, been minutely acquainted) 'that you will ungratefully shew any Respect to a Fellow who hath been turned out of it for his Misdeeds. Nor doth it, I can tell you, Sir, become a Man of your Character, to run about the Country with an idle Fellow and Wench. Indeed, as for the Girl, I know no Harm of her. *Slipslop* tells me she was formerly bred up in my House, and behaved as she ought, till she hankered after this Fellow, and he spoiled her. Nay, she may still perhaps do very well, if he will let her alone. You are therefore doing a monstrous Thing, in endeavouring to procure a Match between these two People, which will be to the Ruin of them both.'—'Madam,' said Adams, 'if your Ladyship will but hear me speak, I protest I never heard any Harm of Mr. *Joseph Andrews*; if I had, I should have corrected him for it: For I never have, nor will encourage the Faults of those under my Cure. As for the young Woman, I assure your Ladyship I have as good an Opinion of her as

G 6

' your

‘ your Ladyship yourself, or any other can have.
 ‘ She is the sweetest-tempered, honestest, wor-
 ‘ thiest, young Creature ; indeed as to her Beau-
 ‘ ty, I do not commend her on that Account,
 ‘ tho’ all Men allow she is the handsomest Wo-
 ‘ man, Gentle or Simple, that ever appeared in
 ‘ the Parish.’ ‘ You are very impertinent,’ says
 she, ‘ to talk such fulsome Stuff to me. It is
 ‘ mighty becoming truly in a Clergyman to
 ‘ trouble himself about handsome Women, and
 ‘ you are a delicate Judge of Beauty, no doubt.
 ‘ A Man who hath lived all his Life in such a
 ‘ Parish as this, is a rare Judge of Beauty. Ri-
 ‘ diculous ! Beauty indeed,—a Country Wench
 ‘ a Beauty !—I shall be sick whenever I hear
 ‘ Beauty mentioned again.—And so this Wench
 ‘ is to stock the Parish with Beauties, I hope.—
 ‘ But, Sir, our Poor are numerous enough alrea-
 ‘ dy ; I will have no more Vagabonds settled
 ‘ here.’ ‘ Madam,’ says *Adams*, ‘ your Lady-
 ‘ ship is offended with me, I protest, without
 ‘ any Reason. Th’s Couple were desirous to
 ‘ consummate long ago, and I dissuaded them
 ‘ from it ; nay, I may venture to say, I believe,
 ‘ I was the sole Cause of their delaying it.’
 ‘ Well,’ says she, ‘ and you did very wisely and
 ‘ honestly too, notwithstanding she is the great-
 ‘ est Beauty in the Parish.’—‘ And now, Ma-
 ‘ dam,’ continued he, ‘ I only perform my Of-
 ‘ fice to Mr. *Joseph*.—‘ Pray, don’t Mifter such
 ‘ Fellows to me,’ cries the Lady. ‘ He,’ said
 the Parson, ‘ with the Consent of *Fanny*, before
 ‘ my Face, put in the Banns.’—‘ Yes,’ answered
 the Lady, ‘ I suppose the Slut is forward
 ‘ enough ; *Slipshod* tells me how her Head runs
 ‘ on Fellows ; that is one of her Beauties, I sup-
 ‘ pose.

' pose. But if they have put in the Banns, I de-
 ' fire you will publish them no more without
 ' my Orders.' ' Madam,' cries *Adams*, ' if
 ' any one puts in a sufficient Caution, and assigns
 ' a proper Reason against them, I am willing to
 ' surcease.'—' I tell you a Reason,' says she,
 ' he is a Vagabond, and he shall not settle here,
 ' and bring a Nest of Beggars into the Parish ; it
 ' will make us but little Amends that they will
 ' be Beauties.' ' Madam,' answered *Adams*,
 ' with the utmost Submission to your Ladyship,
 ' I have been informed by Lawyer *Scout*, that
 ' any Person who serves a Year, gains a Settle-
 ' ment in the Parish where he serves.' ' Lawyer
 ' *Scout*,' replied the Lady, ' is an impudent
 ' Coxcomb ; I will have no Lawyer *Scout* inter-
 ' fere with me. I repeat to you again, I will
 ' have no more Incumbrances brought on us ;
 ' so I desire you will proceed no farther.' ' Ma-
 ' dam, returned *Adams*, I would obey your
 ' Ladyship in every Thing that is lawful ; but
 ' surely the Parties being poor is no Reason
 ' against their marrying. God forbid there should
 ' be any such Law. The Poor have little Share
 ' enough of this World already ; it would be bar-
 ' barous indeed to deny them the common Pri-
 ' vileges, and innocent Enjoyments which Na-
 ' ture indulges to the animal Creation.' ' Since
 ' you understand yourself no better,' cries the
 ' Lady, ' nor the Respect due from such as you
 ' to a Woman of my Distinction, than to af-
 ' front my Ears by such loose Discourse, I shall
 ' mention but one short Word ; it is my Orders
 ' to you, that you publish these Banns no more ;
 ' and if you dare, I will recommend it to your
 ' Master the Doctor, to discard you from his
 ' Service.

‘ Service. I will, Sir, notwithstanding your poor
 ‘ Family ; and then you and the greatest Beau-
 ‘ ty in the Parish may go and beg together.’
 ‘ Madam,’ answered *Adams*, ‘ I know not what
 ‘ your Ladyship means by the Term *Master* and
 ‘ *Service*. I am in the Service of a Master
 ‘ who will never discard me for doing my Duty :
 ‘ And if the Doctor (for indeed I have never
 ‘ been able to pay for a Licence) thinks proper
 ‘ to turn me out from my Cure, God will provide
 ‘ me, I hope, another. At least, my Family,
 ‘ as well as myself, have Hands ; and he will
 ‘ prosper, I doubt not, our Endeavours to get
 ‘ our Bread honestly with them. Whilst my
 ‘ Conscience is pure, I shall never fear what
 ‘ Man can do unto me.’ ‘ I condemn my Hu-
 ‘ mility,’ said the Lady, ‘ for demeaning myself
 ‘ to converse with you so long. I shall take
 ‘ other Measures ; for I see you are a Confede-
 ‘ rate with them. But the sooner you leave
 ‘ me, the better ; and I shall give Orders that
 ‘ my Doors may no longer be open to you. I
 ‘ will suffer no Parsons who run about the Coun-
 ‘ try with Beauties, to be entertained here.’——
 ‘ Madam,’ said *Adams*, ‘ I shall enter into no
 ‘ Person’s Doors against their Will : But I am
 ‘ assured, when you have enquired farther into
 ‘ this Matter, you will applaud, not blame my
 ‘ Proceeding ; and so I humbly take my Leave :’
 Which he did with many Bows, or at least many
 Attempts at a Bow.

C H A P. III.

What past between the Lady and Lawyer Scout.

IN the Afternoon the Lady sent for Mr. *Scout*, whom she attacked most violently for intermeddling with her Servants; which he denied, and indeed with Truth; for he had only asserted accidentally, and perhaps rightly, that a Year's Service gained a Settlement; and so far he owned he might have formerly informed the Parson, and believed it was Law. 'I am resolved,' said the Lady, 'to have no discarded Servants of mine settled here; and so, if this be your Law, I shall send to another Lawyer.' *Scout* said, 'If she sent to a hundred Lawyers, not one or all of them could alter the Law. The utmost that was in the Power of a Lawyer, was to prevent the Law's taking Effect: And that he himself could do for her Ladyship as well as any other: And I believe,' says he, 'Madam, your Ladyship not being conversant in these Matters, hath mistaken a Difference: For I asserted only, that a Man who served a Year was settled. Now there is a material Difference between being settled in Law and settled in Fact; and as I affirmed generally he was settled, and Law is preferable to Fact, my Settlement must be understood in Law, and not in Fact. And suppose, Madam, we admit he was settled in Law, what Use will they make of it, how doth that relate to Fact? He is not settled in Fact; and if he be not settled in Fact, he is not an Inhabitant; and if he is

not

‘ not an Inhabitant, he is not of this Parish;
 ‘ and then undoubtedly he ought not to be pub-
 ‘ lished here; for Mr. *Adams* hath told me your
 ‘ Ladyship’s Pleasure, and the Reason, which is
 ‘ a very good one, to prevent burdening us with
 ‘ the Poor; we have too many already; and I
 ‘ think we ought to have an Act to hang or
 ‘ transport half of them. If we can prove in
 ‘ Evidence, that he is not settled in Fact, it is
 ‘ another Matter. What I said to Mr. *Adams*,
 ‘ was on a Supposition that he was settled in
 ‘ Fact; and indeed if that was the Case, I should
 ‘ doubt’—‘ Don’t tell me your *Faëts* and your
 ‘ *ifs*,’ said the Lady, ‘ I don’t understand your
 ‘ Gibberish: You take too much upon you, and
 ‘ are very impertinent in pretending to direct in
 ‘ this Parish, and you shall be taught better, I
 ‘ assure you, you shall. But as to the Wench,
 ‘ I am resolved she shall not settle here; I will
 ‘ not suffer such Beauties as these to produce
 ‘ Children for us to keep.’—‘ Beauties indeed!
 ‘ your Ladyship is pleased to be merry,’—an-
 ‘ swered *Scout*.—‘ Mr. *Adams* described her so to
 ‘ me,’ said the Lady—‘ Pray what Sort of Dow-
 ‘ dy is it, Mr. *Scout*?’—‘ The ugliest Creature
 ‘ almost I ever beheld, a poor dirty Drab, your
 ‘ Ladyship never saw such a Wretch.’—‘ Well
 ‘ but, dear Mr. *Scout*, let her be what she will,
 ‘ —these ugly Women will bring Children, you
 ‘ know; so that we must prevent the Marriage.’
 —‘ True, Madam,’ replied *Scout*, ‘ for the
 ‘ subsequent Marriage co-operating with the Law,
 ‘ will carry Law into Fact. When a Man is
 ‘ married, he is settled in Fact; and then he is
 ‘ not removeable. I will see Mr. *Adams*, and
 ‘ I make no doubt of prevailing with him. His
 ‘ only

' only Objection is, doubtless, that he shall lose
 ' his Fee : But that being once made easy, as it
 ' shall be, I am confident no farther Objection
 ' will remain. No, no, it is impossible : But
 ' your Ladyship can't discommend his Unwil-
 ' lingness to depart from his Fee. Every Man
 ' ought to have a proper Value for his Fee. As
 ' to the Matter in question, if your Ladyship
 ' pleases to employ me in it, I will venture to
 ' promise you Success. The Laws of this Land
 ' are not so vulgar, to permit a mean Fellow to
 ' contend with one of your Ladyship's Fortune.
 ' We have one sure Card, which is to carry him
 ' before Justice *Frolick*, who, upon hearing your
 ' Ladyship's Name, will commit him without
 ' any farther Questions. As for the dirty Slut,
 ' we shall have nothing to do with her ; for if
 ' we get rid of the Fellow, the ugly Jade will—'
 ' Take what Measures you please, good Mr.
 ' *Scout*,' answered the Lady, ' but I wish you
 ' could rid the Parish of both ; for *Slipslop* tells
 ' me such Stories of this Wench, that I abhor
 ' the Thoughts of her ; and tho' you say she is
 ' such an ugly Slut, yet you know, dear Mr.
 ' *Scout*, these forward Creatures, who run after
 ' Men, will always find some as forward as
 ' themselves : So that, to prevent the Increase of
 ' Beggars, we must get rid of her.'—' Your
 ' Ladyship is very much in the right,' answered
 ' *Scout*, ' but I am afraid the Law is a little defici-
 ' ent in giving us any such Power of Prevention ;
 ' however the Justice will stretch it as far as
 ' he is able, to oblige your Ladyship. To say
 ' Truth, it is a great Blessing to the Country
 ' that he is in the Commission ; for he hath
 ' taken several Poor off our Hands that the Law
 ' would

‘ would never have lain hold on. I know some
 ‘ Justices who make as much of committing a
 ‘ Man to *Bridewell*, as his Lordship at *Size* would
 ‘ of hanging him : But it would do a Man good
 ‘ to see his Worship, our Justice, commit a Fel-
 ‘ low to *Bridewell* ; he takes so much Pleasure
 ‘ in it : And when once we ha’ un there, we
 ‘ seldom hear any more o’ un. He’s either starv-
 ‘ ed or eat up by Vermin in a Month’s Time.
 —Here the Arrival of a Visitor put an End to
 the Conversation, and Mr. *Scout*, having under-
 taken the Cause, and promised it Success, de-
 parted.

This *Scout* was one of those Fellows who,
 without any Knowledge of the Law, or being
 bred to it, take upon them, in Defiance of an
 Act of Parliament, to act as Lawyers in the
 Country, and are called so. They are the Pests
 of Society, and a Scandal to a Profession to which
 indeed they do not belong ; and which owes to
 such kind of Rascallions the Ill-will which weak
 Persons bear towards it. With this Fellow, to
 whom a little before she would not have conde-
 scended to have spoken, did a certain Passion for
Joseph, and the Jealousy and Disdain of poor in-
 nocent *Fanny*, betray the Lady *Booby* into a fa-
 miliar Discourse, in which she inadvertently con-
 firmed many Hints, with which *Slipslop*, whose
 Gallant he was, had pre-acquainted him ; and
 whence he had taken an Opportunity to assert
 those severe Falshoods of little *Fanny*, which pos-
 sibly the Reader might not have been well able to
 account for, if we had not thought proper to give
 him this Information.

C H A P. IV.

A short Chapter, but very full of Matter; particularly the Arrival of Mr. Booby and his Lady.

ALL that Night, and the next Day, the Lady Booby past with the utmost Anxiety; her Mind was distracted, and her Soul tossed up and down with many turbulent and opposite Passions. She loved, hated, pitied, scorned, admired, despised the same Person by Fits, which changed in a very short Interval. On Tuesday Morning, which happened to be a Holiday, she went to Church, where, to her Surprise, Mr. Adams published the Banns again with as audible a Voice as before. It was lucky for her, that as there was no Sermon, she had an immediate Opportunity of returning Home to vent her Rage, which she could not have concealed from the Congregation five Minutes; indeed it was not then very numerous, the Assembly consisting of no more than Adams, his Clerk, his Wife, the Lady and one of her Servants. At her Return she met Slipshod, who accosted her in these Words:— ‘ O Meam, what doth your Ladyship think? To be sure Lawyer Scout hath carried Joseph and Fanny both before the Justice. All the Parish are in Tears, and say they will certainly be hanged: For nobody knows what it is for.’— ‘ I suppose they deserve it,’ says the Lady. ‘ What dost thou mention such Wretches to me?’ — ‘ O dear Madam,’ answered Slipshod, is it not a Pity such a graceless young Man should

‘ should die a *virulent* Death? I hope the Judge will take *Commensuration* on his Youth. As for *Fanny*, I don’t think it signifies much what becomes of her; and if poor *Joseph* hath done any Thing, I could venture to swear she *traded* him to it: Few Men ever come to a *fragrant* Punishment, but by those nasty Creatures who are a Scandal to our *Sect*.’ The Lady was no more pleased at this News, after a Moment’s Reflection, than *Slipslop* herself: For tho’ she wished *Fanny* far enough, she did not desire the Removal of *Joseph*, especially with her. She was puzzled how to act, or what to say on this Occasion, when a Coach and Six drove into the Court, and a Servant acquainted her with the Arrival of her Nephew *Booby* and his Lady. She ordered them to be conducted into a Drawing-Room, whither she presently repaired, having composed her Countenance as well as she could; being a little satisfied that the Wedding would by these Means be at least interrupted, and that she should have an Opportunity to execute any Resolution she might take, for which she saw herself provided with an excellent Instrument in *Scout*.

The Lady *Booby* apprehended her Servant had made a Mistake, when he mentioned Mr. *Booby*’s Lady; for she had never heard of his Marriage; but how great was her Surprise, when at her entering the Room, her Nephew presented his Wife to her! saying, ‘ Madam, this is that charming *Pamela*, of whom I am convinced you have heard so much.’ The Lady received her with more Civility than he expected; indeed with the utmost: For she was perfectly polite, nor had any Vice inconsistent with good Breeding.

ing. They passed some little Time in ordinary Discourse, when a Servant came and whispered Mr. Booby, who presently told the Ladies he must desert them a little on some Business of Consequence; and as their Discourse during his Absence would afford little Improvement or Entertainment to the Reader, we will leave them for a little while to attend Mr. Booby.

C H A P. V.

Containing Justice Business: Curious Precedents of Depositions, and other Matters necessary to be perused by all Justices of the Peace and their Clerks.

THE young Squire and his Lady were no sooner alighted from their Coach, than the Servants began to enquire after Mr. Joseph, from whom they said their Lady had not heard a Word, to her great Surprise, since he had left Lady Booby's. Upon this they were instantly informed of what had lately happened, with which they hastily acquainted their Master, who took an immediate Resolution to go himself, and endeavour to restore his Pamela her Brother, before she even knew she had lost him.

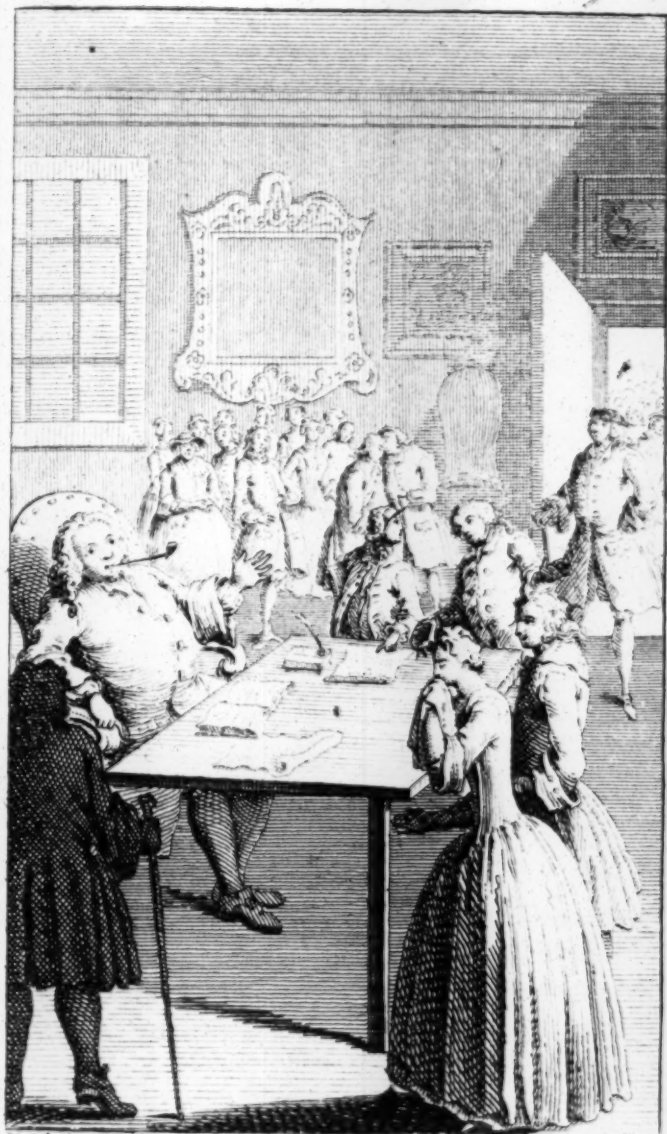
The Justice, before whom the Criminals were carried, and who lived within a short Mile of the Lady's House, was luckily Mr. Booby's Acquaintance, by his having an Estate in his Neighbourhood. Ordering therefore his Horses to his Coach, he set out for the Judgment-Seat, and arrived when the Justice had almost finished his Business,

Business. He was conducted into a Hall, where he was acquainted that his Worship would wait on him in a Moment; for he had only a Man and a Woman to commit to *Bridewell* first. As he was now convinced he had not a Minute to lose, he insisted on the Servant's introducing him directly into the Room where the Justice was then executing his Office, as he called it. Being brought thither, and the first Compliments being past between the Squire and his Worship, the former asked the latter what Crime those two young People had been guilty of. 'No great Crime,' answered the Justice, 'I have only ordered them to *Bridewell* for a Month.' 'But what is their Crime?' repeated the Squire. 'Larceny, an't please your Honour,' said *Scout*. 'Aye,' says the Justice, 'a kind of felonious larcenous Thing. I believe I must order them a little Correction too, a little Stripping and Whipping.' (Poor *Fanny*, who had hitherto supported all with the Thoughts of *Joseph's* Company, trembled at that Sound; but indeed without Reason, for none but the Devil himself would have executed such a Sentence on her.) 'Still,' said the Squire, 'I am ignorant of the Crime, the Fact I mean.' 'Why, there it is in *Pea-per*,' answered the Justice, shewing him a Deposition, which in the Absence of his Clerk, he had writ himself, of which we have with great Difficulty procured an authentic Copy; and here it follows *verbatim & literatim*.



J. H. Culott inv. et sculp. Published March 1st 1742 by J. Miller.

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J. Hulst inv. et sculp. Published, March 1st, 1741.

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The Deposition of James Scout, Layer, and Thomas Trotter, Yeoman, taken before mee, on of his Magesty's Justasses of the Piece for Zumerfetshire.

‘THESE Deponents saith, and first *Thomas Trotter* for himself saith, that on the of this Instant *October*, being Sabbath-Day, betwin the Ours of 2 and 4 in the Afternoon, he zeed *Joseph Andrews* and *Francis Goodwill* walk akrofs a certane Felde belonging to Layer *Scout*, and out of the Path which ledes thru the said Felde, and there he zede *Joseph Andrews* with a Nife cut one Hassel-Twig, of the Value, as he believes, of 3 half pence, or thereabouts; and he saith, that the said *Francis Goodwill* was likewise walking on the Grass out of the said Path in the said Felde, and did receive and karry in her Hand the said Twig, and so was cumfarting eading and abating to the said *Joseph* therein. And the said *James Scout* for himself says, that he verily believes the said Twig to be his own proper Twig, &c.’

‘*Jesu!*’ said the Squire, ‘would you commit two Persons to *Bridewell* for a Twig?’ ‘Yes,’ said the Lawyer, ‘and with great Lenity too; for if he had called it a young Tree they would have been both hanged.’—‘*Harkee,*’ (says the Justice, taking aside the Squire) ‘I should not have been so severe on this Occasion, but Lady *Booby* desires to get them out of the Parish; so Lawyer *Scout* will give the Constable Orders to let them run away, if they please;

‘ please ; but it seems they intend to marry together, and the Lady hath no other Means, as they are legally settled there, to prevent their bringing an Incumbrance on her own Parish.’
 ‘ Well,’ said the Squire, ‘ I will take Care my Aunt shall be satisfied in this Point ; and likewise I promise you, *Joseph* here shall never be any Incumbrance on her. I shall be obliged to you therefore, if, instead of *Bridewell*, you will commit them to my Custody.’——‘ O to be sure, Sir, if you desire it,’ answered the Justice ; and without more ado, *Joseph* and *Fanny* were delivered over to Squire *Booby*, whom *Joseph* very well knew ; but little guessed how nearly he was related to him. The Justice burnt his Mittimus : The Constable was sent about his Business : The Lawyer made no Complaint for Want of Justice ; and the Prisoners, with exulting Hearts, gave a thousand Thanks to his Honour Mr. *Booby*, who did not intend their Obligations to him should cease there ; for ordering his Man to produce a Cloak-bag, which he had caused to be brought from Lady *Booby*’s on Purpose, he desired the Justice that he might have *Joseph* with him into a Room ; where ordering his Servant to take out a Suit of his own Clothes, with Linen and other Necessaries, he left *Joseph* to dress himself, who not yet knowing the Cause of all this Civility, excused his accepting such a Favour, as long as decently he could. Whilst *Joseph* was dressing, the Squire repaired to the Justice, whom he found talking with *Fanny* ; for during the Examination, she had looped her Hat over her Eyes, which were also bathed in Tears, and had by that Means concealed from his Worship what might perhaps have

have rendered the Arrival of Mr. *Booby* unnecessary at least for herself. The Justice no sooner saw her Countenance cleared up, and her bright Eyes shining through her Tears, than he secretly cursed himself for having once thought of *Bridewell* for her. He would willingly have sent his own Wife thither, to have had *Fanny* in her Place. And conceiving almost at the same Instant Desires, and Schemes to accomplish them, he employed the Minutes whilst the Squire was absent with *Joseph*, in assuring her how sorry he was for having treated her so roughly before he knew her Merit; and told her that since Lady *Booby* was unwilling that she should settle in her Parish, she was heartily welcome to his, where he promised her his Protection, adding, that he would take *Joseph* and her into his own Family, if she liked it; which Assurance he confirmed with a Squeeze by the Hand. She thanked him very kindly, and said, ‘She would acquaint *Joseph* with the Offer, which he would certainly be glad to accept; for that Lady *Booby* was angry with them both; tho’ she did now know either had done any Thing to offend her: But imputed it to Madam *Slipslop*, who had always been her Enemy.’

The Squire now returned, and prevented any farther Continuance of this Conversation; and the Justice, out of a pretended Respect to his Guest, but in Reality from an Apprehension of a Rival, (for he knew nothing of his Marriage) ordered *Fanny* into the Kitchen, whither she gladly retired; nor did the Squire, who declined the Trouble of explaining the whole Matter, oppose it.

It would be unnecessary, if I was able, which indeed I am not, to relate the Conversation between these two Gentlemen, which rolled, as I have been informed, entirely on the Subject of Horse-racing. *Joseph* was soon dressed in the plainest Dress he could find, which was a blue Coat and Breeches, with a Gold Edging, and a red Waistcoat with the same; and as this Suit, which was rather too large for the Squire, exactly fitted him; so he became it so well, and looked so genteel, that no Person would have doubted its being as well adapted to his Quality as his Shape; nor have suspected, as one might, when my Lord—, or Sir—, or Mr.—, appear in Lace or Embroidery, that the Taylor's Man wore those Clothes home on his Back, which he should have carried under his Arm.

The Squire now took leave of the Justice, and calling for *Fanny*, made her and *Joseph*, against their Wills, get into the Coach with him, which he then ordered to drive to Lady *Booby's*.—It had moved a few Yards only, when the Squire asked *Joseph*, if he knew who that Man was crossing the Field; for, added he, I never saw one take such Strides before. *Joseph* answered eagerly, 'O, Sir, it is Parson *Adams*.'—'O la, indeed, and so it is,' said *Fanny*; 'poor Man, he is coming to do what he could for us. Well, he is the worthiest best natur'd Creature'—'Aye,' said *Joseph*, 'God bless him; for there is not such another in the Universe.'—'The best Creature living sure,' cries *Fanny*. 'Is he?' says the Squire, 'then I am resolved to have the best Creature living in my Coach;' and so saying he ordered it to stop, whilst *Joseph*, at his Request, hallooed to the Parson, who

who well knowing his Voice, made all the Haste imaginable, and soon came up with them. He was desired by the Master, who could scarce refrain from Laughter at his Figure, to mount into the Coach, which he with many Thanks refused, saying he could walk by its Side, and he'd warrant he kept up with it; but he was at length over-prevail'd on. The Squire now acquainted *Joseph* with his Marriage; but he might have spared himself that Labour; for his Servant, whilst *Joseph* was dressing, had performed that Office before. He continued to express the vast Happiness he enjoyed in his Sister, and the Value he had for all who belonged to her. *Joseph* made many Bows, and express'd as many Acknowledgments; and Parson *Adams*, who now first perceived *Joseph's* new Apparel, burst into Tears with Joy, and fell to rubbing his Hands and snapping his Fingers, as if he had been mad.

They were now arrived at the Lady *Booby's*, and the Squire desiring them to wait a Moment in the Court, walked into his Aunt, and calling her out from his Wife, acquainted her with *Joseph's* Arrival; saying, 'Madam, as I have married a virtuous and worthy Woman, I am resolved to own her Relations, and shew them all a proper Respect; I shall think myself therefore infinitely obliged to all mine, who will do the same. It is true her Brother hath been your Servant, but he is now become my Brother; and I have one Happiness, that neither his Character, his Behaviour, or Appearance, give me any Reason to be ashamed of calling him so. In short, he is now below, dress'd like a Gentleman, in which Light I intend he shall hereafter be seen; and you will

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‘oblige me beyond Expression, if you will admit him to be of our Party; for I know it will give great Pleasure to my Wife, tho’ she will not mention it.’

This was a Stroke of Fortune beyond the Lady *Booby’s* Hopes or Expectation; she answered him eagerly, ‘Nephew, you know how easily I am prevailed on to do any Thing which *Joseph Andrews* desires—Phoo’, I mean which you desire me; and as he is now your Relation, I cannot refuse to entertain him as such.’ The Squire told her, he knew his Obligation to her for her Compliance; and going three Steps, returned and told her—he had one more Favour, which he believed she would easily grant, as she had accorded him the former. ‘There is a young Woman—’ ‘Nephew,’ says she, ‘don’t let my Good-nature make you desire, as is too commonly the Case, to impose on me. Nor think, because I have with so much Condescension agreed to suffer your Brother-in-law to come to my Table, that I will submit to the Company of all my own Servants, and all the dirty Trollops in the Country.’ ‘Madam,’ answer’d the Squire, ‘I believe you never saw this young Creature. I never beheld such Sweetness and Innocence, joined with such Beauty, and withal so genteel.’ ‘Upon my Soul I won’t admit her,’ reply’d the Lady in a Passion; ‘the whole World shan’t prevail on me: I resent even the Desire as an Affront, and’—The Squire, who knew her Inflexibility, interrupted her, by asking Pardon, and promising not to mention it more. He then returned to *Joseph*, and she to *Pamela*. He took *Joseph* aside and told him, he would carry him

to

to his Sister; but could not prevail as yet for *Fanny*. *Joseph* begged that he might see his Sister alone, and then be with his *Fanny*; but the Squire knowing the Pleasure his Wife would have in her Brother's Company, would not admit it, telling *Joseph* there would be nothing in so short an Absence from *Fanny*, whilst he was assured of her Safety; adding, he hoped he could not so easily quit a Sister whom he had not seen so long, and who so tenderly loved him.—*Joseph* immediately complied; for indeed no Brother could love a Sister more; and recommending *Fanny*, who rejoiced that she was not to go before Lady *Booby*, to the Care of Mr. *Adams*, he attended the Squire up Stairs, whilst *Fanny* repaired with the Parson to his House, where she thought herself secure of a kind Reception.

C H A P. VI.

Of which you are desired to read no more than you like.

THE Meeting between *Joseph* and *Pamela* was not without Tears of Joy on both Sides; and their Embraces were full of Tenderness and Affection. They were however regarded with much more Pleasure by the Nephew than by the Aunt, to whose Flame they were Fuel only; and this was increased by the Addition of Dress, which was indeed not wanted to set off the lively Colours in which Nature had drawn Health, Strength, Comeliness, and Youth. In the Afternoon *Joseph*, at their Request, entertained them with the Account of his Adventures;

nor could Lady *Booby* conceal her Dissatisfaction at those Parts in which *Fanny* was concerned, especially when Mr. *Booby* launched forth into such rapturous Praises of her Beauty. She said, applying to her Niece, that she wondered her Nephew, who had pretended to marry for Love, should think such a Subject proper to amuse his Wife with; adding, that for her Part, she should be jealous of a Husband who spoke so warmly in Praise of another Woman. *Pamela* answer'd, indeed she thought she had Cause; but it was an Instance of Mr. *Booby's* Aptness to see more Beauty in Women than they were Mistresses of. At which Words both the Women fixed their Eyes on two Looking Glasses; and Lady *Booby* replied, that Men were, in the general, very ill Judges of Beauty; and then, whilst both contemplated only their own Faces, they paid a cross Compliment to each other's Charms. When the Hour of Rest approached, which the Lady of the House deferred as long as decently she could, she informed *Joseph* (whom for the future we shall call Mr. *Joseph*, he having as good a Title to that Appellation as many others, I mean that incontestable one of good Clothes) that she had ordered a Bed to be provided for him. He declined this Favour to his utmost; for his Heart had long been with his *Fanny*; but she insisted on his accepting it, alledging that the Parish had no proper Accommodation for such a Person as he was now to esteem himself. The Squire and his Lady both joining with her, Mr. *Joseph* was at last forced to give over his Design of visiting *Fanny* that Evening, who, on her Side, as impatiently expected him till Midnight, when in Complacence to Mr. *Adams's* Family, who had
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sat up two Hours out of Respect to her, she retired to Bed, but not to sleep; the Thoughts of her Love kept her waking, and his not returning according to his Promise filled her with Uneasiness; of which, however, she could not assign any other Cause, than merely that of being absent from him.

Mr. *Joseph* rose early in the Morning, and visited her in whom his Soul delighted. She no sooner heard his Voice in the Parson's Parlour, than she leapt from her Bed, and dressing herself in a few Minutes, went down to him. They past two Hours with inexpressible Happiness together; and then having appointed *Monday*, by Mr. *Adams's* Permission, for their Marriage, Mr. *Joseph* returned, according to his Promise, to Breakfast at the Lady *Baoby's*, with whose Behaviour since the Evening we shall now acquaint the Reader.

She was no sooner retired to her Chamber than she asked *Slipslop* what she thought of this wonderful Creature her Nephew had married. 'Madam!' said *Slipslop*, not yet sufficiently understanding what Answer she was to make. 'I ask you,' answered the Lady, 'what you think of the Dowdy, my Niece I think I am to call her?' *Slipslop* wanting no further Hint, began to pull her to Pieces, and so miserably defaced her, that it would have been impossible for any one to have known the Person. The Lady gave her all the Assistance she could, and ended with saying,—'I think, *Slipslop*, you have done her Justice; but yet, bad as she is, she is an Angel compared to this *Fanny*.' *Slipslop* then fell on *Fanny*, whom she hacked and hewed in the like barbarous Manner, concluding with

an Observation, that there was always something in those low life Creatures which must eternally distinguish them from their Betters. ‘Really,’ said the Lady, ‘I think there is one Exception to your Rule; I am certain you may guess who I mean.’——‘Not I, upon my Word, Madam,’ said *Slipslop*.——‘I mean a young Fellow; sure you are the dullest Wretch,’ said the Lady.——‘O la, I am indeed.——Yes truly, Madam, he is an *Accession*,’ answered *Slipslop*.——‘Aye, is he not, *Slipslop*?’ returned the Lady. ‘Is he not so genteel that a Prince might without a Blush acknowledge him for his Son. His Behaviour is such that would not shame the best Education. He borrows from his Station a Condescension in every Thing to his Superiors, yet unattended by that mean Servility which is called Good-Behaviour in such Persons. Every Thing he doth, hath no Mark of the base Motive of Fear, but visibly shews some Respect and Gratitude, and carries with it the Persuasion of Love.——And then for his Virtues; such Piety to his Parents, such tender Affection to his Sister, such Integrity in his Friendship, such Bravery, such Goodness, that if he had been born a Gentleman, his Wife would have possessed the most invaluable Blessing’——‘To be sure, Ma’am,’ says *Slipslop*.——‘But as he is,’ answered the Lady, ‘if he had a thousand more good Qualities, it must render a Woman of Fashion contemptible even to be suspected of thinking of him, yes I should despise myself for such a Thought.’ ‘To be sure, Ma’am,’ said *Slipslop*. ‘And why to be sure?’ replied the Lady; ‘thou art always one’s Echo. Is he not more worthy of Affec-
tion

'tion than a dirty Country Clown, tho' born of
 'a Family as old as the Flood, or an idle worth-
 'less Rake, or a little puiſny Beau of Quality ?
 'And yet theſe we muſt condemn ourſelves to,
 'in order to avoid the Censure of the World ;
 'to ſhun the Contempt of others, we muſt ally
 'ourſelves to thoſe we deſpiſe ; we muſt prefer
 'Birth, Title, and Fortune, to real Merit. It
 'is a Tyranny of Cuſtom, a Tyranny we muſt
 'comply with : For we People of Faſhion are
 'the Slaves of Cuſtom.'——'Marry come up !'
 ſaid *Slipslop*, who now well knew which Party to
 take, 'if I was a Woman of your Ladyſhip's
 'Fortune and Quality, I would be a Slave to no
 'body.'——'Me,' ſaid the Lady, 'I am ſpeak-
 'ing, if a young Woman of Faſhion, who had
 'ſeen nothing of the World, ſhould happen to
 'like ſuch a Fellow.——Me indeed ! I hope
 'thou didſt not imagine'——'No, Ma'am, to
 'be ſure,' cries *Slipslop*.——'No ! what no ?'
 cried the Lady. 'Thou art always ready to an-
 'ſwer, before thou haſt heard one. So far I
 'muſt allow he is a charming Fellow. Me in-
 'deed ! No, *Slipslop*, all Thoughts of Men are
 'over with me.——I have loſt a Huſband,
 'who——but if I ſhould reflect, I ſhould run
 'mad.——My future Eaſe muſt depend upon
 'Forgetfulneſs. *Slipslop*, let me hear ſome of
 'thy Nonſenſe to turn my Thoughts another
 'Way. What doſt thou think of Mr. An-
 'drews ?' 'Why I think,' ſays *Slipslop*, 'he is
 'the handſomeſt, moſt propereſt Man I ever
 'ſaw ; and if I was a Lady of the greateſt De-
 'gree, it would be well for ſome Folks. Your
 'Ladyſhip may talk of Cuſtom, if you pleaſe ;
 'but I am *confidous* there is no more Compariſon

' between young Mr. *Andrews*, and most of the
 ' young Gentlemen who come to your Lady-
 ' ship's House in *London*; a Parcel of *Whipper-*
 ' *snapper* Sparks: I would sooner marry our old
 ' Parson *Adams*. Never tell me what People say,
 ' whilst I am happy in the Arms of him I love.
 ' Some Folks rail against other Folks, because
 ' other Folks have what some Folks would be
 ' glad of.'——' And so,' answered the Lady,
 ' if you was a Woman of Condition, you would
 ' really marry Mr. *Andrews*?'——' Yes, I assure
 ' your Ladyship,' replied *Slipslop*, ' if he would
 ' have me.'——' Fool, Idiot,' cries the Lady,
 ' if he would have a Woman of Fashion! Is
 ' that a Question?' ' No truly, Madam,' said
Slipslop, ' I believe it would be none if *Fanny*
 ' was out of the Way; and I am *confidous* if I
 ' was in your Ladyship's Place, and liked Mr.
 ' *Joseph Andrews*, she should not stay in the Pa-
 ' rish a Moment. I am sure Lawyer *Scout* would
 ' send her packing, if your Ladyship would but
 ' say the Word.' This last Speech of *Slipslop*
 raised a Tempest in the Mind of her Mistress.
 She feared *Scout* had betrayed her, or rather that
 she had betrayed herself. After some Silence,
 and a double Change of her Complexion, first
 to pale, and then to red, she thus spoke: ' I
 ' am astonished at the Liberty you give your
 ' Tongue. Would you insinuate, that I em-
 ' ployed *Scout* against this Wench, on the Ac-
 ' count of the Fellow?' ' La, Ma'am,' said
Slipslop, frightened out of her Wits, ' I *assassinate*
 ' such a Thing!' ' I think you dare not,' an-
 ' swered the Lady. ' I believe my Conduct may
 ' defy Malice itself to assert so cursed a Slander.
 ' If I had ever discovered any Wantonness, any
 ' Light-

‘ Lightness in my Behaviour : If I had followed
 ‘ the Example of some whom thou hast, I be-
 ‘ lieve, seen, in allowing myself indecent Liber-
 ‘ ties, even with a Husband : But the dear Man
 ‘ who is gone,’ (*here she began to sob*) ‘ was he
 ‘ alive again,’ (*then she produced Tears*) ‘ could
 ‘ not upbraid me with any one Act of Tender-
 ‘ ness or Passion. No, *Slipslop*, all the Time I
 ‘ cohabited with him, he never obtained even a
 ‘ Kiss from me, without my expressing Reluc-
 ‘ tance in the granting it. I am sure he himself
 ‘ never suspected how much I loved him.—
 ‘ Since his Death, thou knowest, though it is al-
 ‘ most six Weeks (it wants but a Day) ago, I
 ‘ have not admitted one Visitor, till this Fool
 ‘ my Nephew arrived. I have confined myself
 ‘ quite to one Party of Friends.—And can
 ‘ such a Conduct as this fear to be arraigned?
 ‘ To be accused not only of a Passion which I
 ‘ have always despised, but of fixing it on such
 ‘ an Object, a Creature so much beneath my
 ‘ Notice.’——‘ Upon my Word, Ma’am,’ says
Slipslop, ‘ I do not understand your Ladyship,
 ‘ nor know I any Thing of the Matter.’——‘ I
 ‘ believe indeed thou dost not understand me.—
 ‘ These are Delicacies which exist only in supe-
 ‘ rior Minds; thy coarse Ideas cannot compre-
 ‘ hend them. Thou art a low Creature, of the
 ‘ *Andrews* Breed, a Reptile of a lower Order, a
 ‘ Weed that grows in the common Garden of
 ‘ the Creation.’——‘ I assure your Ladyship,’
 says *Slinslop*, whose Passions were almost of as
 high an Order as her Lady’s, ‘ I have no more
 ‘ to do with *Common Garden* than other Folks.
 ‘ Really, your Ladyship talks of Servants as if
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‘ they were not born of the Christian *Specious*.
 ‘ Servants have Flesh and Blood as well as Qua-
 ‘ lity ; and Mr. *Andrews* himself is a Proof that
 ‘ they have as good, if not better. And for my
 ‘ own Part, I can’t perceive my *Dears* * are
 ‘ coarser than other People’s ; and I am sure, if
 ‘ Mr. *Andrews* was a *Dear* of mine, I should
 ‘ not be ashamed of him in Company with
 ‘ Gentlemen ; for whoever hath seen him in his
 ‘ new Clothes, must confess he looks as much like
 ‘ a Gentleman as any body. Coarse, quotha ! I
 ‘ can’t bear to hear the poor young Fellow run
 ‘ down neither ; for I will say this, I never heard
 ‘ him say an ill Word of any body in his Life.
 ‘ I am sure his Coarseness doth not lie in his
 ‘ Heart ; for he is the best natured Man in the
 ‘ World ; and as for his Skin, it is no coarser
 ‘ than other People’s, I am sure. His Bosom,
 ‘ when a Boy, was as white as driven Snow ; and
 ‘ where it is not covered with Hairs, is so still.
 ‘ Ifaukins ! if I was Mrs. *Andrews*, with a Hun-
 ‘ dred a Year, I should not envy the best She
 ‘ who wears a Head. A Woman that could not
 ‘ be happy with such a Man, ought never to be
 ‘ so : For if he can’t make a Woman happy, I
 ‘ never yet beheld the Man who could. I say
 ‘ again, I wish I was a great Lady for his Sake.
 ‘ I believe when I made a Gentleman of him,
 ‘ he’d behave so, that no body should *deprecate*
 ‘ what I had done ; and I fancy few would ven-
 ‘ ture to tell him he was no Gentleman to his
 ‘ Face, nor to mine neither.’ At which Words,
 taking up the Candles, she asked her Mistress,
 who had been some Time in her Bed, if she had

* Meaning perhaps Ideas,

any farther Commands; who mildly answered she had none; and telling her, she was a comical Creature, bid her good Night.

C H A P. VII.

Philosophical Reflections, the like not to be found in any light French Romance. Mr. Booby's grave Advice to Joseph, and Fanny's Encounter with a Beau.

HABIT, my good Reader, hath so vast a Prevalence over the human Mind, that there is scarce any Thing too strange or too strong to be asserted of it. The Story of the Miser, who, from long accustoming to cheat others, came at last to cheat himself, and with great Delight and Triumph picked his own Pocket of a Guinea to convey to his Hoard, is not impossible or improbable. In like manner it fares with the Practisers of Deceit, who, from having long deceived their Acquaintance, gain at last a Power of deceiving themselves, and acquire that very Opinion (however false) of their own Abilities, Excellencies and Virtues, into which they have for Years perhaps endeavoured to betray their Neighbours. Now, Reader, to apply this Observation to my present Purpose, thou must know, that as the Passion, generally called Love, exercises most of the Talents of the Female or fair World; so in this they now and then discover a small Inclination to Deceit; for which thou wilt not be angry with the beautiful Creatures, when thou hast considered, that at the Age of seven, or
some-

something earlier, Miss is instructed by her Mother, that Master is a very monstrous kind of Animal, who will, if she suffers him to come too near her, infallibly eat her up, and grind her to Pieces. That so far from kissing or toying with him of her own Accord, she must not admit him to kiss or toy with her. And lastly, that she must never have any Affection towards him; for if she should, all her Friends in Petticoats would esteem her a Traitors, point at her, and hunt her out of their Society. These Impressions being first received, are farther and deeper inculcated by their School-mistresses and Companions; so that by the Age of ten they have contracted such a Dread and Abhorrence of the above-named Monster, that, whenever they see him, they fly from him as the innocent Hare doth from the Greyhound. Hence, to the Age of fourteen or fifteen, they entertain a mighty Antipathy to Master; they resolve, and frequently profess, that they will never have any Commerce with him, and entertain fond Hopes of passing their Lives out of his Reach, of the Possibility of which they have so visible an Example in their good Maiden Aunt. But when they arrive at this Period, and have now past their second Climacteric, when their Wisdom, grown riper, begins to see a little farther, and from almost daily falling in Master's Way, to apprehend the great Difficulty of keeping out of it; and when they observe him look often at them, and sometimes very eagerly and earnestly too, (for the Monster seldom takes any Notice of them till at this Age) they then begin to think of their Danger; and as they perceive they cannot easily avoid him, the wiser Part begin to think themselves of providing by other Means

for their Security. They endeavour by all the Methods they can invent to render themselves so amiable in his Eyes, that he may have no Inclination to hurt them; in which they generally succeed so well, that his Eyes, by frequent languishing, soon lessen their Idea of his Fierceness, and so far abate their Fears, that they venture to parley with him; and when they perceive him so different from what he hath been described, all Gentleness, Softness, Kindness, Tenderneſs, Fondness, their dreadful Apprehensions vanish in a Moment: And now (it being usual with the human Mind to skip from one Extreme to its Opposite, as easily, and almost as suddenly, as a Bird from one Bough to another;) Love instantly succeeds to Fear: But as it happens to Persons who have in their Infancy been thoroughly frightened with certain No-Persons called Ghosts, that they retain their Dread of those Beings, after they are convinced that there are no such Things; so these young Ladies, tho' they no longer apprehend devouring, cannot so entirely shake off all that hath been instilled into them; they still entertain the Idea of that Censure which was so strongly imprinted on their tender Minds, to which the Declarations of Abhorrence they every Day hear from their Companions greatly contribute. To avoid this Censure therefore, is now their only Care; for which Purpose they still pretend the same Aversion to the Monster: And the more they love him, the more ardently they counterfeited the Antipathy. By the continual and constant Practice of which Deceit on others, they at length impose on themselves, and really believe they hate what they love. Thus indeed it happened to Lady Booby, who loved *Joseph* long before

before she knew it; and now loved him much more than she suspected. She had indeed, from the Time of his Sister's Arrival in the Quality of her Niece, and from the Instant she viewed him in the Dress and Character of a Gentleman, began to conceive secretly a Design which Love had concealed from herself, till a Dream betrayed it to her.

She had no sooner risen than she sent for her Nephew; when he came to her, after many Compliments on his Choice, she told him, 'He might perceive in her Condescension to admit her own Servant to her Table, that she looked on the Family of *Andrews* as his Relations, and indeed hers; that as he had married into such a Family, it became him to endeavour by all Methods to raise it as much as possible. At length she advised him to use all his Art to dissuade *Joseph* from his intended Match, which would still enlarge their Relation to Meanness and Poverty; concluding, that by a Commission in the Army, or some other genteel Employment, he might soon put young Mr. *Andrews* on the Foot of a Gentleman; and that being once done, his Accomplishments might quickly gain him an Alliance, which would not be to their Discredit.'

Her Nephew heartily embraced this Proposal; and finding Mr. *Joseph* with his Wife, at his Return to her Chamber, he immediately began thus: 'My Love to my dear *Pamela*, Brother, will extend to all her Relations; nor shall I shew them less Respect than if I had married into the Family of a Duke. I hope I have given you some early Testimonies of this, and shall continue to give you daily more. You
' will

' will excuse me therefore, Brother, if my Con-
 ' cern for your Interest makes me mention what
 ' may be, perhaps, disagreeable to you to hear :
 ' But I must insist upon it, that if you have any
 ' Value for my Alliance or my Friendship, you
 ' will decline any Thoughts of engaging farther
 ' with a Girl, who is, as you are a Relation
 ' of mine, so much beneath you. I know there
 ' may be at first some Difficulty in your Com-
 ' pliance, but that will daily diminish ; and you
 ' will in the End sincerely thank me for my Ad-
 ' vice. I own, indeed, the Girl is handsome ;
 ' but Beauty alone is a poor Ingredient, and will
 ' make but an uncomfortable Marriage.' ' Sir,
 said *Joseph*, ' I assure you her Beauty is her least
 ' Perfection ; nor do I know a Virtue which
 ' that young Creature is not possess of.' ' As
 ' to her Virtues,' answered Mr. *Booby*, ' you
 ' can be yet but a slender Judge of them : But
 ' if she had never so many, you will find her
 ' Equal in these among her Superiors in Birth
 ' and Fortune, which now you are to esteem on
 ' a Footing with yourself ; at least I will take
 ' care they shall shortly be so, unless you pre-
 ' vent me by degrading yourself with such a
 ' Match, a Match I have hardly Patience to
 ' think of ; and which would break the Hearts
 ' of your Parents, who now rejoice in the Ex-
 ' pectation of seeing you make a Figure in the
 ' World.' ' I know not,' replied *Joseph*, ' that
 ' my Parents have any Power over my Inclina-
 ' tions ; nor am I obliged to sacrifice my Hap-
 ' piness to their Whim or Ambition : Besides,
 ' I shall be very sorry to see, that the unexpected
 ' Advancement of my Sister should so suddenly
 ' inspire them with this wicked Pride, and make
 ' them

‘ them despise their Equals. I am resolved on
 ‘ no Account to quit my dear *Fanny*, no, tho’
 ‘ I could raise her as high above her present Sta-
 ‘ tion as you have raised my Sister.’ ‘ Your Sis-
 ‘ ter, as well as myself,’ said *Booby*, ‘ are greatly
 ‘ obliged to you for the Comparison: But,
 ‘ Sir, she is not worthy to be compared in Beau-
 ‘ ty to my *Pamela*; nor hath she half her Me-
 ‘ rit. And besides, Sir, as you civilly throw
 ‘ my Marriage with your Sister in my Teeth, I
 ‘ must teach you the wide Difference between
 ‘ us; my Fortune enabled me to please myself;
 ‘ and it would have been as overgrown a Folly
 ‘ in me to have omitted it, as in you to do it.’
 ‘ My Fortune enables me to please myself like-
 ‘ wise,’ said *Joseph*; ‘ for all my Pleasure is cen-
 ‘ tred in *Fanny*; and whilst I have Health, I
 ‘ shall be able to support her with my Labour
 ‘ in that Station to which she was born, and with
 ‘ which she is content.’ ‘ Brother,’ said *Pa-
 mela*, ‘ Mr. *Booby* advises you as a Friend; and
 ‘ no doubt, my Papa and Mama will be of his
 ‘ Opinion, and will have great Reason to be
 ‘ angry with you for destroying what his Good-
 ‘ ness hath done, and throwing down our Fa-
 ‘ mily again, after he hath raised it. It would
 ‘ become you better, Brother, to pray for the
 ‘ Assistance of Grace against such a Passion, than
 ‘ to indulge it.’—‘ Sure, Sister, you are not in
 ‘ earnest; I am sure she is your Equal at least.’
 ——— ‘ She was my Equal,’ answered *Pamela*,
 ‘ but I am no longer *Pamela Andrews*, I am now
 ‘ this Gentleman’s Lady, and as such am above
 ‘ her—I hope I shall never behave with an un-
 ‘ becoming Pride; but at the same Time, I shall
 ‘ always endeavour to know myself, and question
 ‘ not

‘not the Assistance of Grace to that Purpose.’ They were now summoned to Breakfast, and thus ended their Discourse for the present, very little to the Satisfaction of any of the Parties.

Fanny was now walking in an Avenue at some Distance from the House, when *Joseph* had promised to take the first Opportunity of coming to her. She had not a Shilling in the World, and had subsisted ever since her Return, entirely on the Charity of Parson *Adams*. A young Gentleman, attended by many Servants, came up to her, and asked her if that was not the Lady *Booby’s* House before him? This indeed he well knew, but had framed the Question for no other Reason than to make her look up, and discover if her Face was equal to the Delicacy of her Shape. He no sooner saw it, than he was struck with Amazement. He stopt his Horse, and swore she was the most beautiful Creature he ever beheld. Then instantly alighting, and delivering his Horse to his Servant, he rapt out half a dozen Oaths that he would kiss her; to which she at first submitted, begging he would not be rude: But he was not satisfied with the Civility of a Salute, nor even with the rudest Attack he could make on her Lips, but caught her in his Arms, and endeavoured to kiss her Breasts, which with all her Strength she resisted, and, as our Spark was not of the *Herculean* Race, with some Difficulty prevented. The young Gentleman being soon out of Breath in the Struggle, quitted her, and remounting his Horse, called one of his Servants to him, whom he ordered to stay behind with her, and make her any Offers whatever, to prevail on her to return Home with him in the Evening; and to assure her he would take her
into

into Keeping. He then rode on with his other Servants, and arrived at the Lady's House, to whom he was a distant Relation, and was come to pay a Visit.

The trusty Fellow, who was employed in an Office he had been long accustomed to, discharged his Part with all the Fidelity and Dexterity imaginable; but to no Purpose. She was entirely deaf to his Offers, and rejected them with the utmost Disdain. At last the Pimp, who had perhaps more warm Blood about him than his Master, began to solicit for himself; he told her, tho' he was a Servant, he was a Man of some Fortune, which he would make her Mistress of —and this without any Insult to her Virtue, for that he would marry her. She answer'd, if his Master himself, or the greatest Lord in the Land would marry her, she would refuse him. At last, being weary with Persuasions, and on Fire with Charms, which would have almost kindled a Flame in the Bosom of an ancient Philosopher, or modern Divine, he fastened his Horse to the Ground, and attacked her with much more Force than the Gentleman had exerted. Poor *Fanny* would not have been able to resist his Rudeness any long Time, but the Deity, who presides over chaste Love, sent her *Joseph* to her Assistance. He no sooner came within Sight, and perceived her struggling with a Man, than like a Cannon Ball, or like Lightning, or any Thing that is swifter, if any Thing be, he ran towards her, and coming up just as the Ravisher had torn her Handkerchief from her Breast, before his Lips had touched that Seat of Innocence and Bliss, he dealt him so lusty a Blow in that Part of the Neck which a Rope would have

have become with the utmost Propriety, that the Fellow staggered backwards, and perceiving he had to do with something rougher than the little, tender, trembling Hand of *Fanny*, he quitted her, and turning about saw his Rival, with Fire flashing from his Eyes, again ready to assail him; and indeed before he could well defend himself, or return the first Blow, he received a second, which, had it fallen on that Part of the Stomach to which it was directed, would have been probably the last he would have had any Occasion for; but the Ravisher lifting up his Hand, drove the Blow upwards to his Mouth, whence it dislodged three of his Teeth; and now not conceiving any extraordinary Affection for the Beauty of *Joseph's* Person, nor being extremely pleased with this Method of Salutation, he collected all his Force, and aimed a Blow at *Joseph's* Breast, which he artfully parry'd with one Fist, so that it lost its Force entirely in Air; and stepping one Foot backward, he darted his Fist so fiercely at his Enemy, that had he not caught it in his Hand (for he was a Boxer of no inferior Fame) it must have tumbled him on the Ground. And now the Ravisher meditated another Blow, which he aimed at that Part of the Breast where the Heart is lodged; *Joseph* did not catch it as before, yet so prevented its Aim, that it fell directly on his Nose, but with abated Force. *Joseph* then moving both Fist and Foot forwards at the same Time, threw his Head so dextrously into the Stomach of the Ravisher, that he fell a lifeless Lump on the Field, where he lay many Minutes breathless and motionless.

When

When *Fanny* saw her *Joseph* receive a Blow in his Face, and Blood running in a Stream from him, she began to tear her Hair, and invoke all human and divine Power to his Assistance. She was not, however, long under this Affliction, before *Joseph*, having conquered his Enemy, ran to her, and assured her he was not hurt; she then instantly fell on her Knees, and thanked God that he had made *Joseph* the Means of her Rescue, and at the same Time preserved him from being injured in attempting it. She offered with her Handkerchief to wipe his Blood from his Face; but he seeing his Rival attempting to recover his Legs, turned to him, and asked him, if he had enough; to which the other answered he had; for he believed he had fought with the Devil, instead of a Man; and loosening his Horse, said he should not have attempted the Wench if he had known she had been so well provided for.

Fanny now begged *Joseph* to return with her to Parson *Adams*, and to promise that he would leave her no more; these were Propositions so agreeable to *Joseph*, that had he heard them he would have given an immediate Assent: But indeed his Eyes were now his only Sense; for you may remember, Reader, that the Ravisher had tore her Handkerchief from *Fanny's* Neck, by which he had discovered such a Sight, that *Joseph* hath declared all the Statues he ever beheld, were so much inferior to it in Beauty, that it was more capable of converting a Man into a Statue, than of being imitated by the greatest Master of that Art. This modest Creature, whom no Warmth in Summer could ever induce to expose her Charms to the wanton Sun, a Modesty

to which perhaps they owed their inconceivable Whiteness, had stood many Minutes bare-necked in the Presence of *Joseph*, before her Apprehension of his Danger, and the Horror of seeing his Blood, would suffer her once to reflect on what concerned herself; till at last, when the Cause of her Concern had vanished, an Admiration at his Silence, together with observing the fixed Position of his Eyes, produced an Idea in the lovely Maid, which brought more Blood into her Face than had flowed from *Joseph's* Nostrils. The snowy Hue of her Bosom was likewise exchanged to Vermilion at the Instant when she clapped her Handkerchief round her Neck. *Joseph* saw the Uneasiness she suffered, and immediately removed his Eyes from an Object, in surveying which he had felt the greatest Delight which the Organs of Sight were capable of conveying to his Soul. So great was his Fear of offending her, and so truly did his Passion for her deserve the noble Name of Love.

Fanny, being recovered from her Confusion, which was almost equalled by what *Joseph* had felt from observing it, again mentioned her Request; this was instantly and gladly complied with, and together they crossed two or three Fields, which brought them to the Habitation of *Mr. Adams*.

C H A P. VIII.

A Discourse which happened between Mr. Adams, Mrs. Adams, Joseph and Fanny; with some Behaviour of Mr. Adams, which will be called by some few Readers very low, absurd, and unnatural.

THE Parson and his Wife had just ended a long Dispute when the Lovers came to the Door. Indeed this young Couple had been the Subject of the Dispute; for Mrs. Adams was one of those prudent People who never do any Thing to injure their Families, or perhaps one of those good Mothers who would even stretch their Conscience to serve their Children. She had long entertained Hope of seeing her eldest Daughter succeed Mrs. *Slipshod*, and of making her second Son an Exciseman by Lady *Booby's* Interest. These were Expectations she could not endure the Thoughts of quitting, and was therefore very uneasy to see her Husband so resolute to oppose the Lady's Intention in *Fanny's* Affair. She told him, ' it behoved every Man to take the

' first Care of his Family; that he had a Wife

' and six Children, the maintaining and provid-

' ing for whom would be Business enough for

' him without intermeddling in other Folks Af-

' fairs; that he had always preached up Submis-

' sion to Superiors, and would do ill to give an

' Example of the contrary Behaviour in his own

' Conduct; that if Lady *Booby* did wrong, she

' must answer for it herself, and the Sin would

‘ not lie at their Door; that *Fanny* had been a
 ‘ Servant, and bred up in the Lady’s own Fa-
 ‘ mily, and consequently she must have known
 ‘ more of her than they did, and it was very
 ‘ improbable, if she had behaved herself well,
 ‘ that the Lady would have been so bitterly her
 ‘ Enemy; that perhaps he was too much in-
 ‘ clined to think well of her, because she was
 ‘ handsome; but handsome Women were often
 ‘ no better than they should be; that G— made
 ‘ ugly Women as well as handsome ones, and
 ‘ that if a Woman had Virtue, it signified no-
 ‘ thing whether she had Beauty or no.’ For all
 which Reasons she concluded he should oblige the
 Lady, and stop the future Publication of the
 Banns. But all these excellent Arguments had
 no Effect on the Parson, who persisting in doing
 his Duty without regarding the Consequence it
 might have on his worldly Interest; he endea-
 voured to answer her as well as he could, to which
 she had just finished her Reply, (for she had always
 the last Word every where but at Church) when
Joseph and *Fanny* entered their Kitchen, where
 the Parson and his Wife then sat at Breakfast
 over some Bacon and Cabbage. There was
 a Coldness in the Civility of Mrs. *Adams*,
 which Persons of accurate Speculation might
 have observed, but escaped her present Guests;
 indeed it was a good deal covered by the Hear-
 tiness of *Adams*, who no sooner heard that
Fanny had neither eat nor drank that Morning,
 then he presented her a Bone of Bacon he had
 just been gnawing, being the only Remains of
 his Provision, and then ran nimbly to the Tap,
 and produced a Mug of small Beer, which he
 VOL. II. I called

called Ale; however, it was the best in his House. *Joseph*, addressing himself to the Parson, told him the Discourse which had past between Squire *Booby*, his Sister and himself, concerning *Fanny*: He then acquainted him with the Dangers whence he had rescued her, and communicated some Apprehensions on her Account. He concluded, that he should never have an easy Moment till *Fanny* was absolutely his, and begged that he might be suffered to fetch a Licence, saying, he could easily borrow the Money. The Parson answered, that he had already given his Sentiments concerning a Licence, and that a very few Days would make it unnecessary. ‘*Joseph*,’ says he, ‘I with this Haste doth not arise rather from your Impatience than your Fear; but as it certainly springs from one of these Causes, I will examine both. Of each of these therefore in their Turn; and first, for the first of these, namely Impatience. Now, Child, I must inform you, that if in your purposed Marriage with this young Woman, you have no Intention but the Indulgence of carnal Appetites, you are guilty of a very heinous Sin. Marriage was ordained for nobler Purposes, as you will learn when you hear the Service provided on that Occasion read to you. Nay perhaps, if you are a good Lad, I shall give you a Sermon *gratis*, wherein I shall demonstrate how little Regard ought to be had to the Flesh on such Occasions. The Text will be Child, *Matthew* the vith, and Part of the 28th Verse, *Whosoever looketh on a Woman so as to lust after her*. The latter Part I shall omit, as foreign to my Purpose. Indeed all such brutal Lusts and Af-

‘fections

' fections are to be greatly subdued, if not to-
 ' tally eradicated, before the Vessel can be said to
 ' be consecrated to Honour. To marry with a
 ' View of gratifying those Inclinations is a Pro-
 ' titution of that holy Ceremony, and must en-
 ' tail a Curse on all who so lightly undertake it.
 ' If therefore, this Haste arises from Impatience,
 ' you are to correct, and not give Way to it.
 ' Now as to the second Head which I propose to
 ' speak to, namely, Fear: It argues a Diffi-
 ' dence highly criminal of that Power in which
 ' alone we should put our Trust, seeing we may
 ' be well assured that he is able not only to de-
 ' feat the Designs of our Enemies, but even to
 ' turn their Hearts. Instead of taking therefore
 ' any unjustifiable or desperate Means to rid our-
 ' selves of Fear, we should resort to Prayer only
 ' on these Occasions; and we may be then cer-
 ' tain of obtaining what is best for us. When
 ' any Accident threatens us, we are not to de-
 ' spair, nor, when it overtakes us, to grieve;
 ' we must submit in all Things to the Will of
 ' Providence, and not set our Affections so much
 ' on any thing here, as not to be able to quit it
 ' without Reluctance. You are a young Man,
 ' and can know but little of this World; I am
 ' older, and have seen a great deal. All Passions
 ' are criminal in their Excess; and even Love it-
 ' self, if it is not subservient to our Duty, may
 ' render us blind to it. Had *Abraham* so loved his
 ' Son *Isaac*, as to refuse the Sacrifice required,
 ' is there any of us who would not condemn
 ' him? *Joseph*, I know your many good Quali-
 ' ties, and value you for them: But as I am to
 ' render an Account of your Soul, which is

‘ committed to my Cure, I cannot see any Fault
‘ without reminding you of it. You are too
‘ much inclined to Passion Child, and have set
‘ your Affections so absolutely on this young
‘ Woman, that if G— required her at your
‘ Hands, I fear you would reluctantly part with
‘ her. Now, believe me, no Christian ought
‘ so to set his Heart on any Person or Thing in
‘ this World, but that whenever it shall be re-
‘ quired or taken from him in any Manner by
‘ Divine Providence, he may be able, peace-
‘ ably, quietly, and contentedly to resign it.’ At
which Words one came hastily in and acquainted
Mr. *Adams* that his youngest Son was drowned.
He stood silent a Moment, and soon began to
stamp about the Room and deplore his Loss with
the bitterest Agony. *Joseph*, who was over-
whelmed with Concern likewise, recovered him-
self sufficiently to endeavour to comfort the Par-
son; in which Attempt he used many Arguments
that he had at several Times remembered out of
his own Discourses both in private and public,
(for he was a great Enemy to the Passions, and
preached nothing more than the Conquest of
them by Reason and Grace) but he was not at
Leisure now to hearken to his Advice. ‘ Child,
‘ Child,’ said he, ‘ do not go about Impossibili-
‘ ties. Had it been any other of my Children, I
‘ could have borne it with Patience; but my
‘ little Prattler, the Darling and Comfort of my
‘ old Age,—the little Wretch to be snatched
‘ out of Life just at his Entrance into it; the
‘ sweetest, best-tempered Boy, who never did a
‘ Thing to offend me. It was but this Morning
‘ I gave him his first Lesson in *Quæ Genus*. This
‘ was

‘ was the very Book he learnt ; poor Child ! it
 ‘ is of no farther Use to thee now. He would
 ‘ have made the best Scholar, and have been an
 ‘ Ornament to the Church ;—such Parts, and
 ‘ such Goodness, never met in one so young.
 ‘ And the handsomest Lad too,’ says Mrs. *Adams*,
 recovering from a Swoon in *Fanny’s* Arms.—
 ‘ My poor *Jacky*, shall I never see thee more ?’
 cries the Parson.—‘ Yes, surely, says *Joseph*,
 ‘ and in a better Place, you will meet again
 ‘ never to part more.’——I believe the Parson did
 not hear these Words, for he paid little regard to
 them, but went on lamenting whilst the Tears
 trickled down into his Bosom. At last he cry’d
 out, ‘ Where is my little Darling ?’ and was
 falling out, when, to his great Surprise and
 Joy, in which I hope the Reader will sympathize,
 he met his Son in a wet Condition indeed, but
 alive, and running towards him. The Person
 who brought the News of his Misfortune, had
 been a little too eager, as People sometimes are,
 from, I believe, no very good Principle; to re-
 late ill News; and having seen him fall into the
 River, instead of running to his Assistance, directly
 ran to acquaint his Father of a Fate which he
 had concluded to be inevitable, but whence the
 Child was relieved by the same poor Pedlar who
 had relieved his Father before from a less Distress.
 The Parson’s Joy was now as extravagant as his
 Grief had been before; he kissed and embraced
 his Son a thousand Times, and danced about the
 Room like one frantic; but as soon as he disco-
 vered the Face of his old Friend the Pedlar, and
 heard the fresh Obligation he had to him, what
 were his Sensations? not those which two Cour-

tiers feel in one another's Embraces ; not those with which a great Man receives the vile, treacherous Engines of his wicked Purposes ; not those with which a worthless younger Brother wishes his elder Joy of a Son, or a Man congratulates his Rival on his obtaining a Mistress, a Place, or an Honour.—No, Reader, he felt the Ebullition, the Overflowings of a full, honest, open Heart towards the Person who had conferred a real Obligation, and of which if thou canst not conceive an Idea within, I will not vainly endeavour to assist thee.

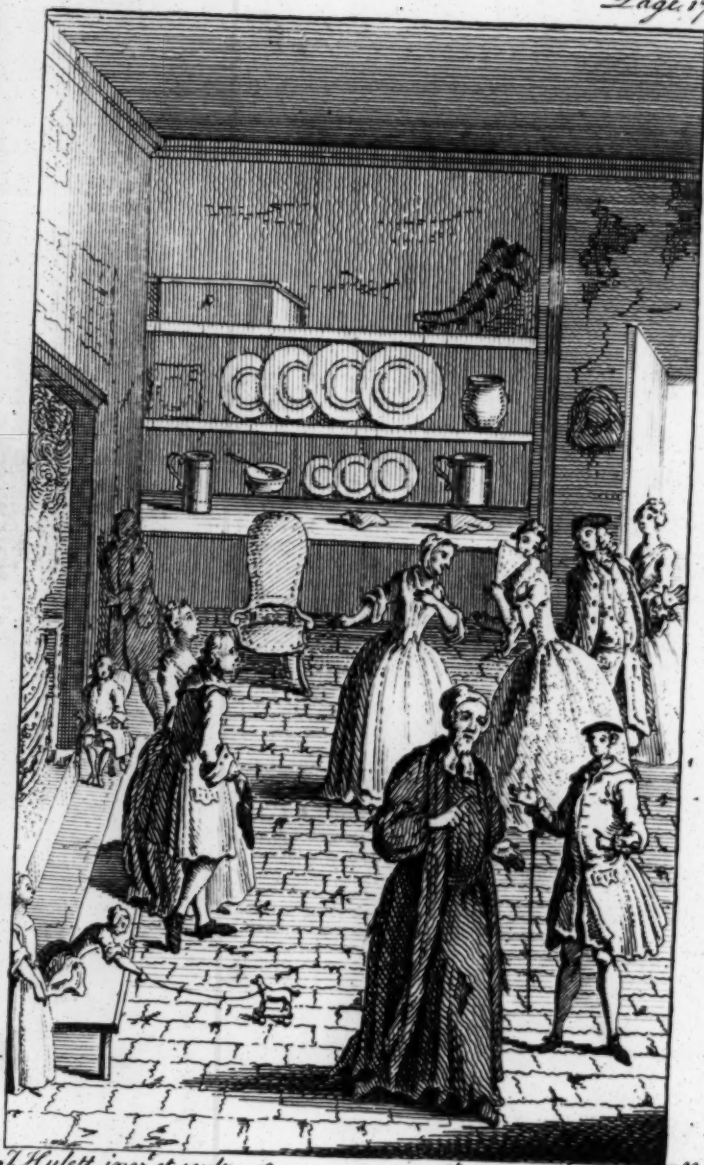
When these Tumults were over, the Parson, taking *Joseph* aside, proceeded thus—‘ No, *Joseph*, do not give to much way to thy Passions, if thou dost expect Happiness.’—The Patience of *Joseph*, nor perhaps of *Job*, could bear no longer ; he interrupted the Parson, saying, ‘ it was easier to give Advice than to take it ; nor did he perceive he could so entirely conquer himself, when he apprehended he had lost his Son, or when he found him recovered.’——‘ Boy,’ replied *Adams*, raising his Voice, ‘ it doth not become green Heads to advise grey Hairs.—Thou art ignorant of the Tenderness of fatherly Affection ; when thou art a Father, thou wilt be capable then only of knowing what a Father can feel. No Man is obliged to Impossibilities ; and the Loss of a Child is one of those great Trials, where our Grief may be allowed to be come immoderate.’ ‘ Well, Sir,’ cries *Joseph*, ‘ and if I love a Mistress as well as you your Child, surely her Loss would grieve me equally.’ ‘ Yes, but such Love is Foolishness, and wrong in itself, and ought to
‘ be

‘ wife. Don’t hearken to him, Mr. *Joseph*, be
 ‘ as good a Husband as you are able, and love
 ‘ your Wife with all your Body and Soul too.’
 Here a violent Rap at the Door put an End to
 their Discourse, and produced a Scene which the
 Reader will find in the next Chapter.

C H A P. IX.

*A Visit which the good Lady Booby and her
 polite Friend paid to the Parson.*

THE Lady *Booby* had no sooner had an Account from the Gentleman of his meeting a wonderful Beauty near her House, and perceived the Raptures with which he spoke of her, than immediately concluding it must be *Fanny*, she began to meditate a Design of bringing them better acquainted; and to entertain Hopes that the fine Clothes, Presents and Promises of this Youth, would prevail on her to abandon *Joseph*: She therefore proposed to her Company a Walk in the Fields before Dinner, when she led them towards Mr. *Adams*’s House; and, as she approached it, told them, if they pleased she would divert them with one of the most ridiculous Sightings they had ever seen, which was an old foolish Parson, who, she said laughing, kept a Wife and six Brats on a Salary of about 20 Pounds a Year; adding, that there was not such another ragged Family in the Parish. They all readily agreed to this Visit, and arrived whilst Mrs. *Adams* was declaiming, as in the last Chapter.



J. Hubert inv. et sculp. Published, March 1st 1742/3 by A. Millar.

ter. Beau *Didapper*, which was the Name of the young Gentleman we have seen riding towards Lady *Bosby's*, with his Cane mimicked the Rap of a *London* Footman at the Door. The People within, namely, *Adams*, his Wife, and three Children, *Joseph*, *Fanny*, and the Pedlar, were all thrown into Confusion by this Knock; but *Adams* went directly to the Door, which being opened, the Lady *Bosby* and her Company walked in, and were received by the Parson with about two hundred Bows; and by his Wife with as many Curt'sies, the latter telling the Lady, 'She was ashamed to be seen in such a Pickle, and that her House was in such a Litter: But that if she had expected such an Honour from her Ladyship, she should have found her in a better Manner.' The Parson made no Apologies, though he was in his Half-Cassock, and a Flannel Night-Cap. He said, 'they were heartily welcome to his poor Cottage,' and, turning to Mr. *Didapper*, cried out, *Non mea renidit in domo lacunar*. The Beau answered, 'He did not understand *Welsh*;' at which the Parson stared, and made no Reply.

Mr. *Didapper*, or Beau *Didapper*, was a young Gentleman of about four Feet five Inches in Height. He wore his own Hair, tho' the Scarcity of it might have given him sufficient Excuse for a Periwig. His Face was thin and pale: The Shape of his Body and Legs none of the best; for he had very narrow Shoulders, and no Calf; and his Gait might more properly be called hopping than walking. The Qualifications of his Mind were well adapted to his Person. We shall handle them first negatively. He was



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ter. Beau *Didapper*, which was the Name of the young Gentleman we have seen riding towards Lady *Booby's*, with his Cane mimicked the Rap of a *London Footman* at the Door. The People within, namely, *Adams*, his Wife, and three Children, *Joseph*, *Fanny*, and the Pedlar, were all thrown into Confusion by this Knock; but *Adams* went directly to the Door, which being opened, the Lady *Bosly* and her Company walked in, and were received by the Parson with about two hundred Bows; and by his Wife with as many Curt'sies, the latter telling the Lady, 'She was ashamed to be seen in such a Pickle, and that her House was in such a Litter: But that if she had expected such an Honour from her Ladyship, she should have found her in a better Manner.' The Parson made no Apologies, though he was in his Half-Caslock, and a Flannel Night-Cap. He said, 'they were heartily welcome to his poor Cottage,' and, turning to Mr. *Didapper*, cried out, *Non mea renidit in domo lacunar*. The Beau answered, 'He did not understand *Welsh*;' at which the Parson stared, and made no Reply.

Mr. *Didapper*, or Beau *Didapper*, was a young Gentleman of about four Feet five Inches in Height. He wore his own Hair, tho' the Scarcity of it might have given him sufficient Excuse for a Periwig. His Face was thin and pale: The Shape of his Body and Legs none of the best; for he had very narrow Shoulders, and no Calf; and his Gait might more properly be called hopping than walking. The Qualifications of his Mind were well adapted to his Person. We shall handle them first negatively. He was

not entirely ignorant : For he could talk a little *French*, and sing two or three *Italian* Songs : He had lived too much in the World to be bashful, and too much at Court to be proud : He seemed not much inclined to Avarice ; for he was profuse in his Expences : Nor had he all the Features of Prodigality ; for he never gave a Shilling :—No Hater of Women ; for he always dangled after them ; yet so little subject to Lust, that he had, among those who knew him best, the Character of great Moderation in his Pleasures. No Drinker of Wine ; nor so addicted to Passion, but that a hot Word or two from an Adversary made him immediately cool.

Now, to give him only a Dash or two on the affirmative Side : ‘ Though he was born to an
‘ immense Fortune, he chose, for the pitiful and
‘ dirty Consideration of a Place of little Consequence, to depend entirely on the Will of a
‘ Fellow, whom they call a Great Man ; who
‘ treated him with the utmost Disrespect, and
‘ exacted of him a plenary Obedience to his
‘ Commands ; which he implicitly submitted to,
‘ at the Expence of his Conscience, his Honour,
‘ and of his Country, in which he had himself
‘ so very large a Share. And to finish his Character ; as he was entirely well satisfied with
‘ his own Person and Parts, so he was very apt
‘ to ridicule and laugh at any Imperfection in
‘ another.’ Such was the little Person or rather Thing, that hopped after Lady *Booby* into Mr. *Adam’s* Kitchen.

The Parson and his Company retreated from the Chimney Side, where they had been seated, to give Room to the Lady and hers. Instead of returning

returning any of the Curt'sies or extraordinary Civility of Mrs. Adams, the Lady turning to Mr. Booby, cried out, '*Quelle Bête! Quel Animal!*' And presently after discovering Fanny (for she did not need the Circumstance of her standing by Joseph to assure the Identity of her Person) she asked the Beau, 'Whether he did not think her a pretty Girl?'—'Begad, Madam,' answered he, 'tis the very same I met.' 'I did not imagine,' replied the Lady, 'you had so good a Taste.' 'Because I never liked you, I warrant,' cries the Beau. 'Ridiculous!' said she, 'you know you was always my Aversion.' 'I would never mention Aversion,' answered the Beau, 'with that Face *; dear Lady Booby, wash your Face before you mention Aversion, I beseech you.' He then laughed, and turned about to coquet it with Fanny.

Mrs. Adams had been all this Time begging and praying the Ladies to sit down, a Favour which she at last obtained. The little Boy to whom the Accident had happened, still keeping his Place by the Fire, was chid by his Mother for not being more mannerly: But Lady Booby took his Part, and commending his Beauty, told the Parson he was his very Picture. She then seeing a Book in his Hand, asked, 'if he could read?' 'Yes,' cried Adams, 'a little *Latin*, Madam, he is just got into *Quæ Genus*.' 'A Fig for *quære genius*,' answered she, 'let me hear him read a little *English*.'—'*Lege, Dick, Lege*,' said Adams: But the Boy made no Answer, till

* Lest this should appear unnatural to some Readers, we think proper to acquaint them, that it is taken *verbatim* from very polite Conversation.

he saw the Parson knit his Brows; and then cried, ‘I don’t understand you, Father.’ ‘How, Boy!’ says *Adams*, ‘What doth *Lego* make in the Imperative Mood? *Legito*, doth it not?’ ‘Yes,’ answered *Dick*.—‘And what be- sides?’ says the Father. ‘*Lege*,’ quoth the Son, after some Hesitation. ‘A good Boy,’ says the Father: ‘And now, Child, what is the *English* of *Lego*?’—To which the Boy, after long puzzling, answered, he could not tell. ‘How,’ cries *Adams*, in a Passion,—‘What, hath the Water washed away your Learning?’ Why, what is *Latin* for the *English* ‘Verb *read*?’ Consider before you speak.’—The Child considered some Time, and then the Parson cried twice or thrice, ‘*Le—, Le—*,’ *Dick* answered, ‘*Lego*.’—‘Very well; and then, what is the *English*,’ says the Parson, ‘of the Verb *Lego*.’—‘*To read*,’ cried *Dick*.—‘Very well,’ said the Parson, ‘a good Boy, you can do well, if you will take Pains.—I assure your Ladyship he is not much above eight Years old, and is out of his *Propria quæ Maribus* already.—Come, *Dick*, read to her Ladyship;’—which she again desiring, in Order to give the Beau Time and Opportunity with *Fanny*, *Dick* began as in the following Chapter.

C H A P. X.

The History of two Friends, which may afford an useful Lesson to all those Persons, who happen to take up their Residence in married Families.

‘ **L** E O N A R D and Paul were two Friends.’
 ‘ ——— ‘ pronounce it *Lennard*, Child,’
 cried the Parson.——‘ Pray, Mr. *Adams*,’ says
 Lady *Booby*, ‘ let your Son read without Inter-
 ‘ ruption.’ *Dick* then proceeded. ‘ *Lennard* and
 ‘ *Paul* were two Friends, who, having been edu-
 ‘ cated together at the same School, commenced
 ‘ a Friendship which they preserved a long Time
 ‘ for each other. It was so deeply fixed in both
 ‘ their Minds, that a long Absence, during which
 ‘ they had maintained no Correspondence, did
 ‘ not eradicate nor lessen it: But it revived in
 ‘ all its Force at their first Meeting, which was
 ‘ not till after fifteen Years Absence, most of
 ‘ which Time *Lennard* had spent in the *East-Indies*’
 ‘ ——— ‘ Pronounce it short *Indies*,’ says
Adams.——‘ Pray, Sir, be quiet,’ says the
 Lady.——The Boy repeated——‘ in the *East-*
 ‘ *Indies*, whilst *Paul* had served his King and
 ‘ Country in the Army. In which different Ser-
 ‘ vices, they had found such different Success,
 ‘ that *Lennard* was now married, and retired
 ‘ with a Fortune of thirty thousand Pounds; and
 ‘ *Paul* was arrived to the Degree of a Lieute-
 ‘ nant of Foot; and was not worth a single Shil-
 ‘ ling.

‘ The

‘ The Regiment in which *Paul* was stationed, happened to be ordered into Quarters, within a small Distance from the Estate which *Lennard* had purchased ; and where he was settled. This latter, who was now become a Country Gentleman, and a Justice of Peace, came to attend the Quarter-Sessions, in the Town where his old Friend was quartered, soon after his Arrival. Some Affair in which a Soldier was concerned, occasioned *Paul* to attend the Justices. Manhood, and Time, and the Change of Climate, had so much altered *Lennard*, that *Paul* did not immediately recollect the Features of his old Acquaintance : But it was otherwise with *Lennard*. He knew *Paul* the Moment he saw him ; nor could he contain himself from quitting the Bench, and running hastily to embrace him. *Paul* stood at first a little surprised ; but had soon sufficient Information from his Friend, whom he no sooner remembered, than he returned his Embrace with a Passion which made many of the Spectators laugh, and gave to some few a much higher and more agreeable Sensation.

‘ Not to detain the Reader with minute Circumstances, *Lennard* insisted on his Friend’s returning with him to his House that Evening ; which Request was complied with, and Leave for a Month’s Absence for *Paul* obtained of the commanding Officer.

‘ If it was possible for any Circumstance to give any Addition to the Happiness which *Paul* proposed in this Visit, he received that additional Pleasure, by finding on his Arrival at his Friend’s House, that his Lady was an old Acquaintance

‘quaintance which he had formerly contracted at his Quarters; and who had always appeared to be of a most agreeable Temper. A Character she had ever maintained among her Intimates, being of that Number, every Individual of which is called quite the best Sort of Woman in the World.

‘But as good as this Lady was, she was still a Woman; that is to say, an Angel, and not an Angel.’——‘You must mistake, Child,’ cries the Parson, ‘for you read Nonsense.’ ‘It is so in the Book,’ answered the Son. Mr. Adams was then silenced by Authority, and Dick proceeded.——‘For tho’ her Person was of that kind to which Men attribute the Name of Angel, yet in her Mind she was perfectly Woman. Of which a great Degree of Obstinacy gave the most remarkable, and perhaps most pernicious Instance.

‘A Day or two past after *Paul’s* Arrival, before any Instances of this appeared; but it was impossible to conceal it long. Both she and her Husband soon lost all Apprehension from their Friend’s Presence, and fell to their Disputes with as much Vigour as ever. These were still pursued with the utmost Ardour and Eagerness, however trifling the Causes were whence they first arose. Nay, however incredible it may seem, the little Consequence of the Matter in Debate was frequently given as a Reason for the Fierceness of the Contention, as thus: *If you loved me, sure you would never dispute with me such a Trifle as this.* The Answer to which is very obvious; for the Argument would hold equally on both Sides, and was constantly re-

‘torted

'torted with some Additions, as—*I am sure I
 have much more Reason to say so, who am in the
 right.* During all these Disputes, *Paul* always
 kept strict Silence, and preserved an even Coun-
 tenance without shewing the least visible Inclination to either Party. One Day, however,
 when Madam had left the Room in a violent
 Fury, *Lennard* could not refrain from referring his Cause to his Friend. Was ever any
 thing so unreasonable, says he, as this Woman?
 What shall I do with her? I dote on her to
 Distraction; nor have I any Cause to complain of more than this Obstinacy in her Temper;
 whatever she asserts she will maintain against all the Reason and Conviction in the
 World. Pray give me your Advice.—First, says *Paul*, I will give my Opinion, which is
 flatly that you are in the wrong; for supposing she is in the wrong, was the Subject of your
 Contention any ways material? What signified it whether you was married in a red or a yellow
 Waistcoat? for that was your Dispute. Now suppose she was mistaken, as you love her
 you say so tenderly, and I believe she deserves it, would it not have been wiser to have yielded,
 tho' you certainly knew yourself in the right, than to give either her or yourself any
 Uneasiness? For my own Part, if ever I marry, I am resolved to enter into an Agreement
 with my Wife, that in all Disputes (especially about Trifles) that Party who is most convinced
 they are right, shall always surrender the Victory: By which Means we shall both be forward to give up the Cause. I own, said *Lennard*, my dear Friend, shaking him by the
 Hand,

‘ Hand, there is great Truth and Reason in what
 ‘ you say; and I will for the future endeavour to
 ‘ follow your Advice. They soon after broke
 ‘ up the Conversation, and *Lennard* going to his
 ‘ Wife asked her Pardon, and told her his Friend
 ‘ had convinced him he had been in the wrong.
 ‘ She immediately began a vast Encomium on
 ‘ *Paul*, in which he seconded her, and both a-
 ‘ greed he was the worthiest and wisest Man up-
 ‘ on Earth. When next they met, which was
 ‘ at Supper, tho’ she had promised not to mention
 ‘ what her Husband told her, she could not for-
 ‘ bear casting the kindest and most affectionate
 ‘ Looks on *Paul*, and asked him with the sweet-
 ‘ est Voice, whether she should help him to
 ‘ some potted Woodcock?—Potted Partridge,
 ‘ my Dear, you mean, says the Husband. My
 ‘ Dear, says she, I ask your Friend if he will
 ‘ eat any potted Woodcock; and I am sure
 ‘ I must know, who potted it. I think I should
 ‘ know too, who shot them, replied the Husband,
 ‘ and I am convinced that I have not seen a
 ‘ Woodcock this Year; however, tho’ I know
 ‘ I am in the right I submit, and the potted
 ‘ Partridge is potted Woodcock, if you desire
 ‘ to have it so. It is equal to me, says she,
 ‘ whether it is one or the other; but you would
 ‘ persuade one out of one’s Senses; to be sure
 ‘ you are always in the right in your own Opi-
 ‘ nion; but your Friend, I believe, knows
 ‘ which he is eating. *Paul* answered nothing,
 ‘ and the Dispute continued, as usual, the great-
 ‘ est Part of the Evening. The next Morning
 ‘ the Lady accidentally meeting *Paul*, and being
 ‘ convinced he was her Friend, and of her Side,
 ‘ accosted.

costed him thus: I am certain, Sir, you have long since wondered at the Unreasonableness of my Husband. He is indeed, in other Respects, a good sort of Man; but so positive, that no Woman but one of my complying Temper could possibly live with him. Why, last Night now, was ever any Creature so unreasonable?—I am certain you must condemn him.—Pray, answer me, was he not in the wrong? *Paul*, after a short Silence, spoke as follows: I am sorry, Madam, that as Good-manners obliges me to answer against my Will, so an Adherence to Truth forces me to declare myself of a different Opinion. To be plain and honest, you was entirely in the wrong; the Cause I own not worth disputing, but the Bird was undoubtedly a Partridge. O Sir, replied the Lady, I cannot possibly help your Taste.—Madam, returned *Paul*, that is very little material; for had it been otherwise, a Husband might have expected Submission—Indeed! Sir, says she, I assure you!—Yes, Madam, cried he, he might, from a Person of your excellent Understanding; and pardon me for saying such a Condescension would have shewn such a Superiority of Sense even to your Husband himself—But, dear Sir, said she, why should I submit, when I am in the right?—For that very Reason, answered he; it would be the greatest Instance of Affection imaginable: For can any thing be a greater Object of our Compassion than the Person we love, in the wrong? Aye, but I shall endeavour, said she, to set him right. Pardon me, Madam, answered *Paul*, I will apply to your own Experience,

'ence, if you ever found your Arguments had
 'that Effect. The more our Judgments err,
 'the less we are willing to own it: For my
 'own Part, I have always observed the Persons
 'who maintain the worst Side in any Contest,
 'are the warmest. Why, says she, I must
 'confess there is Truth in what you say, and I
 'will endeavour to practise it. The Husband
 'then coming in, *Paul* departed. And *Lennard*
 'approaching his Wife with the Air of Good-
 'humour, told her he was sorry for their foolish
 'Dispute the last Night: But he was now con-
 'vinced of his Error. She answered smiling,
 'she believed she owed his Condescension to his
 'Complacence; that she was ashamed to think
 'a Word had passed on so silly an Occasion, es-
 'pecially as she was satisfied she had been mis-
 'taken. A little Contention followed, but with
 'the utmost Good-will to each other, and was
 'concluded by her asserting that *Paul* had tho-
 'roughly convinced her she had been in the
 'wrong. Upon which they both united in the
 'Praises of their common Friend.

' *Paul* now past his Time with great Satis-
 'faction; these Disputes being much less fre-
 'quent, as well as shorter than usual: But the
 'Devil, or some unlucky Accident, in which
 'perhaps the Devil had no Hand, shortly put an
 'End to his Happiness. He was now eternally
 'the private Referee of every Difference; in
 'which, after having perfectly, as he thought,
 'established the Doctrine of Submission, he ne-
 'ver scrupled to assure both privately, that they
 'were in the right in every Argument, as be-
 'fore he had followed the contrary Method.

' One

‘ One Day a violent Litigation happened in his
 ‘ Absence, and both Parties agreed to refer it
 ‘ to his Decision. The Husband professing him-
 ‘ self sure the Decision would be in his Favour;
 ‘ the Wife answered, he might be mistaken;
 ‘ for she believed his Friend was convinced how
 ‘ seldom she was to blame—and that if he knew
 ‘ all—The Husband replied—My Dear, I have
 ‘ no Desire of any Retrospect; but I believe, if
 ‘ you knew all too, you would not imagine my
 ‘ Friend so entirely on your Side. Nay, says
 ‘ she, since you provoke me, I will mention
 ‘ one Instance. You may remember our Dis-
 ‘ pute about sending *Jackey* to School in cold
 ‘ Weather, which Point I gave up to you from
 ‘ mere Compassion, knowing myself to be in the
 ‘ right; and *Paul* himself told me afterwards, he
 ‘ thought me so. My Dear, replied the Hus-
 ‘ band, I will not scruple your Veracity; but I
 ‘ assure you solemnly, on my applying to him,
 ‘ he gave it absolutely on my Side, and said he
 ‘ would have acted in the same Manner. They
 ‘ then proceeded to produce numberless other In-
 ‘ stances, in all which *Paul* had, on Vows of
 ‘ Secrecy, given his Opinion on both Sides. In
 ‘ the Conclusion, both believing each other, they
 ‘ fell severely on the Treachery of *Paul*, and a-
 ‘ greed that he had been the Occasion of almost
 ‘ every Dispute which had fallen out between
 ‘ them. They then became extremely loving,
 ‘ and so full of Condescension on both Sides,
 ‘ that they vied with each other in censuring
 ‘ their own Conduct, and jointly vented their
 ‘ Indignation on *Paul*, whom the Wife, fearing
 ‘ a bloody Consequence, earnestly entreated her
 ‘ Husband

‘ Husband to suffer quietly to depart the next
 ‘ Day, which was the Time fixed for his Re-
 ‘ turn to Quarters, and then drop his Acquaint-
 ‘ ance.

‘ However ungenerous this Behaviour in *Lennard*
 ‘ may be esteemed, his Wife obtained a
 ‘ Promise from him (tho’ with Difficulty) to fol-
 ‘ low her Advice ; but they both expressed such
 ‘ unusual Coldness that Day to *Paul*, that he,
 ‘ who was quick of Apprehension, taking *Lennard*
 ‘ aside, pressed him so home, that he at
 ‘ last discovered the Secret. *Paul* acknowledged
 ‘ the Truth, but told him the Design with which
 ‘ he had done it—To which the other answer-
 ‘ ed, he would have acted more friendly to have
 ‘ let him into the whole Design ; for that he
 ‘ might have assured himself of his Secrecy.
 ‘ *Paul* reply’d, with some Indignation, he had
 ‘ given him a sufficient Proof how capable he
 ‘ was of concealing a Secret from his Wife.
 ‘ *Lennard* returned with some Warmth—He
 ‘ had more Reason to upbraid him, for that he
 ‘ had caused most of the Quarrels between them
 ‘ by his strange Conduct, and might (if they
 ‘ had not discovered the Affair to each other)
 ‘ have been the Occasion of their Separation.
 ‘ *Paul* then said’—But something now happened
 which put a Stop to *Dick’s* Reading, and of which
 we shall treat in the next Chapter.

C H A P. XI.

In which the History is continued.

JOSEPH ANDREWS had borne with great Uneasiness the Impertinence of Beau *Didapper* to *Fanny*, who had been talking pretty freely to her, and offering her Settlements; but the Respect to the Company had restrained him from interfering, whilst the Beau confined himself to the Use of his Tongue only; but the said Beau, watching an Opportunity whilst the Ladies Eyes were disposed another Way, offered a Rudeness to her with his Hands; which *Joseph* no sooner perceived, than he presented him with so sound a Box on the Ear, that it conveyed him several Paces from where he stood. The Ladies immediately screamed out, rose from their Chairs, and the Beau, as soon as he recovered himself, drew his Hanger, which *Adams* observing, snatched up the Lid of a Pot in his left Hand, and covering himself with it as with a Shield, without any Weapon of Offence in his other Hand, stepped in before *Joseph*, and exposed himself to the enraged Beau, who threatened such Perdition and Destruction, that it frightened the Women, who were all got in a Huddle together, out of their Wits, even to hear his Denunciations of Vengeance. *Joseph* was of a different Complexion, and begged *Adams* to let his Rival come on; for he had a good Cudgel in his Hand, and did not fear him. *Fanny* now fainted into Mrs. *Adams's* Arms, and the whole Room was in Confusion, when Mr.

Booby passing by *Adams*, who lay snug under the Pot-Lid, came up to *Didapper*, and insisted on his sheathing his Hanger, promising he should have Satisfaction; which *Joseph* declared he would give him, and fight him at any Weapon whatever. The Beau now sheathed his Hanger, and taking out a Pocket-Glass, and vowing Vengeance all the Time, re-adjusted his Hair; the Parson deposited his Shield, and *Joseph* running to *Fanny*, soon brought her back to Life. Lady *Booby* chid *Joseph* for his Insult on *Didapper*; but he answered he would have attacked an Army in the same Cause. ‘What Cause?’ said the Lady. ‘Madam,’ answered *Joseph*, ‘he was rude to that young Woman.’——‘What,’ says the Lady, ‘I suppose he would have kissed the Wench; and is a Gentleman to be struck for such an Offer? I must tell you *Joseph*, these Airs do not become you.’——‘Madam,’ said Mr. *Booby*, ‘I saw the whole Affair, and I do not commend my Brother; for I cannot perceive why he should take upon him to be this Girl’s Champion.’——‘I can commend him,’ says *Adams*, ‘he is a brave Lad; and it becomes any Man to be the Champion of the Innocent; and he must be the basest Coward, who would not vindicate a Woman with whom he is on the Brink of Marriage.’——‘Sir,’ says Mr. *Booby*, ‘my Brother is not a proper Match for such a young Woman as this.’——‘No,’ says Lady *Booby*, ‘nor do you, Mr. *Adams*, act in your proper Character, by encouraging any such Doings; and I am very much surpris’d you should concern yourself in it. I think your Wife and Family your pro-
perer

‘perer] Care.’——‘Indeed, Madam, your Ladyship says very true,’ answered Mrs. *Adams*, ‘he talks a Pack of Nonſenſe, that the whole Pariſh are his Children. I am ſure I don’t underſtand what he means by it; it would make ſome Women ſuſpect he had gone aſtray: But I acquit him of that; I can read Scripture as well as he; and I never found that the Parſon was obliged to provide for other Folks Children; and beſides, he is but a poor Curate, and hath little enough, as your Ladyſhip knows, for me and mine.’——‘You ſay very well,’ Mrs. *Adams*,’ quoth the Lady *Booby*, who had not] ſpoke a Word to her before, ‘you ſeem to be a very ſenſible Woman; and I aſſure you, your Huſband is acting a very fooliſh Part, and oppoſing his own Intereſt; ſeeing my Nephew is violently ſet againſt this Match: And indeed I can’t blame him; it is by no means one ſuitable to our Family.’ In this Manner the Lady proceeded with Mrs. *Adams*, whiſt the Beau hopped about the Room, ſhaking his Head, partly from Pain, and partly from Anger; and *Pamela* was chiding *Fanny* for her Aſſurance, in aiming at ſuch a Match as her Brother.——Poor *Fanny* answered only with her Tears, which had long ſince begun to wet her Handkerchief; which *Joſeph* perceiving, took her by the Arm, and, wrapping it in his, carried her off, ſwearing he would own no Relation to any one who was an Enemy to her he loved more than all the World. He went out with *Fanny* under his left Arm, brandiſhing a Cudgel in his right, and neither Mr. *Booby* nor the Beau thought proper to oppoſe him. Lady *Booby* and her Company
made

made a very short Stay behind him ; for the Lady's Bell now summoned them to dress ; for which they had just Time before Dinner.

Adams seemed now very much dejected, which his Wife perceiving, began to apply some matrimonial Balsam. She told him he had Reason to be concerned ; for that he had probably ruined his Family with his foolish Tricks : But perhaps he was grieved for the Loss of his two Children *Joseph* and *Fanny*. His eldest Daughter went on :—‘ Indeed, Father, it is very hard
 ‘ to bring Strangers here to eat your Childrens
 ‘ Bread out of their Mouths.—You have kept
 ‘ them ever since they came Home ; and for any
 ‘ Thing I see to the contrary, may keep them a
 ‘ Month longer : Are you obliged to give her
 ‘ Meat, tho’ she was never so handsome ? But
 ‘ I don’t see she is so much handsomer than other
 ‘ People. If People were to be kept for their
 ‘ Beauty, she would scarce fare better than her
 ‘ Neighbours, I believe.—As for Mr. *Joseph*,
 ‘ I have nothing to say, he is a young Man of
 ‘ honest Principles, and will pay some Time or
 ‘ other for what he hath : But for the Girl,—
 ‘ Why doth she not return to her Place she ran
 ‘ away from ; I would not give such a Vagabond
 ‘ Slut a Halfpenny, tho’ I had a Million of Mo-
 ‘ ney ; no, though she was starving.’ ‘ Indeed
 ‘ but I would,’ cries little *Dick* ; ‘ and, Father,
 ‘ rather than poor *Fanny* shall be starved, I will
 ‘ give her all this Bread and Cheese.’ (*Offer-
 ing what he held in his Hand.*) *Adams* smiled on
 the Boy, and told him, he rejoiced to see he
 was a Christian ; and that if he had a Halfpenny
 in his Pocket, he would have given it him ; tell-

ing him, it was his Duty to look upon all his Neighbours as his Brothers and Sisters, and love them accordingly. ‘Yes, Papa,’ says he, ‘I love her better than my Sisters: For she is handsomer than any of them.’ ‘Is she so, Saucebox?’ says the Sister, giving him a Box on the Ear, which the Father would probably have resented, had not *Joseph*, *Fanny*, and the Pedlar, at that Instant returned together.——

Adams bid his Wife prepare some Food for their Dinner; she said, ‘truly she could not, she had something else to do.’ *Adams* rebuked her for disputing his Commands, and quoted many Texts of Scripture to prove, *That the Husband is the Head of the Wife, and she is to submit and obey.* The Wife answered, ‘it was Blasphemy to talk Scripture out of Church; that such Things were very proper to be said in the Pulpit: But that it was prophane to talk them in common Discourse.’ *Joseph* told Mr. *Adams* ‘he was not come with any Design to give him or Mrs. *Adams* any Trouble; but to desire the Favour of all their Company to the *George* (an Ale-house in the Parish) where he had bespoke a Piece of Bacon and Greens for their Dinner.’ Mrs. *Adams*, who was a very good Sort of Woman, only rather too strict in *Œconomics*, readily accepted this Invitation, as did the Parson himself by her Example; and away they all walked together, not omitting little *Dick*, to whom *Joseph* gave a Shilling, when he heard of his intended Liberality to *Fanny*.

C H A P. XII.

Where the good-natured Reader will see something which will give him no great Pleasure.

THE Pedlar had been very inquisitive from the Time he had first heard that the great House in this Parish belonged to the Lady *Booby*; and had learnt that she was the Widow of Sir *Thomas*, and that Sir *Thomas* had bought *Fanny*, at about the Age of three or four Years, of a travelling Woman; and now their homely but hearty Meal was ended, he told *Fanny*, he believed he could acquaint her with her Parents. The whole Company, especially she herself, started at this Offer of the Pedlar's.—He then proceeded thus, while they all lent their strictest Attention: ‘Tho’ I am now contented with this humble Way of getting my Livelihood, I was formerly a Gentleman; for so all those of my Profession are called. In a Word, I was a Drummer in an *Irish* Regiment of Foot. Whilst I was in this honourable Station, I attended an Officer of our Regiment into *England* a recruiting. In our March from *Bristol* to *Froome* (for since the Decay of the Woollen Trade, the clothing Towns have furnished the Army with a great Number of Recruits) we overtook on the Road a Woman who seemed to be about thirty Years old, or thereabouts, not very handsome; but well enough for a Soldier. As we came up to her, she mended her Pace, and falling into Dis-

‘ course with our Ladies, (for every Man of the
 ‘ Party, namely, a Serjeant, two private Men,
 ‘ and a Drum, were provided with their Wo-
 ‘ man, except myself) she continued to travel
 ‘ on with us. I, perceiving she must fall to my
 ‘ Lot, advanced presently to her, made Love to
 ‘ her in our military Way, and quickly succeed-
 ‘ ed to my Wishes. We struck a Bargain within
 ‘ a Mile, and lived together as Man and Wife
 ‘ to her dying Day.’——‘ I suppose,’ says
Adams, interrupting him, ‘ you were married
 ‘ with a Licence: For I don’t see how you could
 ‘ contrive to have the Banns published while you
 ‘ were marching from Place to Place.’——‘ No,
 ‘ Sir,’ said the Pedlar, ‘ we took a Licence to
 ‘ go to Bed together without any Banns.’——
 ‘ Aye, aye,’ said the Parson, ‘ *ex Necessitate*, a
 ‘ Licence may be allowable enough; but surely,
 ‘ surely, the other is the more regular and eligi-
 ‘ ble Way.’——The Pedlar proceeded thus:
 ‘ She returned with me to our Regiment, and
 ‘ removed with us from Quarters to Quarters,
 ‘ till at last, whilst we lay at *Galloway*, she fell
 ‘ ill of a Fever, and died. When she was on
 ‘ her Death-bed she called me to her, and, cry-
 ‘ ing bitterly, declared she could not depart this
 ‘ World without discovering a Secret to me,
 ‘ which she said was the only Sin which sat heavy
 ‘ on her Heart. She said she had formerly tra-
 ‘ velled in a Company of Gypsies, who had made
 ‘ a Practice of stealing away Children; that for
 ‘ her own Part, she had been only once guilty
 ‘ of the Crime; which she said she lamented
 ‘ more than all the rest of her Sins, since proba-
 ‘ bly it might have occasioned the Death of the

‘ Parents: For, added she, it is almost impossible to describe the Beauty of the young Creature, which was about a Year and a half old when I kidnapped it. We kept her (for she was a Girl) above two Years in our Company, when I sold her myself for three Guineas to Sir *Thomas Booby* in *Somersetshire*. Now, you know whether there are any more of that Name in this County.’——‘ Yes,’ says *Adams*, ‘ there are several *Boobys* who are Squires, but I believe no Baronet now alive; besides it answers so exactly in every Point, there is no Room for Doubt; but you have forgot to tell us the Parents from whom the Child was stolen.’——‘ Their Name,’ answered the Pedlar, ‘ was *Andrews*. They lived about thirty Miles from the Squire; and she told me, that I might be sure to find them out by one Circumstance; for that they had a Daughter of a very strange Name, *Pamela*, or *Pamela*; some pronounced it one Way, and some the other.’ *Fanny*, who had changed Colour at the first Mention of the Name, now fainted away; *Joseph* turned pale, and poor *Dicky* began to roar; the Parson fell on his Knees, and ejaculated many Thanksgivings, that this Discovery had been made before the dreadful Sin of Incest was committed; and the Pedlar was struck with Amazement, not being able to account for all this Confusion, the Cause of which was presently opened by the Parson’s Daughter, who was the only unconcerned Person; (for the Mother was chafing *Fanny*’s Temples, and taking the utmost Care of her) and indeed *Fanny* was the only Creature whom the Daughter would not have pitied in her Situation; wherein, though we

compassionate her ourselves, we shall leave her for a little while, and pay a short Visit to Lady Booby.

C H A P. XIII.

The History returning to the Lady Booby, gives some Account of the terrible Conflict in her Breast between Love and Pride; with what happened on the present Discovery.

THE Lady sat down with her Company to Dinner; but eat nothing. As soon as her Cloth was removed, she whispered *Pamela*, that she was taken a little ill, and desired her to entertain her Husband and Beau *Didapper*. She then went up into her Chamber, sent for *Slip-slop*, threw herself on the Bed, in the Agonies of Love, Rage, and Despair; nor could she conceal these boiling Passions longer, without bursting. *Slip-slop* now approached her Bed, and asked how her Ladyship did; but instead of revealing her Disorder, as she intended, she entered into a long Encomium on the Beauty and Virtues of *Joseph Andrews*; ending at last with expressing her Concern, that so much Tenderness should be thrown away on so despicable an Object as *Fanny*. *Slip-slop* well knowing how to humour her Mistress's Frenzy, proceeded to repeat, with Exaggeration, if possible, all her Mistress had said, and concluded with a Wish, that *Joseph* had been a Gentleman, and that she could see her Lady in the Arms of such a Husband. The Lady then started

started from the Bed, and taking a Turn or two
 cross the Room, cried out with a deep Sigh,—
Sure he would make any Woman happy.—‘ Your
 ‘ Ladyship,’ says she, ‘ would be the happiest
 ‘ Woman in the World with him.—A Fig for
 ‘ Custom and Nonsense. What *vails* what Peo-
 ‘ ple say? Shall I be afraid of eating Sweetmeats,
 ‘ because People may say I have a sweet Tooth?
 ‘ If I had a Mind to marry a Man, all the World
 ‘ should not hinder me. Your Ladyship hath no
 ‘ Parents to *tutelar* your *Infections*; besides, he
 ‘ is of your Ladyship’s Family now, and as good
 ‘ a Gentleman as any in the Country; and
 ‘ why should not a Woman follow her Mind as
 ‘ well as a Man? Why should not your Lady-
 ‘ ship marry the Brother, as well as your Ne-
 ‘ phew the Sister? I am sure, if it was a *fra-*
 ‘ *grant* Crime, I would not persuade you Lady-
 ‘ ship to it.’ ‘ But, dear *Slipshod*,’ answered
 the Lady, ‘ if I could prevail on myself to com-
 ‘ mit such a Weakness, there is that cursed
 ‘ *Fanny* in the Way, whom the Idiot,—O how I
 ‘ hate and despise him!’—‘ She, a little ugly
 ‘ Mynx, cries *Slipshod*, ‘ leave her to me.—I
 ‘ suppose your Ladyship hath heard of *Joseph’s*
 ‘ *sitting* with one of Mr. *Didapper’s* Servants
 ‘ about her; and his Master hath ordered them
 ‘ to carry her away by Force this Evening. I’ll
 ‘ take Care they shall not want Assistance. I
 ‘ was talking with his Gentleman, who was be-
 ‘ low just when your Ladyship sent for me.’—
 ‘ Go back,’ says the Lady *Booby*, ‘ this Instant;
 ‘ for I expect Mr. *Didapper* will soon be going.
 ‘ Do all you can; for I am resolved this Wench
 ‘ shall not be in our Family; I will endeavour

‘ to return to the Company; but let me know
 ‘ as soon as she is carried off.’ *Slipslop* went
 away; and her Mistress began to arraign her
 own Conduct in the following Manner:

‘ What am I doing? How do I suffer this
 ‘ Passion to creep imperceptibly upon me! How
 ‘ many Days are past since I could have submit-
 ‘ ted to ask myself the Question?—Marry a
 ‘ Footman! Distraction! Can I afterwards bear
 ‘ the Eyes of my Acquaintance? But I can re-
 ‘ tire from them; retire with one in whom I
 ‘ propose more Happiness than the World with-
 ‘ out him can give me! Retire—to feed conti-
 ‘ nually on Beauties, which my inflamed Ima-
 ‘ gination sickens with eagerly gazing on; to sa-
 ‘ tisfy every Appetite, every Desire, with their
 ‘ utmost Wish—Ha! and do I doat thus on a
 ‘ Footman! I despise, I detest my Passion.—
 ‘ Yet why? Is he not generous, gentle, kind?
 ‘ —Kind to whom? to the meanest Wretch, a
 ‘ Creature below my Consideration. Doth he
 ‘ not?—Yes, he doth prefer her; curse his
 ‘ Beauties, and the little low Heart that pos-
 ‘ sesses them; which can basely descend to this
 ‘ despicable Wench, and be ungratefully deaf to
 ‘ all the Honours I do him.—And can I then
 ‘ love this Monster? No, I will tear his Image
 ‘ from my Bosom, tread on him, spurn him.
 ‘ I will have those pitiful Charms, which now
 ‘ I despise, mangled in my Sight; for I will not
 ‘ suffer the little jade I hate to riot in the Beau-
 ‘ ties I contemn. No, tho’ I despise him my-
 ‘ self; tho’ I would spurn him from my Feet,
 ‘ was he to languish at them, no other should
 ‘ taste the Happiness I scorn. Why do I say
 ‘ Happy-

‘ Happiness ! To me it would be Misery.—To
 ‘ sacrifice my Reputation, my Character, my Rank
 ‘ in Life, to the Indulgence of a mean and a vile
 ‘ Appetite.—How I detest the Thought ! How
 ‘ much more exquisite is the Pleasure resulting from
 ‘ the Reflection of Virtue and Prudence, than that
 ‘ faint Relish of what flows from Vice and Fol-
 ‘ ly ! Whither did I suffer this improper, this
 ‘ mad Passion to hurry me, only by neglecting
 ‘ to summon the Aids of Reason to my Assist-
 ‘ ance ? Reason, which hath now set before me
 ‘ my Desires in their proper Colours, and im-
 ‘ mediately helped me to expel them. Yes, I
 ‘ thank Heaven and my Pride, I have now per-
 ‘ fectly conquered this unworthy Passion ; and
 ‘ if there was no Obstacle in its Way, my Pride
 ‘ would disdain any Pleasures which could be the
 ‘ Consequence of so base, so mean, so vulgar’—
Slipslop returned at this Instant in a violent Hur-
 ry, and with the utmost Eagerness, cry’d out,
 —‘ O, Madam, I have strange News. *Tom*
 ‘ the Footman is just come from the *George* ;
 ‘ where it seems *Joseph* and the rest of them are
 ‘ a *jinketting* ; and he says, there is a strange
 ‘ Man who hath discovered that *Fanny* and *Jo-*
 ‘ *seph* are Brother and Sister.—‘ How, *Slipslop* !’
 cries the Lady in a Surprise.—‘ I had not Time,
 ‘ Madam,’ cries *Slipslop*, ‘ to enquire about *Par-*
 ‘ *ticles*, but *Tom* says, it is most certainly true.’

This unexpected Account entirely obliterated
 all those admirable Reflections which the supreme
 Power of Reason had so wisely made just before.
 In short, when Despair, which had more Share
 in producing the Resolutions of Hatred we have
 seen taken, began to retreat, the Lady hesitated

a Moment, and then forgetting all the Purport of her Soliloquy, dismissed her Woman again, with Orders to bid *Tom* attend her in the Parlour, where she now hastened to acquaint *Pamela* with the News. *Pamela* said, she could not believe it: For she had never heard that her Mother had lost any Child, or that she had ever any more than *Joseph* and herself. The Lady flew into a violent Rage with her, and talked of Upstarts and disowning Relations, who had so lately been on a Level with her. *Pamela* made no Answer: But her Husband taking up her Cause, severely reprimanded his Aunt for her Behaviour to his Wife; he told her, if it had been earlier in the Evening she should not have staid a Moment longer in her House; that he was convinced if this young Woman could be proved her Sister, she would readily embrace her as such; and he himself would do the same: He then desired the Fellow might be sent for, and the young Woman with him; which Lady *Booby* immediately ordered, and thinking proper to make some Apology to *Pamela* for what she had said, it was readily accepted, and all Things reconciled.

The Pedlar now attended, as did *Fanny* and *Joseph*, who would not quit her; the Parson likewise was induced, not only by Curiosity, of which he had no small Portion, but by his Duty, as he apprehended, to follow them: For he continued all the Way to exhort them, who were now breaking their Hearts, to offer up Thanksgivings, and be joyful for so miraculous an Escape.

When

When they arrived at *Booby-Hall*, they were presently called into the Parlour, where the Pedlar repeated the same Story he had told before, and insisted on the Truth of every Circumstance; so that all who heard him were extremely well satisfied of the Truth, except *Pamela*, who imagined, as she had never heard either of her Parents mention such an Accident, that it must be certainly false; and except the Lady *Booby*, who suspected the Falshood of the Story, from her ardent Desire that it should be true; and *Joseph*, who feared its Truth, from his earnest Wishes that it might prove false.

Mr. *Booby* now desired them all to suspend their Curiosity and absolute Belief or Disbelief, till the next Morning, when he expected old Mr. *Andrews* and his Wife to fetch himself and *Pamela* Home in his Coach, and then they might be certain of perfectly knowing the Truth or Falshood of this Relation; in which he said, as there were many strong Circumstances to induce their Credit, so he could not perceive any Interest the Pedlar could have in inventing it, or in endeavouring to impose such a Falshood on them.

The Lady *Booby*, who was very little used to such Company, entertained them all, viz. Her Nephew, his Wife, her Brother and Sister, the Beau and the Parson, with great Good humour at her own Table. As to the Pedlar, she ordered him to be made as welcome as possible by her Servants. All the Company in the Parlour, except the disappointed Lovers, who sat sullen and silent, were full of Mirth: For Mr. *Booby* had prevailed on *Joseph* to ask Mr. *Didapper's* Pardon; with which he was perfectly satisfied.

Many Jokes passed between the Beau and the Parson, chiefly on each other's Dress; these afforded much Diversion to the Company. *Pamela* chid her Brother *Joseph* for the Concern which he expressed at discovering a new Sister. She said, if he loved *Fanny* as he ought, with a pure Affection, he had no Reason to lament being related to her.—Upon which *Adams* began to discourse on *Platonic* Love; whence he made a quick Transition to the Joys in the next World, and concluded with strongly asserting that there was no such Thing as Pleasure in this. At which *Pamela* and her Husband smiled on one another.

This happy Pair proposing to retire, (for no other Person gave the least Symptom of desiring Rest) they all repaired to several Beds provided for them in the same House; nor was *Adams* himself suffered to go Home, it being a stormy Night. *Fanny* indeed often begged she might go Home with the Parson; but her Stay was so strongly insisted on, that she at last, by *Joseph's* Advice, consented.

C H A P. XIV.

Containing several curious Night-Adventures, in which Mr. Adams fell into many Hair-breadth Scapes, partly owing to his Goodness, and partly to his Inadvertency.

ABOUT an Hour after they had all separated (it being now past three in the Morning) Beau *Didapper*, whose Passion for *Fanny* permitted him not to close his Eyes, but had employed his Imagination in Contrivances how to satisfy his Desires, at last hit on a Method by which he hoped to effect it. He had ordered his Servant to bring him Word where *Fanny* lay, and had received his Information; he therefore arose, put on his Breeches and Night-gown, and stole softly along the Gallery which led to her Apartment; and being come to the Door, as he imagined it, he opened it with the least Noise possible, and entered the Chamber. A Savour now invaded his Nostrils which he did not expect in the Room of so sweet a young Creature, and which might have probably had no good Effect on a cooler Lover. However, he groped out the Bed with Difficulty; for there was not a Glimpse of Light, and opening the Curtains, he whispered in *Joseph's* Voice (for he was an excellent Mimic) ‘ *Fanny*, my Angel, I am come to inform
 ‘ thee that I have discovered the Falshood of the
 ‘ Story we last Night heard. I am no longer
 ‘ thy Brother, but thy Lover; nor will I be de-
 ‘ layed

'laid the Enjoyment of thee one Moment longer.
 'You have sufficient Assurances of my Con-
 'stancy not to doubt of marrying you, and it
 'would be want of Love to deny me the Possessi-
 'on of thy Charms.'—So saying, he disen-
 cumbered himself from the little Clothes he had on,
 and, leaping into Bed, embraced his Angel, as
 he conceived her, with great Rapture. If he was
 surpris'd at receiving no Answer, he was no less
 pleas'd to find his Hug returned with equal Ar-
 dour. He remained not long in this sweet
 Confusion; for both he and his Parramour pre-
 sently discovered their Error. Indeed it was
 no other than the accomplished *Slipshod* whom
 he had engaged; but tho' she immediately knew
 the Person whom she had mistaken for *Joseph*, he
 was at a loss to guess at the Representative of
Fanny. He had so little seen or taken notice of
 this Gentlewoman, that Light itself would have
 afforded him no Assistance in his Conjecture.
Beau Didapper no sooner had perceived his Mis-
 take, than he attempted to escape from the Bed
 with much greater Haste than he had made to it;
 but the watchful *Slipshod* prevented him. For
 that prudent Woman being disappointed of those
 delicious Offerings which her Fancy had promised
 her Pleasure, resolv'd to make an immediate Sa-
 crifice to her Virtue. Indeed she wanted an Op-
 portunity to heal some Wounds which her late
 Conduct had, she feared, given her Reputation;
 and as she had a wonderful Presence of Mind,
 she conceived the Person of the unfortunate Beau
 to be luckily thrown in her Way to restore her
 Lady's Opinion of her impregnable Chastity. At
 that

that Instant therefore, when he offered to leap from the Bed, she caught fast hold of his Shirt, at the same Time roaring out, ‘ O thou Villain ! ‘ who hast attacked my Chastity, and, I believe, ‘ ruined me in my Sleep ; I will swear a Rape ‘ against thee, I will prosecute thee with the ut- ‘ most Vengeance.’ The Beau attempted to get loose, but she held him fast, and when he struggled, she cried out, ‘ Murther ! Murther ! ‘ Rape ! Robbery ! Ruin !’ At which Words Parson *Adams*, who lay in the next Chamber, wakeful, and meditating on the Pedlar’s Discovery, jumped out of Bed, and, without staying to put a Rag of Clothes on, hastened into the Apartment whence the Cries proceeded. He made directly to the Bed in the Dark, where laying hold of the Beau’s Skin (for *Slipslop* had tore his Shirt almost off) and finding his Skin extremely soft, and hearing him in a low Voice begging *Slipslop* to let him go, he no longer doubted but this was the young Woman in danger of ravishing, and immediately falling on the Bed, and laying hold on *Slipslop*’s Chin, where he found a rough Beard, his Belief was confirmed ; he therefore rescued the Beau, who presently made his Escape, and then turning towards *Slipslop*, received such a Cuff on his Chops, that his Wrath kindling instantly, he offered to return the Favour so stoutly, that had poor *Slipslop* received the Fist, which in the Dark past by her, and fell on the Pillow, she would most probably have given up the Ghost. *Adams*, missing his Blow, fell directly on *Slipslop*, who cuffed and scratched as well as she could ; nor was he behind hand with her in his Endeavours, but happily
the

the Darkness of the Night befriended her.— She then cried she was a Woman; but *Adams* answered she was rather the Devil, and if she was, he would grapple with him; and being again irritated by another Stroke on his Chops, he gave her such a Remembrance in the Guts, that she began to roar loud enough to be heard all over the House. *Adams* then seizing her by the Hair (for her Double-clout had fallen off in the Scuffle) pinned her Head down to the Bolster, and then both called for Lights together. The Lady *Booby*, who was as wakeful as any of her Guests, had been alarmed from the Beginning; and, being a Woman of a bold Spirit, she slipped on a Night-gown, Petticoat and Slippers, and taking a Candle, which always burnt in her Chamber, in her Hand, she walked undauntedly to *Slipslop's* Room; where she entered just at the Instant as *Adams* had discovered, by the two Mountains which *Slipslop* carried before her, that he was concerned with a Female. He then concluded her to be a Witch, and said, he fancied those Breasts gave Suck to a Legion of Devils. *Slipslop* seeing Lady *Booby* enter the Room, cried, *Help! or I am ravished*, with a most audible Voice; and *Adams* perceiving the Light, turned hastily, and saw the Lady (as she did him) just as she came to the Feet of the Bed; nor did her Modesty, when she found the naked Condition of *Adams*, suffer her to approach farther.—She then began to revile the Parson as the wickedest of all Men, and particularly railed at his Impudence in chusing her House for the Scene of his Debaucheries, and her own Woman for the Object of his Bestiality. Poor *Adams* had before
discovered

discovered the Countenance of his Bedfellow, and now first recollecting he was naked, he was no less confounded than Lady *Booby* herself, and immediately whipt under the Bed-clothes, whence the chaste *Slipslop* endeavoured in vain to shut him out. Then putting forth his Head, on which, by way of Ornament, he wore a Flannel Nightcap, he protested his Innocence, and asked ten thousand Pardons of Mrs. *Slipslop* for the Blows he had struck her, vowing he had mistaken her for a Witch. Lady *Booby* then, casting her Eyes on the Ground, observed something sparkle with great Lustre, which, when she had taken it up, appeared to be a very fine Pair of Diamond Buttons for the Sleeves. A little farther she saw lie the Sleeve itself of a Shirt with laced Ruffles. ‘Hey day!’ says she, ‘what is the meaning of this?’——‘O, Madam,’ says *Slipslop*, ‘I don’t know what hath happened, I have been so terrified. Here may have been a dozen Men in the Room.’ ‘To whom belongs this laced Shirt and Jewels?’ says the Lady.——‘Undoubtedly,’ cries the Parson, ‘to the young Gentleman whom I mistook for a Woman on coming into the Room, whence proceeded all the subsequent Mistakes; for if I had suspected him for a Man, I would have seized him had he been another *Hercules*, tho’ indeed he seems rather to resemble *Hylas*.’ He then gave an Account of the Reason of his rising from Bed, and the rest, till the Lady came into the Room; at which, and the Figures of *Slipslop* and her Gallant, whose Heads only were visible at the opposite Corners of the Bed, she could not refrain from Laughter, nor did *Slipslop* persist

persist in accusing the Parson of any Motions towards a Rape. The Lady therefore desired him to return to his Bed as soon as she was departed, and then ordering *Slipslop* to arise and attend her in her own Room, she returned herself thither. When she was gone, *Adams* renewed his Petitions for Pardon to Mrs. *Slipslop*, who, with a most Christian Temper, not only forgave, but began to move with much Courtesy towards him, which he taking as a Hint to be gone, immediately quitted the Bed, and made the best of his Way towards his own; but unluckily, instead of turning to the right, he turned to the left, and went to the Apartment where *Fanny* lay, who (as the Reader may remember) had not slept a Wink the preceding Night, and who was so haggard out with what had happened to her in the Day, that notwithstanding all Thoughts of her *Joseph*, she was fallen into so profound a Sleep, that all the Noise in the adjoining Room had not been able to disturb her. *Adams* groped out the Bed, and turning the Clothes down softly, a Custom Mrs. *Adams* had long accustomed him to, crept in, and deposited his Carcase on the Bedpost, a Place which that good Woman had always assigned him.

As the Cat or Lapdog of some lovely Nymph for whom ten thousand Lovers languish, lies quietly by the Side of the charming Maid, and, ignorant of the Scene of Delight on which they repose, meditates the future Capture of a Mouse, or Surprisal of a Plate of Bread and Butter: So *Adams* lay by the Side of *Fanny*, ignorant of the Paradise to which he was so near; nor could the Emanation of Sweets which flowed from her
Breath,

Breath, overpower the Fumes of Tobacco which played in the Parson's Nostrils. And now Sleep had not overtaken the good Man, when *Joseph*, who had secretly appointed *Fanny* to come to her at the Break of Day, rapped softly at the Chamber-Door, which when he had repeated twice, *Adams* cry'd, *Come in whoever you are.* *Joseph* thought he had mistaken the Door, tho' she had given him the most exact Directions; however, knowing his Friend's Voice, he opened it, and saw some female Vestments laying on a Chair. *Fanny* waking at the same Instant, and stretching out her Hand on *Adams's* Beard, she cry'd out,—
 ' O Heavens! where am I! ' Bless me! where ' am I! ' said the Parson. Then *Fanny* screamed, *Adams* leapt out of Bed, and *Joseph* stood, as the Tragedians call it, like the Statue of *Surprise*. ' *How came she into my Room?* ' cry'd *Adams*. ' *How came you into her's?* ' cry'd *Joseph*, in Astonishment. ' I know nothing of ' the Matter,' answered *Adams*, ' but that she is ' a Vestal for me. As I am a Christian, I know ' not whether she is a Man or Woman. He is ' an Infidel who doth not believe in Witchcraft. ' They as surely exist now as in the Days of ' *Saul*. My Clothes are bewitched away too, ' and *Fanny's* brought into their Place.' For he still insisted he was in his own Apartment; but *Fanny* denied it vehemently, and said, his attempting to persuade *Joseph* of such a Falshood, convinced her of his wicked Designs. ' How! ' said *Joseph* in a Rage, ' hath he offered any ' Rudeness to you?'—She answered, she could not accuse him of any more than villainously stealing to Bed to her, which she thought Rudeness

ness sufficient, and what no Man would do without a wicked Intention. *Joseph's* great Opinion of *Adams* was not easily to be staggered, and when he heard from *Fanny* that no Harm had happened, he grew a little cooler; yet still he was confounded, and as he knew the House, and that the Women's Apartments were on this Side Mrs. *Slipslop's* Room, and the Men's on the other, he was convinced that he was in *Fanny's* Chamber. Assuring *Adams* therefore of this Truth, he begged him to give some Account how he came there. *Adams* then standing in his Shirt, which did not offend *Fanny* as the Curtains of the Bed were drawn, related all that had happened, and when he had ended, *Joseph* told him, it was plain he had mistaken, by turning to the right instead of the left. 'Odso!' cries *Adams*, 'that's true; as sure as Sixpence, you have hit on the very Thing.' He then traversed the Room, rubbing his Hands, and begg'd *Fanny's* Pardon, assuring her he did not know whether she was Man or Woman. That innocent Creature firmly believing all he said, told him, she was no longer angry, and begged *Joseph* to conduct him into his own Apartment, where he should stay himself, till she had put her Clothes on. *Joseph* and *Adams* accordingly departed, and the latter soon was convinced of the Mistake he had committed; however, whilst he was dressing himself, he often asserted he believed in the Power of Witchcraft notwithstanding, and did not see how a Christian could deny it.

C H A P. XV.

*The Arrival of Gaffar and Gammar Andrews;
with another Person not much expected; and
a perfect Solution of the Difficulties raised by
the Pedlar.*

AS soon as *Fanny* was drest, *Joseph* returned to her, and they had a long Conversation together, the Conclusion of which was, that if they found themselves to be really Brother and Sister, they vowed a perpetual Celibacy, and to live together all their Days, and indulge a *Platonic* Friendship for each other.

The Company were all very merry at Breakfast, and *Joseph* and *Fanny* rather more chearful than the preceding Night. The *Lady Booby* produced the Diamond Button, which the Beau most readily owned, and alledged that he was very subject to walk in his Sleep. Indeed he was far from being ashamed of his Amour, and rather endeavoured to insinuate that more than was really true had past between him and the fair *Slipshod*.

Their Tea was scarce over, when News came of the Arrival of old Mr. *Andrews* and his Wife. They were immediately introduced, and kindly received by the *Lady Booby*, whose Heart went now pit-a-pat, as did those of *Joseph* and *Fanny*. They felt perhaps little less Anxiety in this Interval than *Oedipus* himself, whilst his Fate was revealing.

Mr.

Mr. *Booby* first opened the Cause, by informing the old Gentleman that he had a Child in the Company more than he knew of, and taking *Fanny* by the Hand, told him, this was that Daughter of his who had been stolen away by Gypsies in her Infancy. Mr. *Andrews*, after expressing some Astonishment, assured his Honour that he had never lost a Daughter by Gypsies, nor ever had any other Children than *Joseph* and *Pamela*. These Words were a Cordial to the two Lovers; but had a different Effect on Lady *Booby*. She ordered the Pedlar to be called, who recounted his Story as he had done before.—At the End of which old Mrs. *Andrews* running to *Fanny*, embraced her, crying out, *She is, she is my Child*. The Company were all amazed at this Disagreement between the Man and his Wife; and the Blood had now forsaken the Cheeks of the Lovers, when the old Woman turning to her Husband, who was more surpris'd than all the rest, and having a little recovered her own Spirits, delivered herself as follows. ‘ You may
‘ remember, my Dear, when you went a Ser-
‘ jeant to *Gibraltar*, you left me big with Child;
‘ you staid Abroad, you know, upwards of three
‘ Years. In your Absence I was brought to bed,
‘ I verily believe, of this Daughter, whom I am
‘ sure I have Reason to remember, for I suckled
‘ her at this very Breast till the Day she was
‘ stolen from me. One Afternoon, when the
‘ Child was about a Year, or a Year and half
‘ old, or thereabouts, two Gypsy Woman came
‘ to the Door, and offered to tell my Fortune.
‘ One of them had a Child in her Lap; I shewed
‘ them my Hand, and desired to know if you
‘ was

‘ was ever to come Home again, which I remem-
 ‘ ber as well as if it was but Yesterday; they
 ‘ faithfully promised me you should.—I left the
 ‘ Girl in the Cradle, and went to draw them a
 ‘ Cup of Liquor, the best I had; when I returned
 ‘ with the Pot (I am sure I was not absent long-
 ‘ er than whilst I am telling it to you) the Wo-
 ‘ men were gone. I was afraid they had stolen
 ‘ something, and looked and looked, but to no
 ‘ Purpose, and Heaven knows I had very little
 ‘ for them to steal. At last hearing the Child
 ‘ cry in the Cradle, I went to take it up—but
 ‘ *O the living!* how was I surpris’d to find, in-
 ‘ stead of my own Girl that I had put into the
 ‘ Cradle, who was as fine a fat thriving Child
 ‘ as you shall see in a Summer’s Day, a poor
 ‘ sickly Boy, that did not seem to have an Hour
 ‘ to live. I ran out, pulling my Hair off, and
 ‘ crying like any mad after the Women, but
 ‘ never could hear a Word of them from that
 ‘ Day to this. When I came back, the poor
 ‘ Infant (which is our *Joseph* there, as stout as
 ‘ he now stands) lifted up his Eyes upon me so
 ‘ piteously, that to be sure, notwithstanding my
 ‘ Passion, I could not find in my Heart to do it
 ‘ any Mischief. A Neighbour of mine happening
 ‘ to come in at the same Time, and hearing the
 ‘ Case, advis’d me to take care of this poor
 ‘ Child, and God would perhaps one Day re-
 ‘ store me my own. Upon which I took the
 ‘ Child up, and suckled it, to be sure, for all the
 ‘ World as if it had been born of my own na-
 ‘ tural Body. And as true as I am alive, in a
 ‘ little Time I loved the Boy all to nothing ‘as
 ‘ if it had been my own Girl.—Well, as I was
 ‘ saying,

‘ saying, Times growing very hard, I having
‘ two Children, and nothing but my own Work,
‘ which was little enough, God knows, to main-
‘ tain them, was obliged to ask for Relief of the Pa-
‘ rim ; but instead of giving it me, they removed
‘ me, by Justices Warrants, fifteen Miles to the
‘ Place where I now live, where I had not been
‘ long settled before you came Home. *Joseph*
‘ (for that was the Name I gave him myself—
‘ the Lord knows whether he was baptized or
‘ no, or by what Name) *Joseph*, I say, seemed
‘ to me to be about five Years old when you
‘ returned ; for I believe he is two or three Years
‘ older than our Daughter here ; (for I am tho-
‘ roughly convinced she is the same) and when
‘ you saw him, you said he was a chopping Boy,
‘ without ever minding his Age ; and so I seeing
‘ you did not suspect any Thing of the Matter,
‘ thought I might e’en as well keep it to myself,
‘ for fear you should not love him as well as I
‘ did. And all this is veritably true, and I will
‘ take my Oath of it before any Justice in the
‘ Kingdom.’

The Pedlar, who had been summoned by the Order of Lady *Booby*, listened with the utmost Attention to Gammar *Andrews’s* Story, and when she had finished, asked her if the supposititious Child had no Mark on its Breast ? To which she answered, ‘ Yes, he had as fine a Strawberry as ever grew in a Garden.’ This *Joseph* acknowledged, and unbuttoning his Coat, at the Intercession of the Company, shewed to them. ‘ Well,’ says Gaffar *Andrews*, who was a comical fly old Fellow, and very likely desired to have no more Children than he could keep, ‘ you have proved,
‘ I think,

‘ I think, very plainly, that this Boy doth not
 ‘ belong to us; but how are you certain that
 ‘ the Girl is yours?’ The Parson then brought
 the Pedlar forward, and desired him to repeat the
 Story which he had communicated to him the
 preceding Day at the Alehouse; which he com-
 plied with, and related what the Reader, as well
 as Mr. *Adams*, hath seen before. He then con-
 firmed, from his Wife’s Report, all the Circum-
 stances of the Exchange, and of the Strawberry
 on *Joseph’s* Breast. At the Repetition of the
 Word *Strawberry*, *Adams*, who had seen it with-
 out any Emotion, started and cry’d, *Bless me!*
Something comes into my Head. But before he had
 Time to bring any Thing out, a Servant called him
 forth. When he was gone, the Pedlar assured
Joseph, that his Parents were Persons of much
 greater Circumstances than those he had hitherto
 mistaken for such; for that he had been stolen
 from a Gentleman’s House, by those whom they
 call Gypsies, and had been kept by them during
 a whole Year, when looking on him as in a dy-
 ing Condition, they had exchanged him for the
 other healthier Child, in the Manner before re-
 lated. He said, as to the Name of his Father,
 his Wife had either never known or forgot it;
 but that she had acquainted him he lived about
 forty Miles from the Place where the Exchange
 had been made, and which Way, promising to
 spare no Pains in endeavouring with him to dis-
 cover the Place.

But Fortune, which seldom doth good or ill,
 or makes Men happy or miserable by Halves, re-
 solved to spare him this Labour. The Reader
 may please to recollect, that Mr. *Wilson* had in-

tended a Journey to the West, in which he was to pass through Mr. *Adams's* Parish, and had promised to call on him. He was now arrived at the Lady *Booby's* Gates for that Purpose, being directed thither from the Parson's House, and had sent in the Servant whom we have above seen call Mr. *Adams* forth. This had no sooner mentioned the Discovery of a stolen Child, and had uttered the Word *Strawberry*, than Mr. *Wilson*, with Wildness in his Looks, and the utmost Eagerness in his Words, begged to be shewed into the Room, where he entered without the least Regard to any of the Company but *Joseph*, and embracing him with a Complexion all pale and trembling, desired to see the Mark on his Breast; the Parson followed him capering, rubbing his Hands, and crying out, *Hic est quem quæris; inventus est, &c.* *Joseph* complied with the Request of Mr. *Wilson*, who no sooner saw the Mark, than abandoning himself to the most extravagant Rapture of Passion, he embraced *Joseph*, with inexpressible Ecstasy, and cried out in Tears of Joy, *I have discovered my Son, I have him again in my Arms!* *Joseph* was not sufficiently apprised yet, to taste the same Delight with his Father, (for so in Reality he was) however, he returned some Warmth to his Embraces: But he no sooner perceived from his Father's Account, the Agreement of every Circumstance, of Person, Time, and Place, than he threw himself at his Feet, and embracing his Knees, with Tears begged his Blessing, which was given with much Affection, and received with such Respect, mixed with such Tenderness on both Sides, that it affected all present: But none so much as Lady *Booby*, who left the
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the Room in an Agony, which was but too much perceived, and not very charitably accounted for by some of the Company.

C H A P. XVI.

Being the last. In which this true History is brought to a happy Conclusion.

FANNY was very little behind her *Joseph* in the Duty she express'd towards her Parents; and the Joy she evidenced in discovering them. *Gammar Andrews* kiss'd her: And said she was heartily glad to see her: But for her Part she could never love any one better than *Joseph*. *Gaffar Andrews* testified no remarkable Emotion, he blessed and kissed her, but complained bitterly, that he wanted his Pipe, not having had a Whiff that Morning.

Mr. *Booby*, who knew nothing of his Aunt's Fondness, imputed her abrupt Departure to her Pride, and Disdain of the Family into which he was married; he was therefore desirous to be gone with the utmost Celerity: And now, having congratulated Mr. *Wilson* and *Joseph* on the Discovery, he saluted *Fanny*, called her Sister, and introduced her as such to *Pamela*, who behaved with great Decency on the Occasion.

He now sent a Message to his Aunt, who returned, that she wished him a good Journey; but was too disordered to see any Company: He therefore prepared to set out, having invited Mr. *Wilson* to his House; and *Pamela* and *Joseph* both so insisted on his complying, that he at last con-

sent, having first obtained a Messenger from Mr. *Booby*, to acquaint his Wife with the News; which, as he knew it would render her completely happy, he could not prevail on himself to delay a Moment in acquainting her with.

The Company were ranged in this Manner. The two old People, with their two Daughters, rode in the Coach; the Squire, Mr. *Wilson*, *Joseph*, Parson *Adams*, and the Pedlar proceeded on Horseback.

In their Way *Joseph* informed his Father of his intended Match with *Fanny*; to which, tho' he expressed some Reluctance at first, on the Eagerness of his Son's Instances he consented, saying, if she was so good a Creature as she appeared, and he described her, he thought the Disadvantages of Birth and Fortune might be compensated. He however insisted on the Match being deferred till he had seen his Mother; in which *Joseph* perceiving him positive, with great Duty obeyed him, to the great Delight of Parson *Adams*, who by these Means saw an Opportunity of fulfilling the Church Forms, and marrying his Parishioners without a Licence.

Mr. *Adams* greatly exulting on this Occasion, (for such Ceremonies were Matters of no small Moment with him) accidentally gave Spurs to his Horse, which the generous Beast disdaining, for he was of high Mettle, and had been used to more expert Riders than the Gentleman who at present bestrode him, for whose Horsemanship he had perhaps some Contempt, immediately ran away full Speed, and played so many antic Tricks, that he tumbled the Parson from his Back; which *Joseph* perceiving, came to his Relief. This Accident

dent afforded infinite Merriment to the Servants, and no less frighted poor *Fanny*, who beheld him as he past by the Coach; but the Mirth of the one, and the Terror of the other were soon determined, when the Parson declared he had received no Damage.

The Horse having freed himself from his unworthy Rider, as he probably thought him, proceeded to make the best of his Way; but was stopped by a Gentleman and his Servants, who were travelling the opposite Way; and were now at a little Distance from the Coach. They soon met; and as one of the Servants delivered *Adams* his Horse, his Master hail'd him, and *Adams* looking up, presently recollected he was the Justice of Peace before whom he and *Fanny* had made their Appearance. The Parson presently saluted him very kindly; and the Justice informed him, that he had found the Fellow who attempted to swear against him and the young Woman the very next Day, and had committed him to *Salisbury* Gaol, where he was charged with many Robberies.

Many Compliments having past between the Parson and the Justice, the latter proceeded on his Journey, and the former having with some Disdain refused *Joseph's* Offer of changing Horses, and declared he was as able an Horseman as any in the Kingdom, remounted his Beast; and now the Company again proceeded, and happily arrived at their Journey's End, Mr. *Adams* by good Luck, rather than by good Riding, escaping a second Fall.

The Company arriving at Mr. *Booby's* House, were all received by him in the most courteous,
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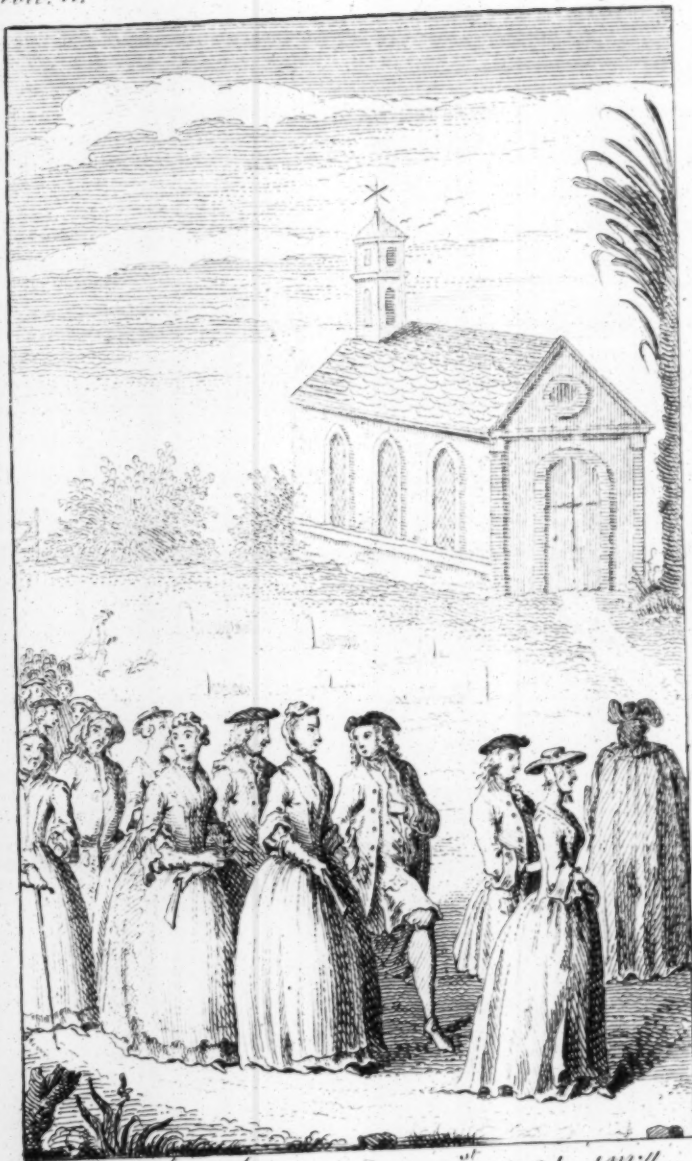
and entertained in the most splendid Manner, after the Custom of the old *English* Hospitality, which is still preserved in some very few Families in the remote Parts of *England*. They all past that Day with the utmost Satisfaction; it being perhaps impossible to find any Set of People more solidly and sincerely happy. *Joseph* and *Fanny* found means to be alone upwards of two Hours, which were the shortest, but the sweetest imaginable.

In the Morning, Mr. *Wilson* proposed to his Son to make a Visit with him to his Mother, which, notwithstanding his dutiful Inclinations, and a longing Desire he had to see her, a little concerned him, as he must be obliged to leave his *Fanny*: But the Goodness of Mr. *Booby* relieved him; for he proposed to send his own Coach and Six for Mrs. *Wilson*, whom *Pamela* so very earnestly invited, that Mr. *Wilson* at length agreed with the Entreaties of Mr. *Booby* and *Joseph*, and suffered the Coach to go empty for his Wife.

On *Saturday* Night the Coach returned with Mrs. *Wilson*, who added one more to this happy Assembly. The Reader may imagine much better and quicker too than I can describe, the many Embraces and Tears of Joy which succeeded her Arrival. It is sufficient to say, she was easily prevailed with to follow her Husband's Example, in consenting to the Match.

On *Sunday* Mr. *Adams* performed the Service at the Squire's Parish Church, the Curate of which very kindly exchanged Duty, and rode twenty Miles to the Lady *Booby's* Parish so to do; being

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J. Mullett inv. et sculp. Publish'd March 1742/3 by J. Millar.

being particularly charged not to omit publishing the Banns, being the third and last Time.

At length the happy Day arrived, which was to put *Joseph* in the Possession of all his Wishes. He arose and dressed himself in a neat, but plain Suit of Mr. *Booby's*, which exactly fitted him; for he refused all Finery; as did *Fanny* likewise, who could be prevailed on by *Pamela* to attire herself in nothing richer than a white Dimity Night-Gown. Her Shift, indeed, which *Pamela* presented her, was of the finest Kind, and had an Edging of Lace round the Bosom; she likewise equipped her with a Pair of fine white Thread Stockings, which were all she would accept; for she wore one of her own short round-eared Caps, and over it a little Straw Hat lined with Cherry-coloured Silk, and tied with a Cherry-coloured Ribbon. In this Dress she came forth from her Chamber, blushing and breathing Sweets; and was by *Joseph*, whose Eyes sparkled Fire, led to Church, the whole Family attending, where Mr. *Adams* performed the Ceremony; at which nothing was so remarkable, as the extraordinary and unaffected Modesty of *Fanny*, unless the true Christian Piety of *Adams*, who publicly rebuked Mr. *Booby* and *Pamela* for laughing in so sacred a Place, and so solemn an Occasion. Our Parson would have done no less to the highest Prince on Earth: For tho' he paid all Submission and Deference to his Superiors in other Matters, where the least Spice of Religion intervened, he immediately lost all Respect of Persons. It was his Maxim, That he was a Servant of the Highest, and could not, without departing from his Duty, give up the least Article of his Honour, or of
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his Cause to the greatest earthly Potentate. Indeed he always asserted, that Mr. *Adams* at Church with his Surplice on, and Mr. *Adams* without that Ornament, in any other Place, were two very different Persons.

When the Church Rites were over, *Joseph* led his blooming Bride back to Mr. *Booby's* (for the Distance was so very little, they did not think proper to use a Coach;) the whole Company attended them likewise on Foot; and now a most magnificent Entertainment was provided, at which Parson *Adams* demonstrated an Appetite surprising, as well as surpassing every one present. Indeed the only Persons who betrayed any Deficiency on this Occasion, were those on whose account the Feast was provided. They pampered their Imaginations with the much more exquisite Repast which the Approach of Night promised them; the Thoughts of which filled both their Minds, tho' with different Sensations; the one all Desire, while the other had her Wishes tempered with Fears.

At length, after a Day past with the utmost Merriment, corrected by the strictest Decency; in which, however, Parson *Adams*, being well filled with Ale and Pudding, had given a Loose to more Facetiousness than was usual to him: The happy, the blest Moment arrived, when *Fanny* retired with her Mother, her Mother-in-law, and her Sister. She was soon undrest; for she had no Jewels to deposite in their Caskets, nor fine Laces to fold with the utmost Exactness. Undressing to her was properly discovering, not putting off Ornaments: For as all her Charms were the Gifts of Nature, she could divest herself

self of none. How, Reader, shall I give thee an adequate Idea of this lovely young Creature! the Bloom of Roses and Lilies might a little illustrate her Complexion, or their Smell her Sweetness; but to comprehend her entirely, conceive Youth, Health, Bloom, Beauty, Neatness, and Innocence in her Bridal-Bed; conceive all these in their utmost Perfection, and you may place the charming *Fanny's* Picture before your Eyes.

Joseph no sooner heard she was in Bed, than he fled with the utmost Eagerness to her. A Minute carried him into her Arms, where we shall leave this happy Couple to enjoy the private Rewards of their Constancy; Rewards so great and sweet, that I apprehend *Joseph* neither envied the noblest Duke, nor *Fanny* the finest Dutchess that Night.

The third Day, Mr. *Wilson* and his Wife, with their Son and Daughter, returned home; where they now live together in a State of Bliss scarce ever equalled. Mr. *Booby* hath with unprecedented Generosity given *Fanny* a Fortune of two thousand Pounds, which *Joseph* hath laid out in a little Estate in the same Parish with his Father, which he now occupies, (his Father having stocked it for him;) and *Fanny* presides with most excellent Management in his Dairy; where, however, she is not at present very able to bustle much, being, as Mr. *Wilson* informs me in his last Letter, extremely big with her first Child.

Mr. *Booby* hath presented Mr. *Adams* with a Living of one hundred and thirty Pounds a Year. He at first refused it, resolving not to quit his Parishioners, with whom he hath lived so long:
But,

But, on recollecting he might keep a Curate at this Living, he hath been lately inducted into it.

The Pedlar, besides several handsome Presents both from Mr. *Wilson* and Mr. *Booby*, is, by the latter's Interest, made an Exciseman; a Trust which he discharges with such Justice, that he is greatly beloved in his Neighbourhood.

As for the Lady *Booby*, she returned to *London* in a few Days, where a young Captain of Dragoons, together with eternal Parties at Cards, soon obliterated the Memory of *Joseph*.

Joseph remains blest with his *Fanny*, whom he doats on with the utmost Tenderness, which is all returned on her Side. The Happiness of this Couple is a perpetual Fountain of Pleasure to their fond Parents; and what is particularly remarkable, he declares he will imitate them in their Retirement, nor will be prevailed on by any Booksellers, or their Authors, to make his Appearance in *High-Life*.

F I N I S.



